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THE

PRESBYTERIAN

HYMNAL

FOR THE USE OF THE CHURCHES OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN AMERICA

THE

PRESBYTERIAN

MINISTRY

OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
IN THE
YEAR 1850

THE




PRESBYTERIAN

HYMNAL.

✓
*Presbyterian church in the U.S.A. General
assembly.*

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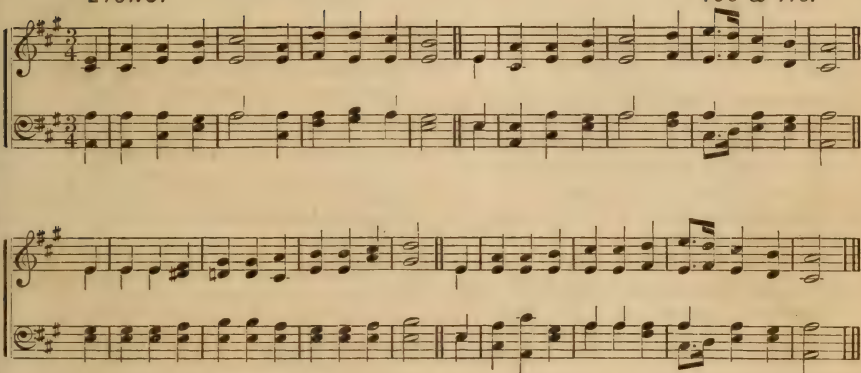
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1

1 YE servants of God! your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name, all-victorious, of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh—his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall
sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

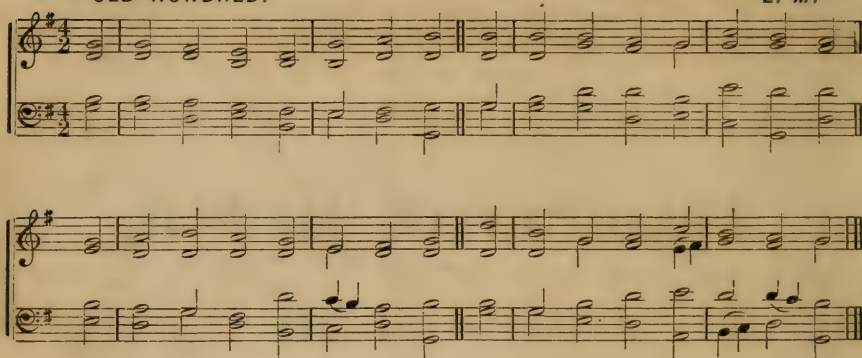
3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the
Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

CALL TO PRAISE.

OLD HUNDRED.

L. M.



2

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker! to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs:
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity, thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

3

- 1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair:

And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind:
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

4

- 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell;
Come ye before him and rejoice.
- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed:
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 Oh, enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

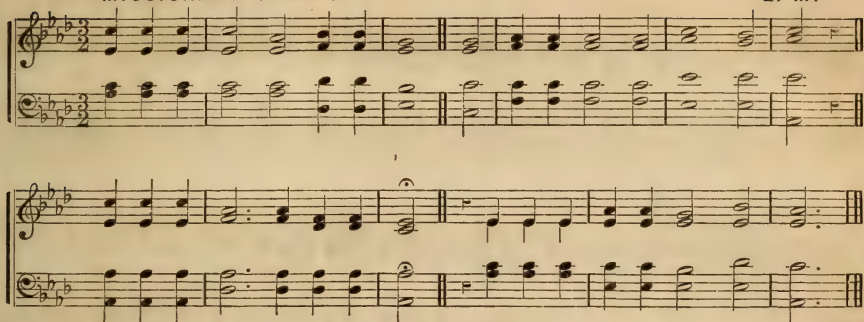
5

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall set and rise no more.

CALL TO PRAISE.

MISSIONARY CHANT.

L. M.



6

1 To God, the great, the ever-blessed,
Let songs of honor be addressed;
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfill thy boundless praise?
Blessed are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And, with the same salvation, bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 Oh, may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice:
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

7

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his earthly courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends;

And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th'oppressor's rod;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known th' Almighty God.

5 Bless ye the Lord who taste his love;
People and priests, exalt his name;
Among his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

8

1 AROUND the Saviour's lofty throne,
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing;
They worship him as God alone,
And crown him—everlasting King.

2 Approach, ye saints! this God is yours;
'Tis Jesus fills the throne above:
Ye cannot want while God endures;
Ye cannot fail while God is love.

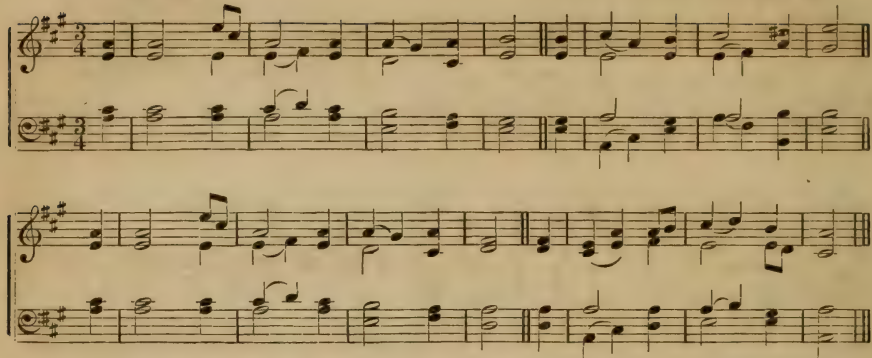
3 Jesus, thou everlasting King!
To thee the praise of heaven belongs;
Yet, smile on us who fain would bring
The tribute of our humble songs.

4 Though sin defile our worship here,
We hope ere long thy face to view;
And when our souls in heaven appear,
We'll praise thy name as angels do.

CALL TO PRAISE.

OAKSVILLE.

C. M.



9

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known!
The sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne,

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned,
With glories all-divine!
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright these glories shine.

3 Infinite power, and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays;
You, that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?

4 When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord! teach our songs to rise;
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

10

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands!
Ye tribes of every tongue!
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations,—“Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.”

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains! sink; ye valleys! rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes,—he comes to bless
The nations, as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

11

1 COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.

2 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends;
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

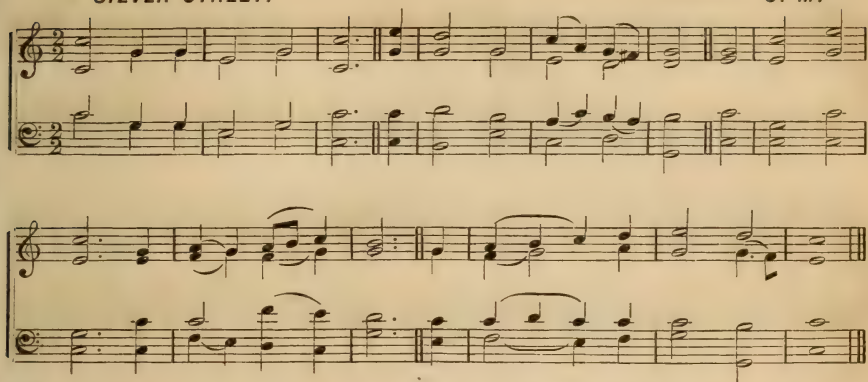
3 My Father, God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

4 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

CALL TO PRAISE.

SILVER STREET.

S. M.



12

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

13

- 1 Now let our songs arise,
In new exalted strains:
Let earth repeat it to the skies;—
The Lord, the Saviour reigns!
- 2 Sing to the Lord, our God,
And bless his sacred name;
His great salvation, all abroad,
From day to day proclaim.
- 3 Mid heathen nations place
The glories of his throne;

And let the wonders of his grace
Through all the earth be known.

- 4 Great is th' eternal Lord,
And great must be his praise:
O'er all the gods, on high adored,
His mightier arm he'll raise.
- 5 Through earth, let every tribe,
Let every nation, sing:
Glory, and grace, and might ascribe
To our eternal King.

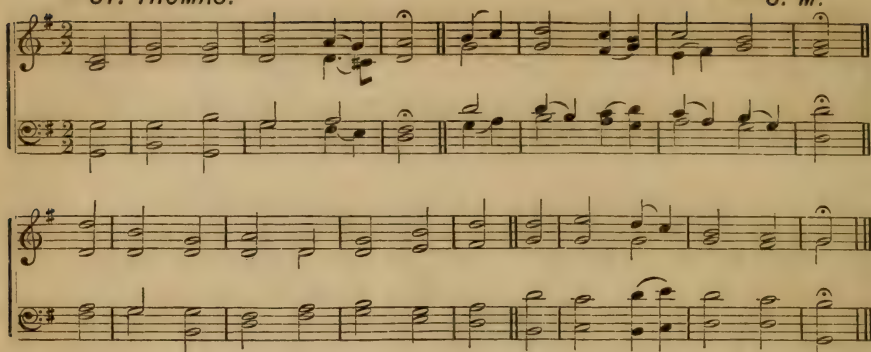
14

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart, and every tongue!
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power:
Sing—how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners! sing;
Sing on, rejoicing, every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessed children! come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

CALL TO PRAISE.

ST. THOMAS.

S. M.



15

1 COME, we that love the Lord!
And let our joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;

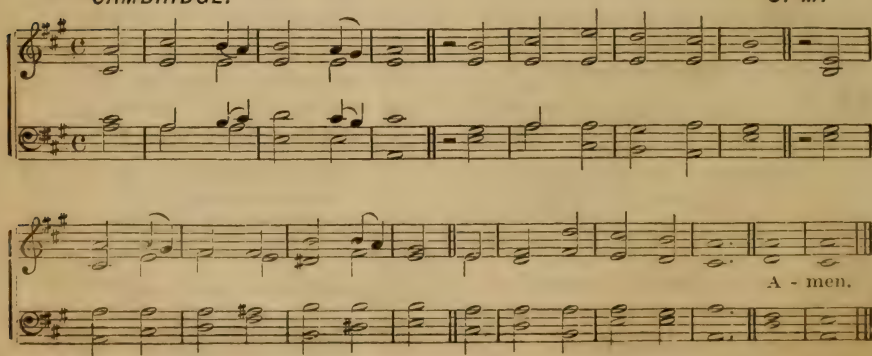
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. [ground,

CAMBRIDGE.

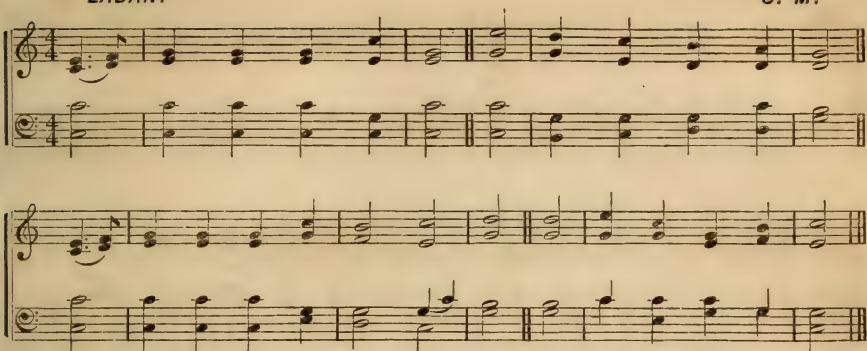
S. M.



CALL TO PRAISE.

LABAN.

S. M.



16

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,

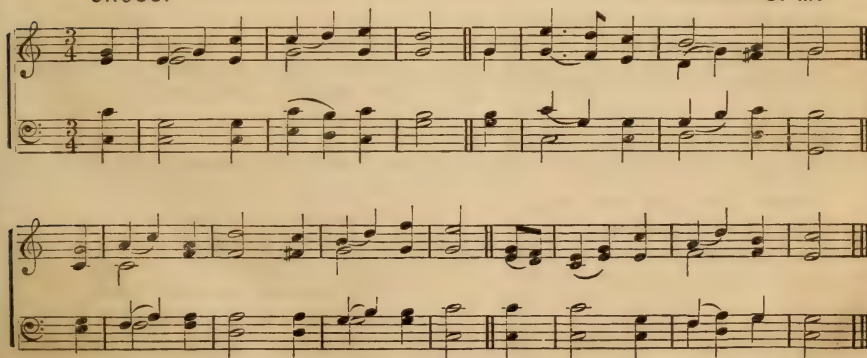
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore!

CROSS.

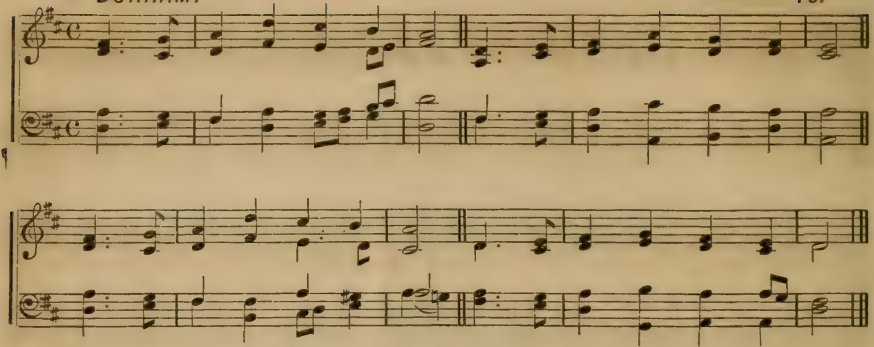
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CALL TO PRAISE.

DURHAM.

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17

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang;
Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And can man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice:
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise;
Jesus, glory unto thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.

For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 2 Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 4 All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 5 He his chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 6 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 7 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

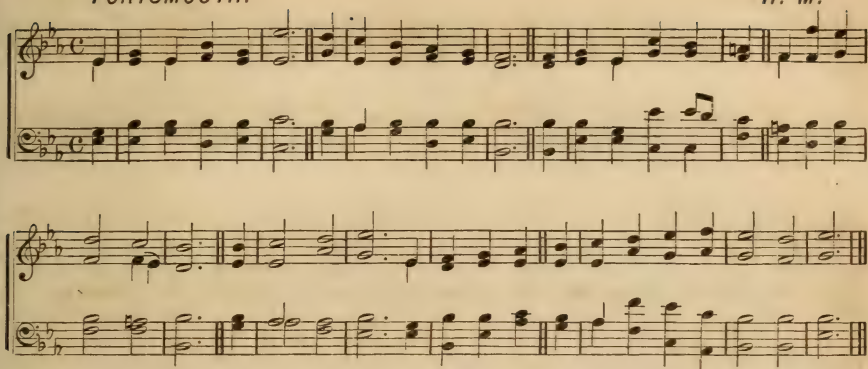
18

- 1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:

CALL TO PRAISE.

PORTSMOUTH.

H. M.



19

1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh:

Cheerful in God,	While rays divine
Arise and shine,	Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;

The nations round	With lustre new
Thy form shall view,	Divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name

Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright:

Pursue his praise	In worlds above,
Till sovereign love,	The glory raise.

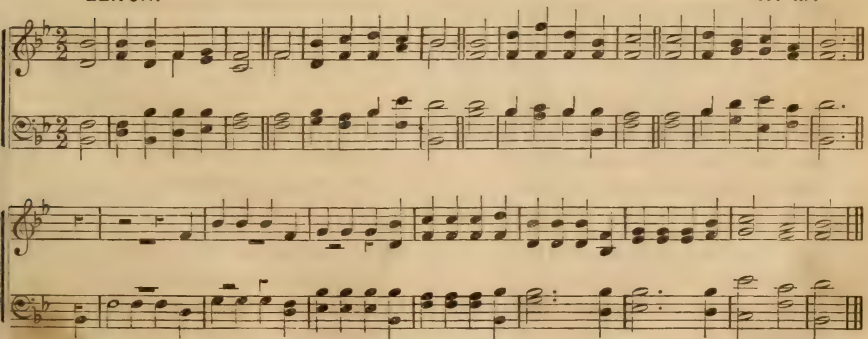
4 There on his holy hill

A brighter Sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;

While round his	In nobler spheres,
throne	His influence own.
Ten thousand stars,	

LENOX.

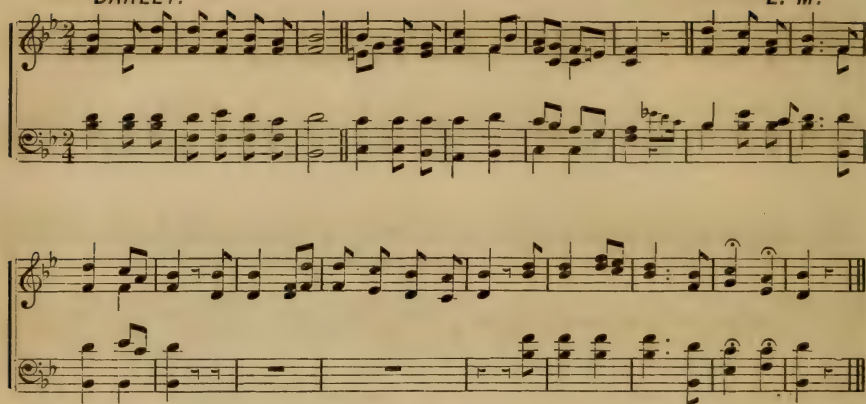
H. M.



RESPONSE.

DARLEY.

L. M.



20

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

16

21

1 HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to th' incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing;—

2 "Hosanna! Lord!" thine angels cry,
"Hosanna! Lord!" thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer,
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim.

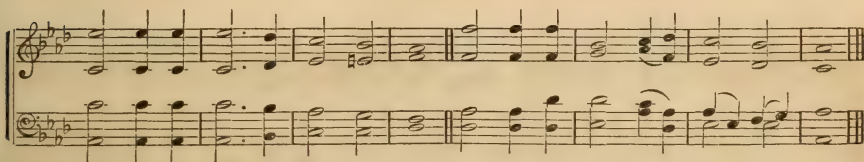
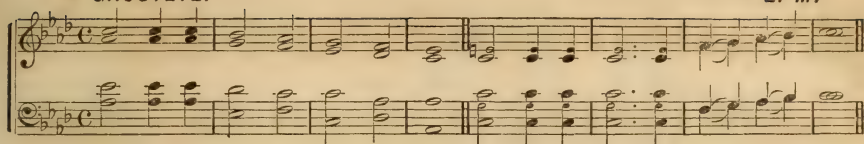
4 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

RESPONSE.

GROSTETE.

L. M.



22

- 1 God of my life! through all my days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail;
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

- 4 But, oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies.

- 5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

23

- 1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;

Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

- 4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

24

- 1 MY God! accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

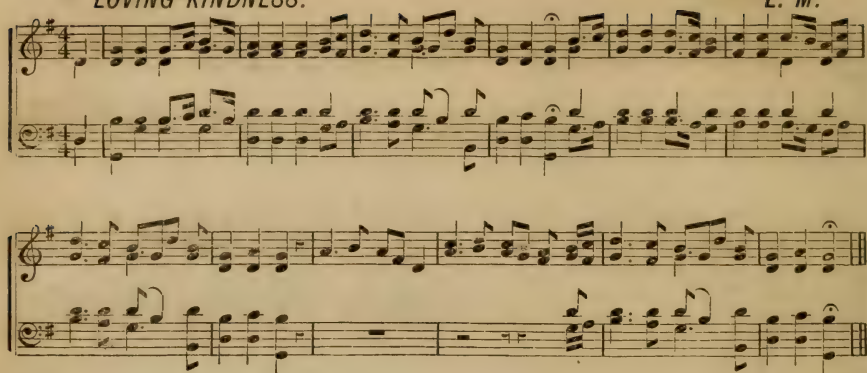
- 3 Oh, may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite, and reprove my wandering way;
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

- 4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And, by my warm petitions, prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

RESPONSE.

LOVING-KINDNESS.

L. M.



25

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

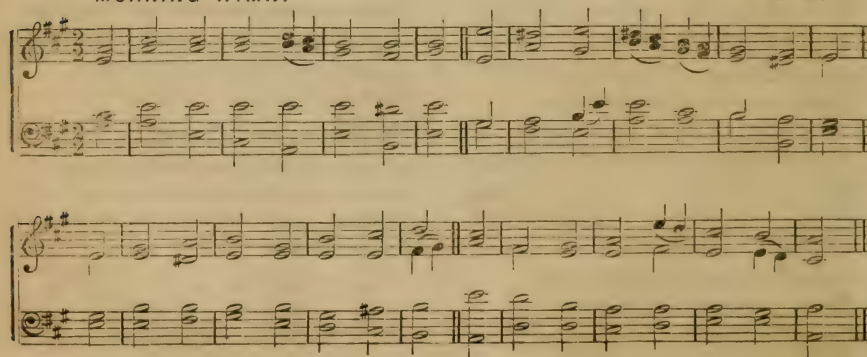
4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But, though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

MORNING HYMN.

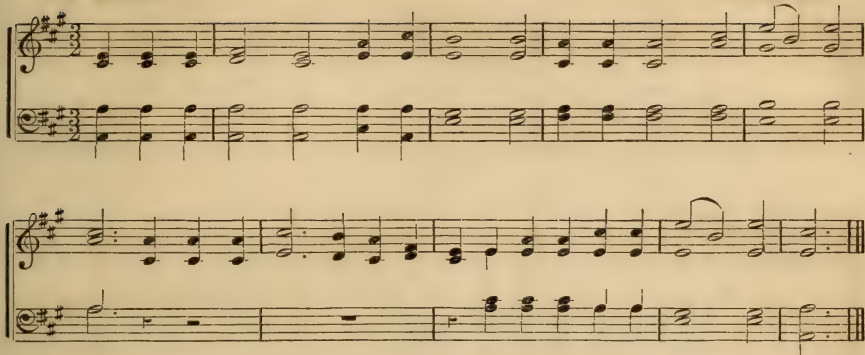
L. M.



RESPONSE.

WARE.

L. M.



26

- 1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb!
When all the notes, that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name?
- 2 Worthy is he who once was slain,—
The Prince of peace, who groaned and died—
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At his almighty Father's side.
- 3 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men :
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say,—Amen.

27

- 1 Now be my heart inspired, to sing
The glories of my Saviour King;
Jesus, the Lord,—how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!
- 2 O'er all the sons of human race,
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Thy throne, O God! for ever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right;
Justice and grace are thy delight.

- 4 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And, with his sacred Spirit, blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

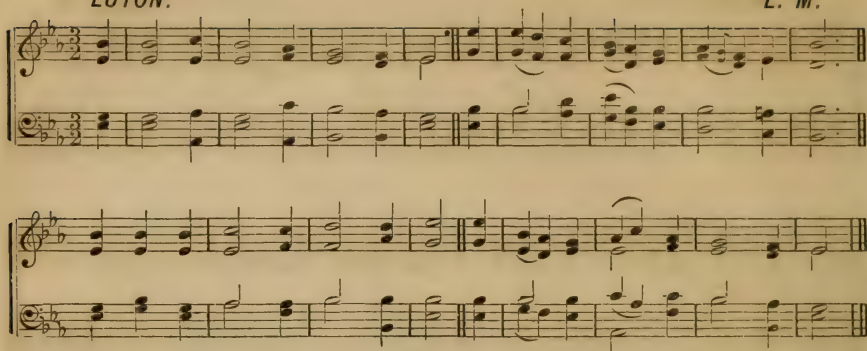
28

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song:
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
- 5 Oh! may I reach that happy place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

RESPONSE.

LUTON.

L. M.



29

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord!—my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.
- 2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.
- 4 He loves his saints,—he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

30

- 1 My God! my King! thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty, done for thee.
- 3 Thy works with sovereign glory shine
And speak thy majesty divine;

Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

- 4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.
- 5 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,—
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

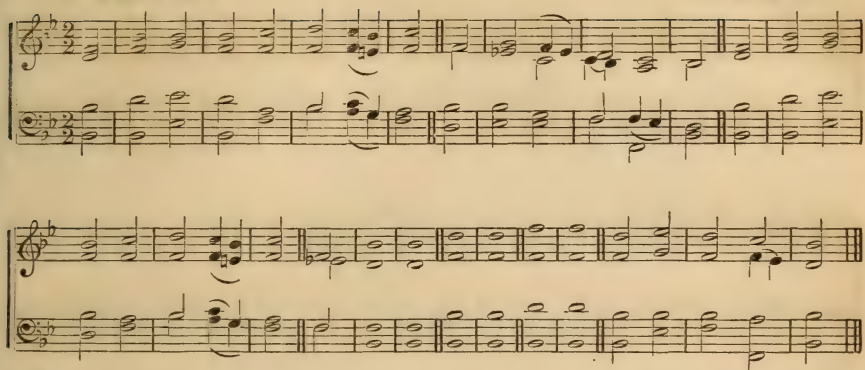
31

- 1 COME, O my soul! in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise;
But oh! what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?
- 2 Enthroned amidst the radiant spheres,
He glory, like a garment, wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul! his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds repeat the song.

RESPONSE.

MILES' LANE.

C. M. P.



32

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!

Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown him—Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,

Ye ransomed from the fall!

Hail him, who saves you by his grace,

And crown him—Lord of all.

Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget

The wormwood and the gall,

Go, spread your trophies at his feet,

And crown him—Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,

On this terrestrial ball,

To him all majesty ascribe,

And crown him—Lord of all.

5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,

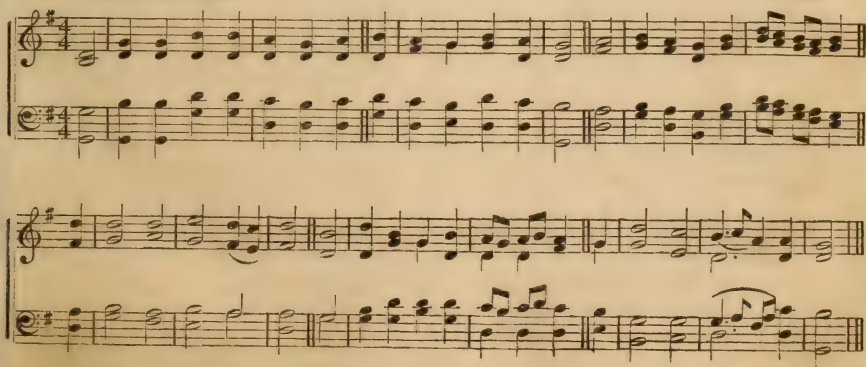
We at his feet may fall;

We'll join the everlasting song,

And crown him—Lord of all.

CORONATION.

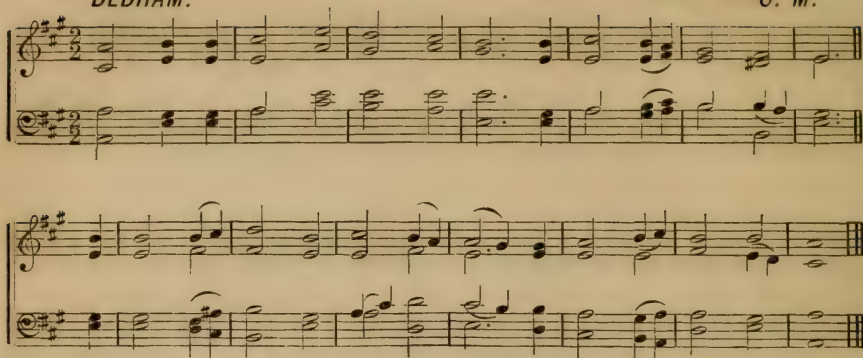
C. M.



RESPONSE.

DEDHAM.

C. M.



33

- 1 OH! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'Tis music to my ravished ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.
- 5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven;
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own, that love is heaven.

34

- 1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in thy God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed,

22

And on the Rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

- 3 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.
- 4 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

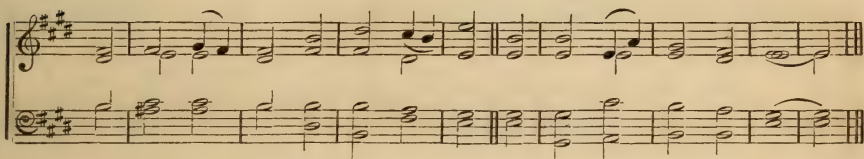
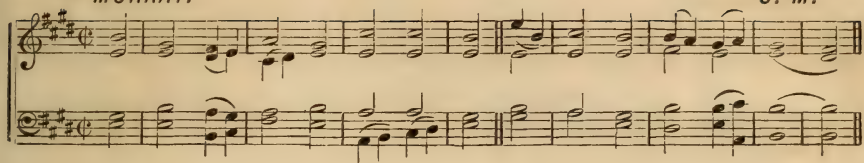
35

- 1 To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!
Oh! may his love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue!
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder, dies away.
- 3 Dear Lord! while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"
- 4 Oh! may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

RESPONSE.

MURRAY.

C. M.



36

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us!"

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord! for ever thine.

4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

37

1 COME, happy souls! approach your God,
With new melodious songs;

Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love,
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son,
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus! were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ, on the kind errand, came,
And brought salvation down.

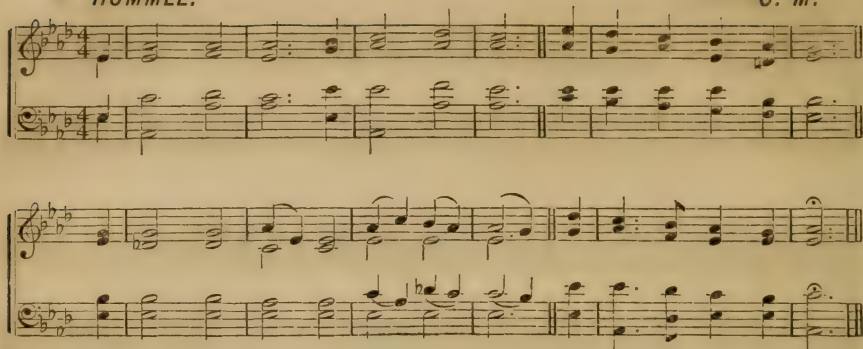
5 Here, sinners! you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord! our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

RESPONSE.

HUMMEL.

C. M.



38

- 1 YES, I will bless thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes:
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,
And sweeter raptures rise.
- 4 There shall my lips in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

39

- 1 WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim:
Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put thy foes to shame.
- 2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his justice known.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppressed,

To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

- 4 The men that know thy name, will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou wilt ne'er forsake the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.
- 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Sion's hill,
Who executes his threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfill.

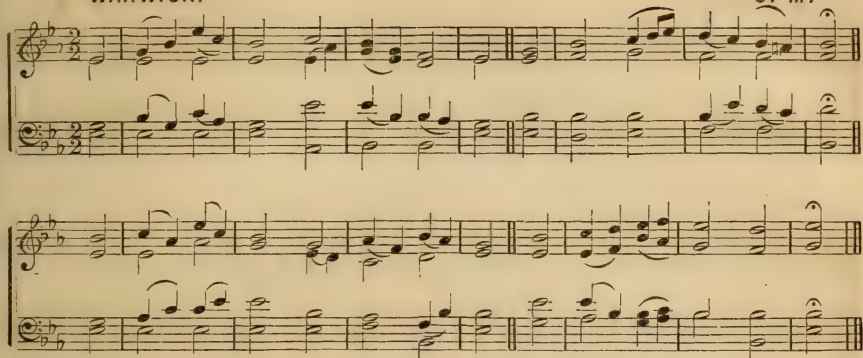
40

- 1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.
- 4 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

RESPONSE.

WARWICK.

C. M.



41

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

42

1 THEE will I bless, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy Name.

2 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be praised;

Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge raised.

3 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future time extends;
From age to age thy glorious Name
Successively descends.

4 Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wondrous works express,
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great power confess.

43

1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to the United Three,
The Undivided One.

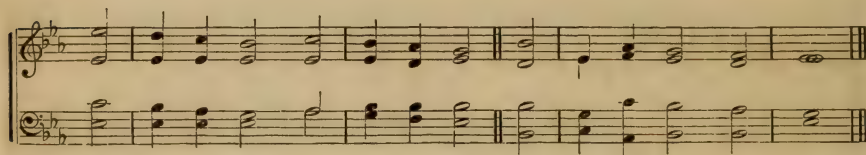
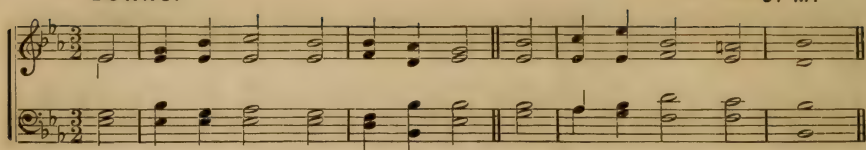
3 'Twas he, and we'll adore his name,
That formed us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruined frame:
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

RESPONSE.

DOWN'S.

C. M.



44

- 1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight—
How precious is their blood!
- 4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord! I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine—for ever thine;
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints! who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

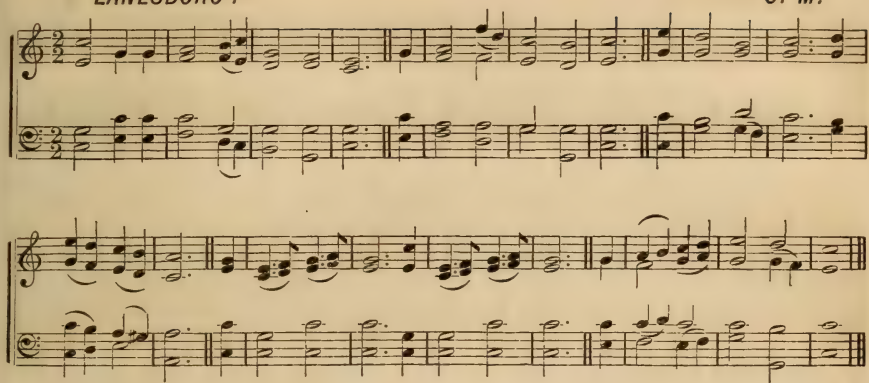
45

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all, who are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 Oh! magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.
- 4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all,
Who on his succor trust.
- 5 Oh! make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 6 Fear him, ye saints! and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,—
Your wants shall be his care.

RESPONSE.

LANESBORO'.

C. M.



46

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 3 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.
- 4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.
- 5 Thus till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

47

- 1 MY Saviour! my almighty Friend;
When I begin thy praise,

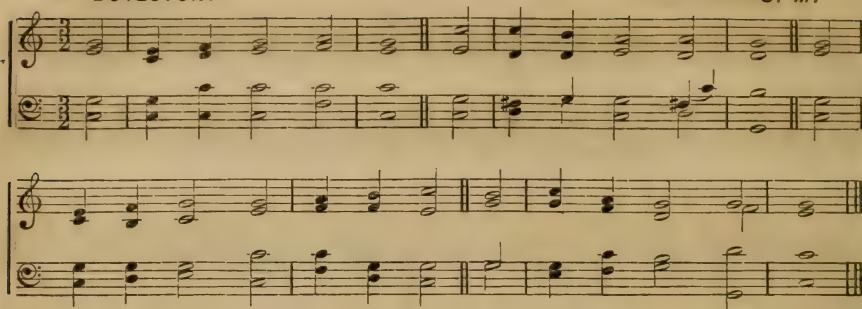
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And, since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father God.
- 4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers!
With this delightful song,
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

RESPONSE.

BOYLSTON.

S. M.



48

1 To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints, below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

49

1 My soul! repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

28

3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

50

1 THE pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

3 But thy compassions, Lord!
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

51

1 To BLESS thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord! incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine;

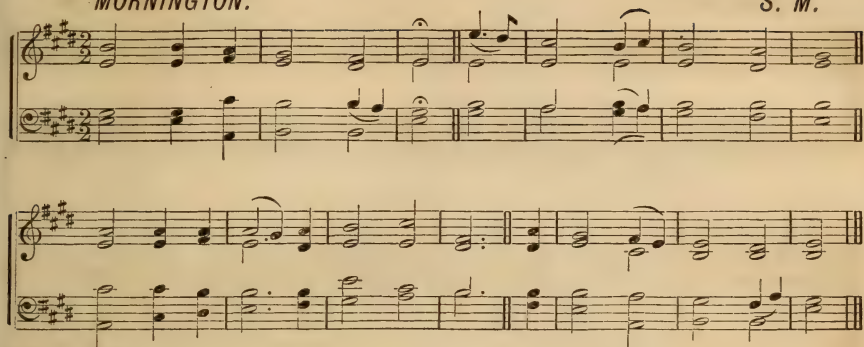
2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Oh! let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous judge and king,
Shalt govern all the earth.

RESPONSE.

MORNINGTON.

S. M.



52

- 1 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.
- 2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

53

- 1 SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The work, O Lord! is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.
- 3 This is the glorious day,
That our Redeemer made;

Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

- 4 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood:
Bless him, ye saints! he comes, to bring
Salvation from your God.
- 5 We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord!
Our sacrifice of praise.

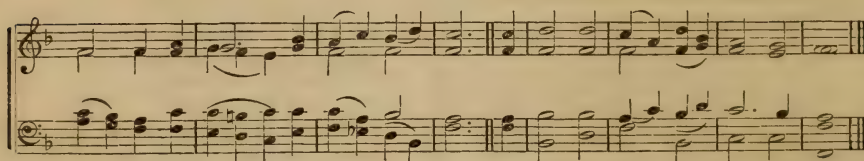
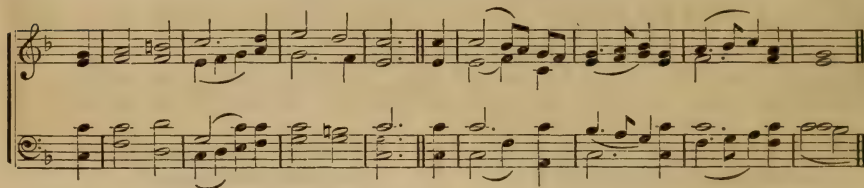
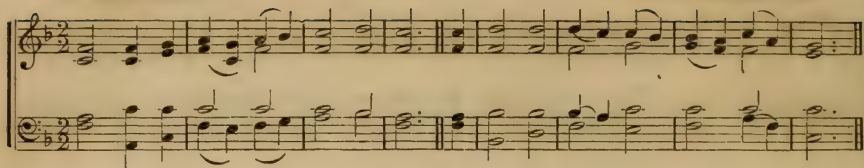
54

- 1 SWEET is the work, O Lord!
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.
- 2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell,
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

RESPONSE.

NEWCOURT.

L. P. M.



55

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;

He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

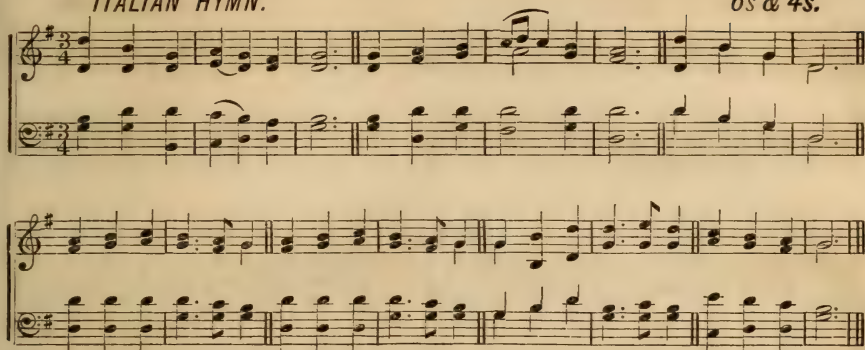
DOXOLOGY.

Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

RESPONSE.

ITALIAN HYMN.

6s & 4s.



56

1 COME, all ye saints of God!
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' name;
Tell what his love has done,
Trust in his grace alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme;
Praise ye our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

57

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let praises fill the sky;
Praise ye his name;
Angels! his name adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And, saints! cry evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread his dear fame abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 To him our hearts we raise;
None else shall have our praise;
Praise ye his name;
Him, our exalted Lord,
By us below adored,
We praise with one accord,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

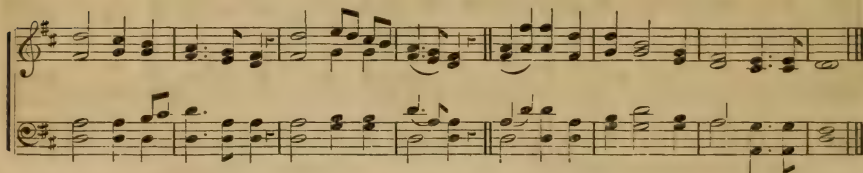
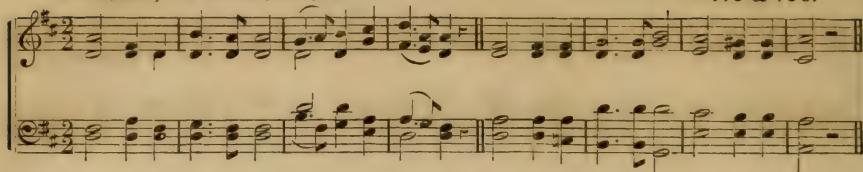
4 Join, all the human race!
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And say, with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

5 Though we must change our place,
Our souls shall never cease
Praising his name;
To him we'll tribute bring,
Laud him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

CALL TO PRAYER.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

11s & 10s.



58

1 COME, ye disconsolate! where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel:

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish;

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!

Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name,
saying,—

Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot
cure.

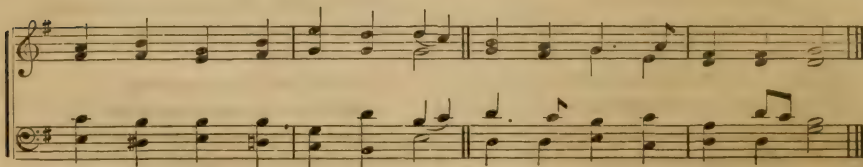
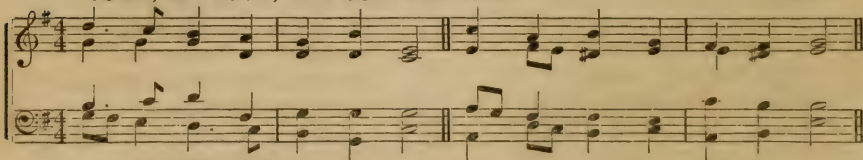
3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing,
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in
love:

Come to the feast prepared; come, ever
knowing,

Earth has no sorrows, but heaven can re-
move.

COME, MY SOUL, THY SUIT PREPARE.

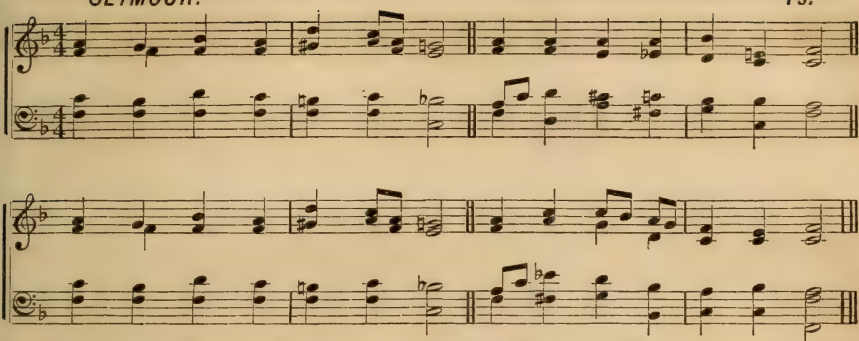
7s.



RESPONSE.

SEYMOUR.

7s.



59

- 1 LORD! we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our suit disdain!—
Shall we seek thee, Lord! in vain?
- 2 Lord! on thee our souls depend,
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord! we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those, who are cast down, lift up,
Strong in faith, in love and hope.
- 6 Grant, that those who seek may find
Thee, a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

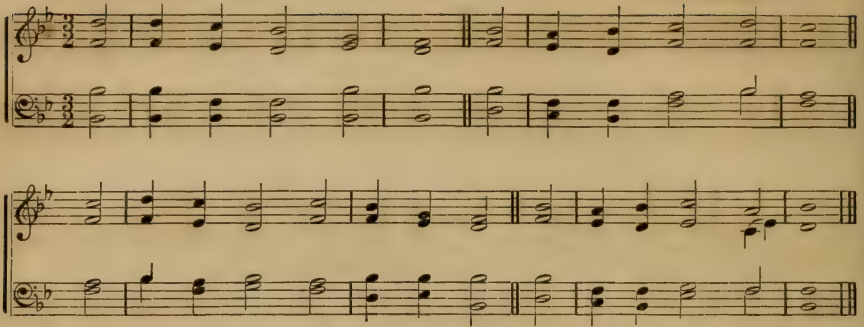
60

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

CALL TO PRAYER.

STATE STREET.

S. M.



61

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides, for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul! ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?
- 4 Thine image, Lord! bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

62

- 1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us, all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.
He bows his gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;

34

Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

- 3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.
- 4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and from on high
Will make our cause his care.

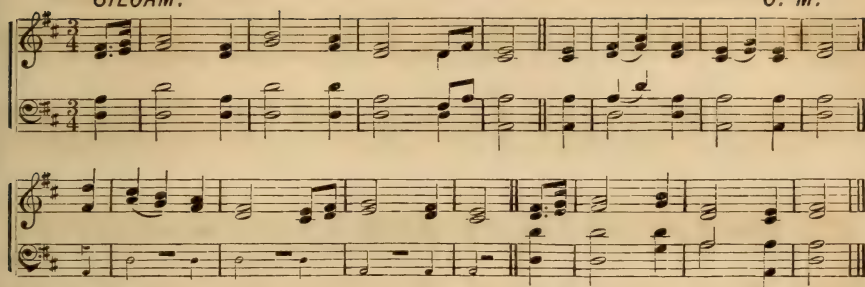
63

- 1 Oh, blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care,
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near thy throne:
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

RESPONSE.

SILOAM.

C. M.



64

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,

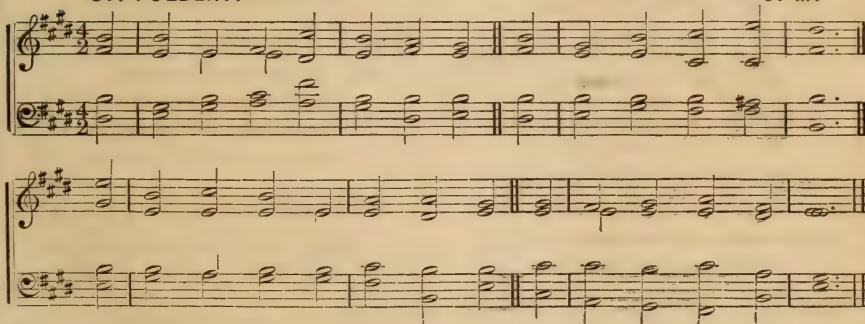
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my Shield and Hiding-place;
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, thou hast died.

5 Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious Name.

ST. FULBERT.

C. M.



65

1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near,

2 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence
To hear thy voice and live.

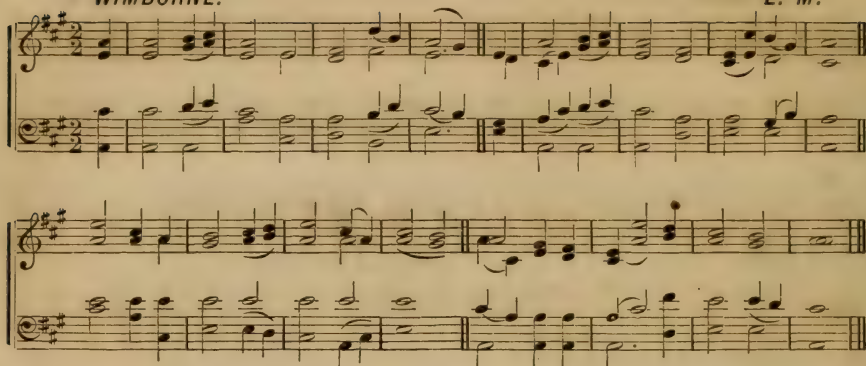
3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

4 Give these, and then thy will be done;
Thus, strengthen'd with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

INVOCATION.

WIMBORNE.

L. M.



66

- 1 Now may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.
- 2 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans, and broken hearts.
- 3 Now save us, Lord! from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

67

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargèd souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and
length,
Of thine immeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

68

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.
- 2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh, kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.
- 3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see:
Oh, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

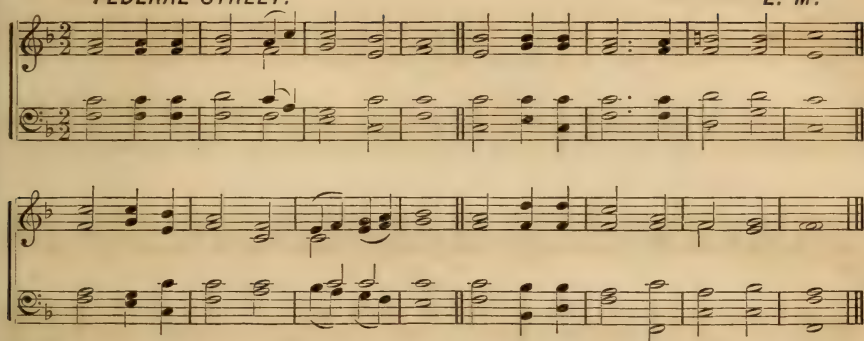
69

- 1 How sweet to leave the world a while,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee;
Ah! Lord! behold us at thy feet;—
Let this the gate of heaven be.
- 3 "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face:
Oh! speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

INVOCATION.

FEDERAL STREET.

L. M.



70

- 1 COME, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest!
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.
- 2 Great Comforter! to thee we cry;
O highest Gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
Send sweet anointing from above!
- 3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.
- 4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.
- 5 Oh, may thy grace on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know,
And thee through endless times confess'd
Of both th' eternal Spirit blest.

71

- 1 FATHER of heaven! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,—
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pard'ning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son—incarnate Word—
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!

Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

- 3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,—
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah!—Father, Spirit, Son!—
Mysterious Godhead—Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

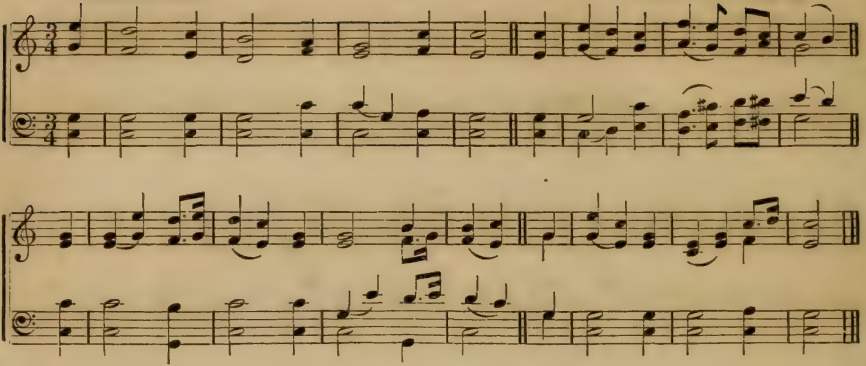
72

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

INVOCATION.

BEMERTON.

C. M.



73

1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift!
Behold thy servants wait;
With longing eyes, and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 Oh! shed abroad that choicest gift,—
Thy Spirit from above,
To cheer our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 Blest Earnest of eternal joy!
Declare our sins forgiven:
And bear, with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

4 Diffuse, O God! thy copious showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change the barren wilderness
To Carmel's flowery field.

74

1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints!
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Come, Lord! thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Dear Saviour! let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,—
Come, great Redeemer! come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

75

1 O THOU, who hast thy servants taught
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness,
The life of God is shown!

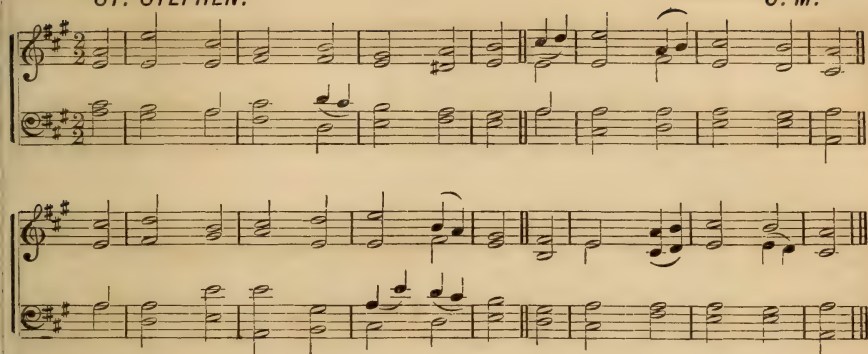
2 While in thy house of prayer we meet,
And call thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow thee,
Obedient to thy word.

3 Through all the dangerous paths of life
Uphold us as we go,
That with our lips, and in our lives,
Thy glory we may show.

INVOCATION.

ST. STEPHEN.

C. M.



76

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look—how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

77

1 COME, Holy Ghost, Creator! come!
Inspire these souls of thine;
Till every heart, which thou hast made,
Is filled with grace divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;

The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

4 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And with them both, Thee, Holy Ghost
Who art from both derived.

78

1 LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirit pitying see:
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

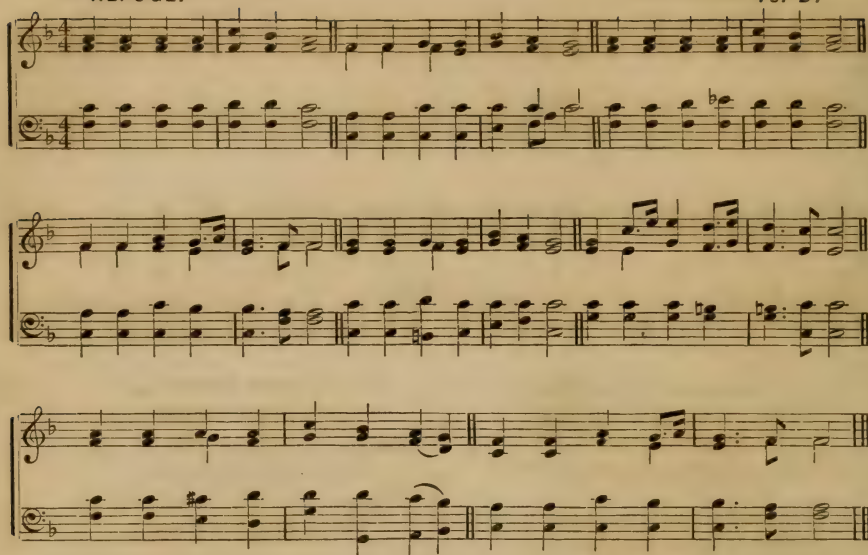
3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts—'t is goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

INVOCATION.

REFUGE.

7s. D.



79

1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh, by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

2 By thy helpless infant years;
By thy life of want and tears;
By thy days of sore distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, oh turn a favoring eye;
Hear our solemn Litany!

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;

By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold;
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany!

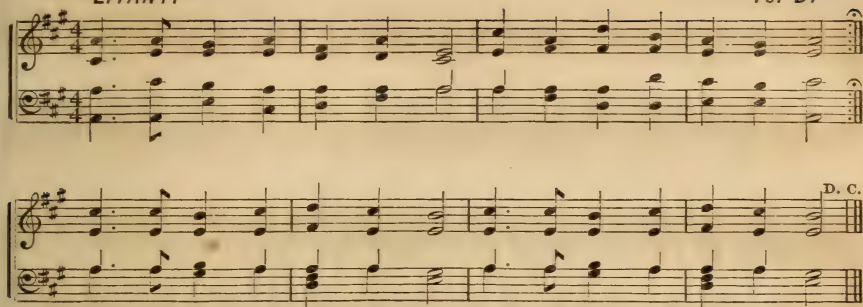
4 By thine hour of dire despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany!

5 By thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

INVOCATION.

LITANY.

7s. D.



80

- 1 **LIGHT** of life!—seraphic Fire!
Love divine!—thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart.
Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom:
Saviour—Son of God! appear;
To thy human temples come.
- 2 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power—
Rooting out the love of sin.
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy and all our peace.

81

- 1 **LORD** of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth, thy temples are;
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of thee.
From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 2 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou mak'st thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love and sing thy praise.

Thus with sacred songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

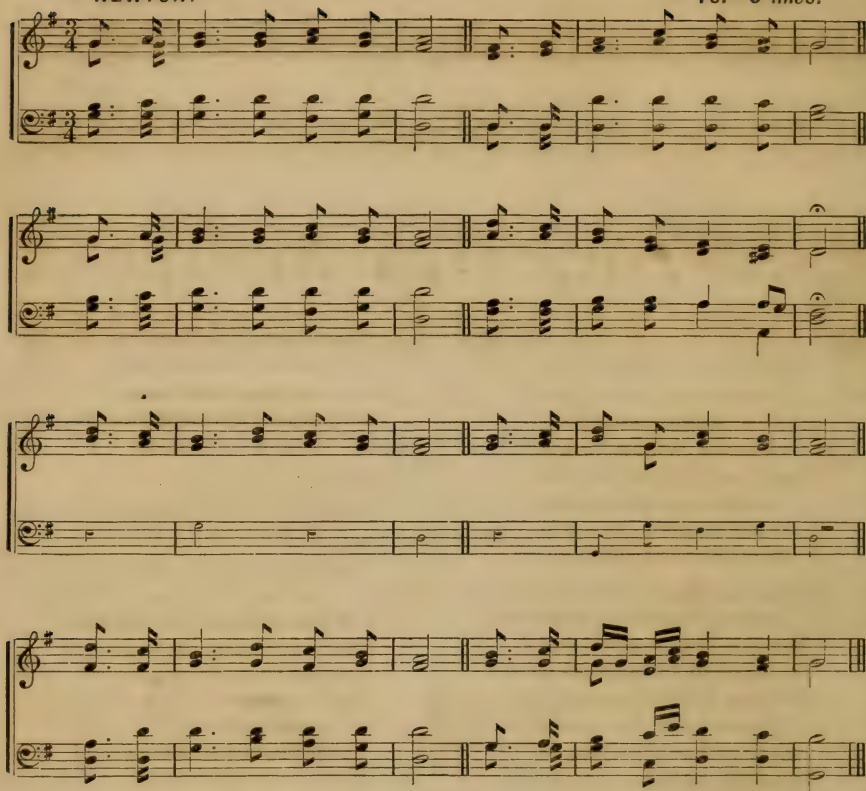
82

- 1 **HOLY**, holy, holy Lord
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at thy word
Issued into glorious birth,
All thy works before thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sung with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
- 2 Holy, holy, holy! thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

INVOCATION.

NEWTON.

7s. 6 lines.



83

1 SAFELY through another week

God has brought us on our way;

Let us now a blessing seek,

Waiting in his courts to-day;

Day of all the week the best:

Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace

Through the dear Redeemer's name,

Show thy reconciled face;

Take away our sin and shame:

From our worldly cares set free,

May we rest this day in thee

12

3 Here we come thy name to praise;

Let us feel thy presence near:

May thy glory meet our eyes,

While we in thy house appear;

Here afford us, Lord, a taste

Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound

Conquer sinners, comfort saints,

Make the fruits of grace abound,

Bring relief from all complaints:

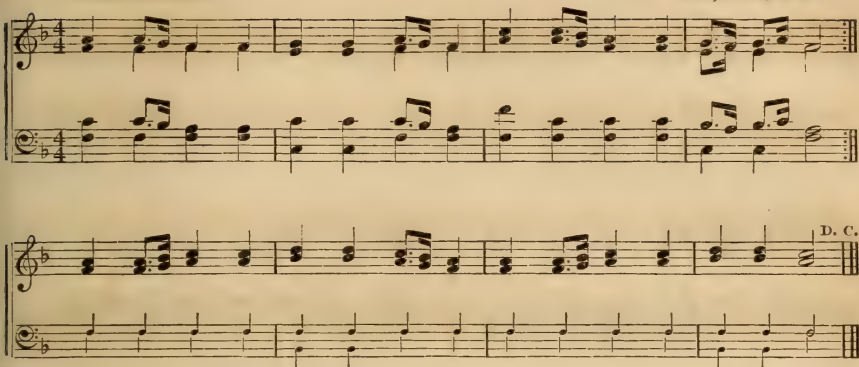
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,

Till we join the church above.

INVOCATION.

GREENVILLE.

8s, 7s & 4s.



84

1 IN thy name, O Lord! assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear,—
Hear with meekness,—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord! to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

85

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit!
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 Oh! may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

86

1 LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh! refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

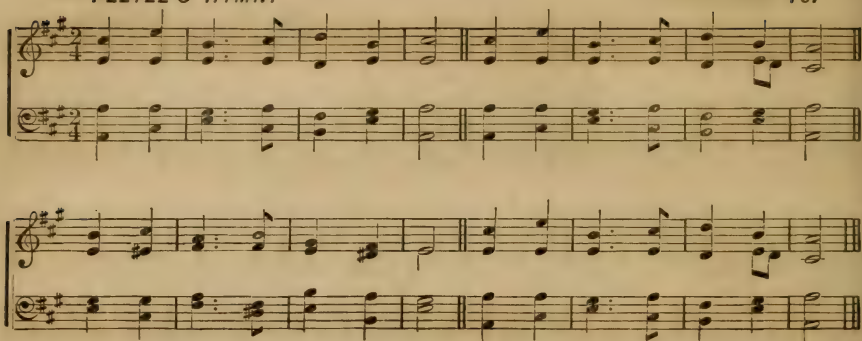
2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us, evermore, be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Reign with Christ in endless day.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

7s.



87

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King!
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There, your seat is now prepared,—
There's your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

88

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove!
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face!
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

44

3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,—
Canceled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome all, by sin oppressed,—
Welcome to his sacred rest!
Nothing brought him from above,—
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals! join the hosts above,—
Join to praise redeeming love.

89

1 HALLELUJAH! raise, oh! raise
To our God the song of praise:
All his servants! join to sing
God, our Saviour, and our King.

2 O'er all nations God alone,—
Higher than the heavens his throne;
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty?

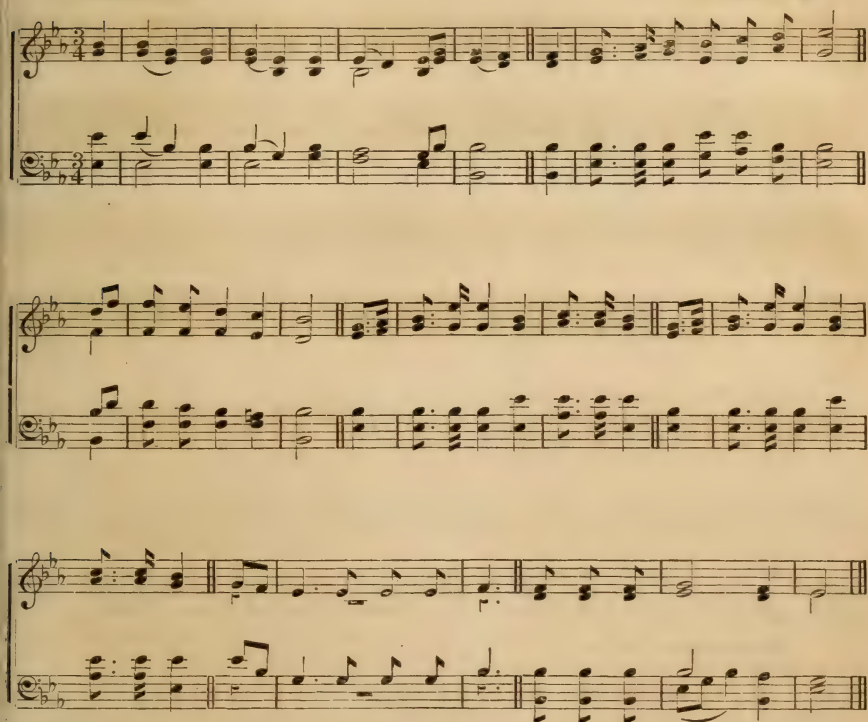
3 Yet to view the heavens he bends,—
Yea, to earth he condescends:
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.

4 He the broken spirit cheers,
Turns to joy the mourner's tears;
Such the wonders of his ways!
Praise his name,—for ever praise.

CONTEMPLATION AND ADORATION.

ARIEL.

C. P. M.



90

1 OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, glorious dress
My soul shall ever shine.

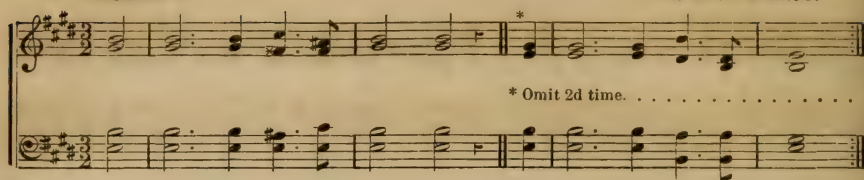
3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

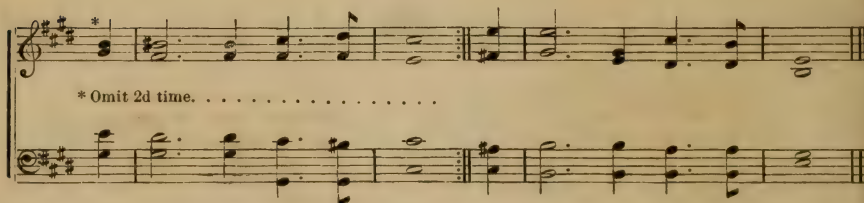
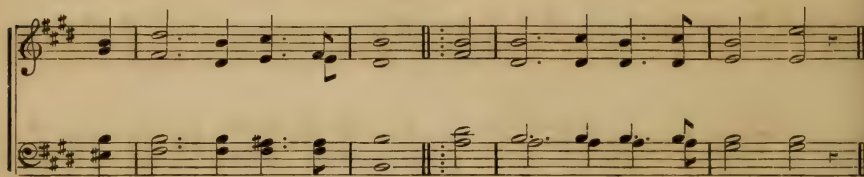
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

HODNET.

7s & 6s. 8 lines.



* Omit 2d time.



* Omit 2d time.

91

1 To THEE, my God and Saviour!

My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!

I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn, with roses,

Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;

46

My voice, in supplication,

Well-pleasèd thou shalt hear:
Oh! grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

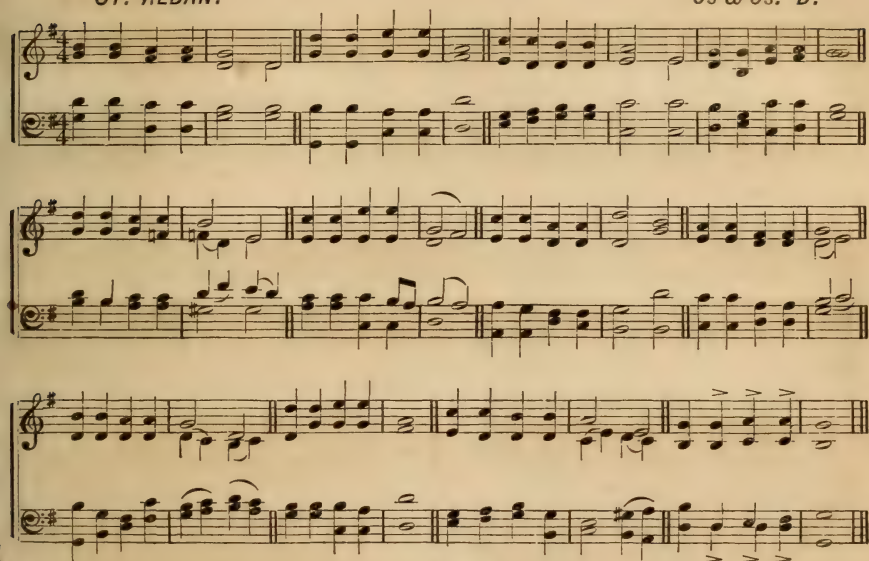
3 By thee, through life supported,

I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to their bright abode;
There, cast my crown before thee,—
Now, all my conflicts o'er,—
And day and night adore thee:—
What can an angel more?

CONTEMPLATION AND ADORATION.

ST. ALBAN.

6s & 5s. D.



92

1 SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round thy throne.

93

1 BRIGHTER still and brighter
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done,
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last,

2 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

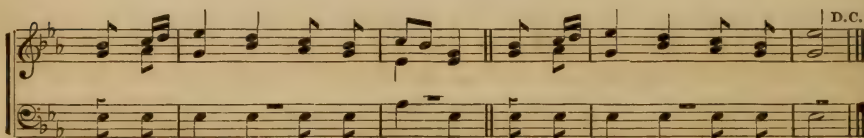
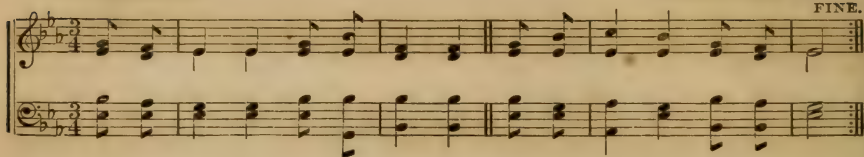
3 Higher then and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

NETTLETON.

8s & 7s.

FINE.



94

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

3 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

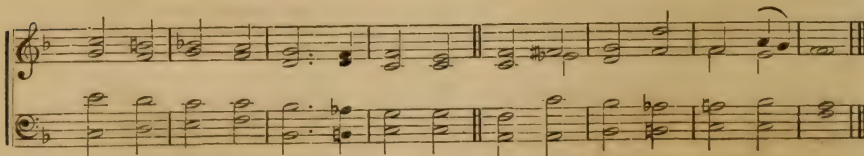
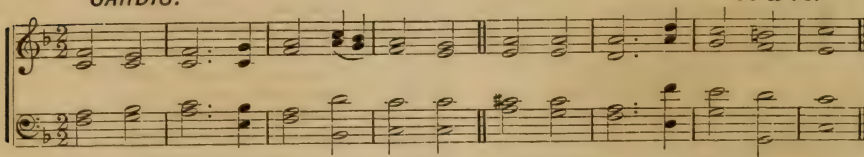
4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

5 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it,—
Seal it for thy courts above!

SARDIS.

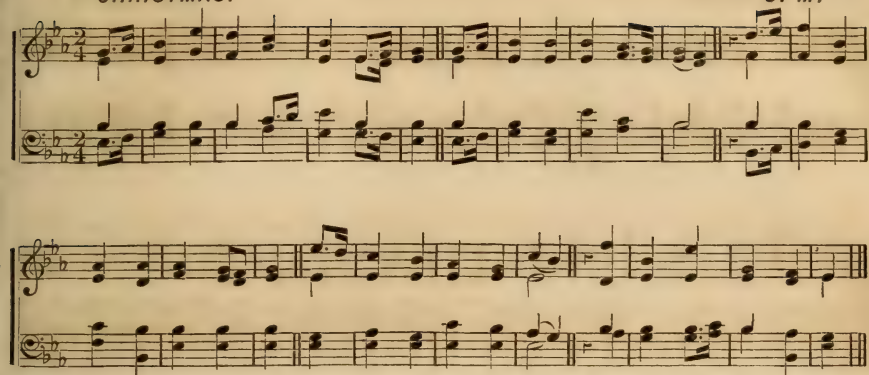
8s & 7s.



HIS ADVENT.

CHRISTMAS.

C. M.



95

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by
All seated on the ground; [night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;—

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

96

1 BRIGHT was the guiding star, that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

4

2 But, lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

3 Oh! haste to follow where it leads,
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

4 Oh! gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

97

1 O THOU, who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay;

2 Although by stars thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

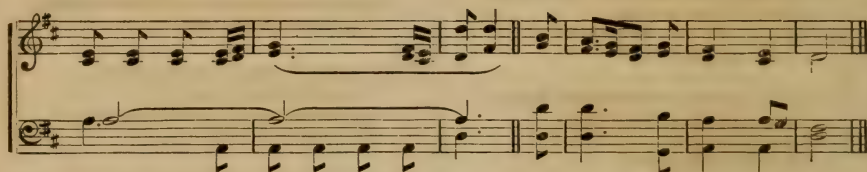
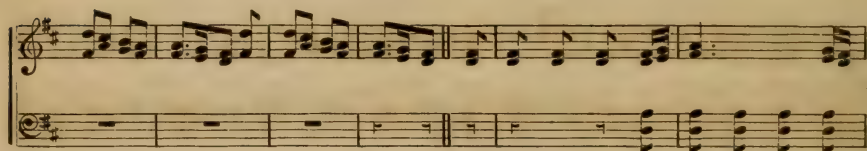
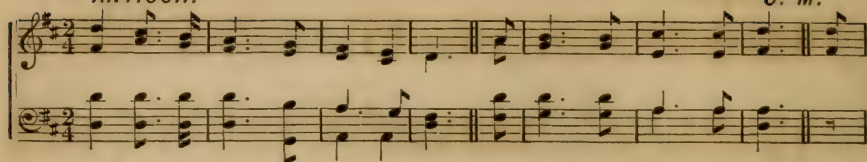
3 As yet we know thee but in part:
But still we trust thy word,
That blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

4 O Saviour, give us then thy grace,
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see thee face to face
Hereafter, as thou art.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

ANTIOCH.

C. M.



98

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

99

1 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,—
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray,
And, on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.

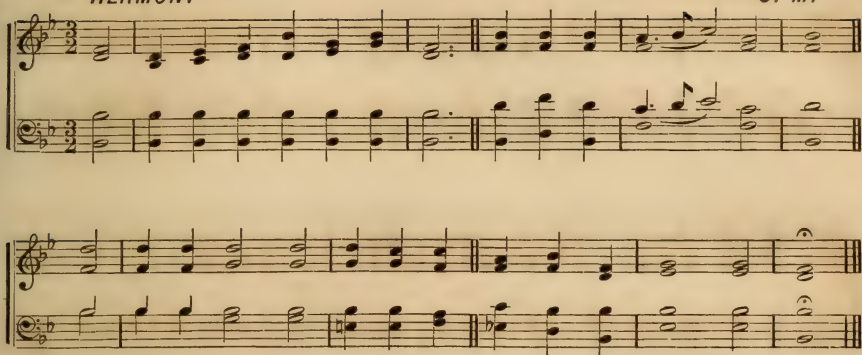
5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HIS ADVENT.

HERMON.

C. M.



100

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—oh! amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels! assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But, when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

101

- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

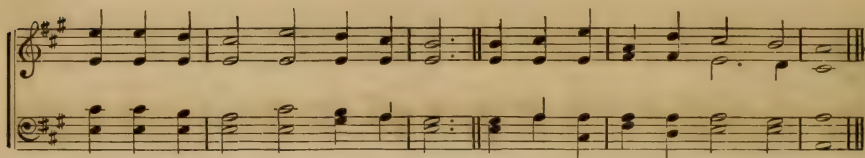
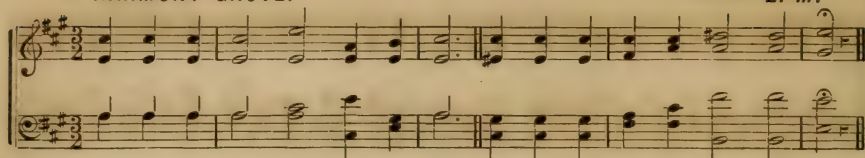
102

- 1 THE people that in darkness sat
A glorious Light have seen;
The Light has shined on them who long
In shades of death have been.
- 2 To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.
- 3 His name shall be the Prince of peace
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 4 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

HARMONY GROVE.

L. M.



103

- 1 WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark! hark!—to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,—
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;—
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

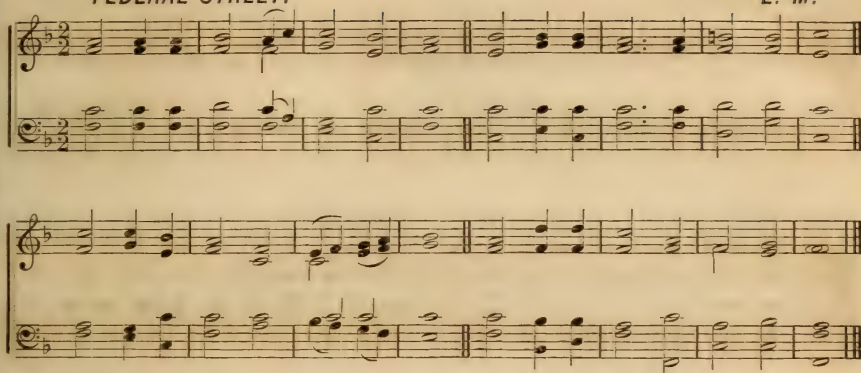
104

- 1 WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill, [night,
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light—
- 2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.
- 3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung:
- 4 "O Zion, lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 5 "See, Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.
- 6 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart;
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.

HIS ADVENT.

FEDERAL STREET.

L. M.



105

- 1 O CHRIST, our true and only light!
Illumine those who sit in night;
Let those afar now hear thy voice,
And in thy fold with us rejoice.
- 2 And all who else have strayed from thee,
Oh, gently seek! thy healing be
To every wounded conscience given,
And let them also share thy heaven.
- 3 Oh, make the deaf to hear thy word,
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Though secretly they hold it now.
- 4 Shine on the darkened and the cold,
Recall the wanderers from thy fold;
Unite those now who walk apart,
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.
- 5 So they, with us, may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to thee be given,
By all thy Church in earth and heaven.

106

- 1 ALL praise to thee, eternal Lord!
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood,
Choosing a manger for thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are thine alone.
- 2 A little child, thou art our guest,
That weary ones in thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

- 3 Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light,—
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like thine own angels round thee shine.
- 4 All this for us thy love hath done,
By this to thee our love is won;
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

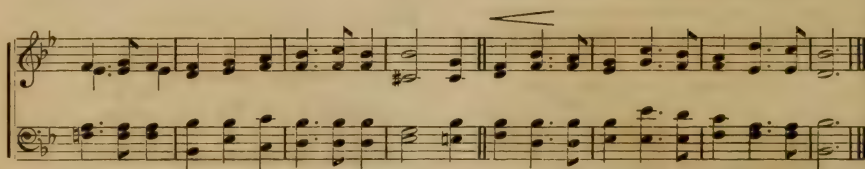
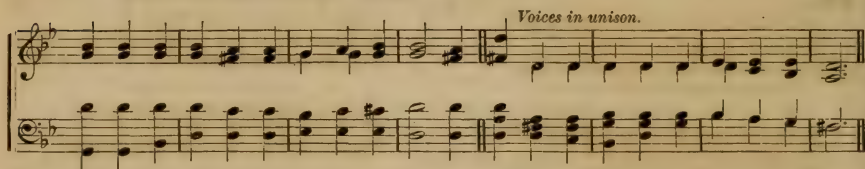
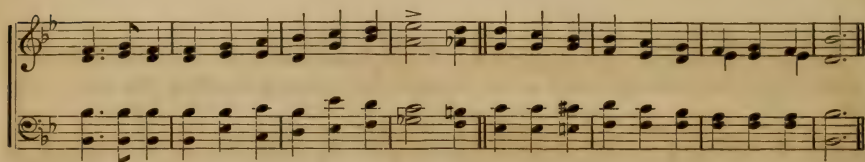
107

- 1 WHAT star is this, with beams so bright,
A stranger mid the orbs of light?
It shines to herald forth the King,
And Gentiles to his cradle bring.
- 2 Behold the long predicted sign,
The star of Jacob's ancient line:
The Eastern Sages hail its rays,
And raptured stand in anxious gaze.
- 3 Without, the Star informs their sight:
Within, there shines faith's brighter light,
Which gently summons them to rise,
And trust the guidance of the skies.
- 4 When God commands, the wise obey;
Love sees no danger in the way:
House, neighbors, friends, their steps recall;
The voice of God outweighs them all.
- 5 Oh, while the star of heavenly grace
Invites us, Lord, to seek thy face,
Let not our hearts from sloth refuse
The guidance of that light to use.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

HARVEY.

11s & 10s.



108

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,

Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

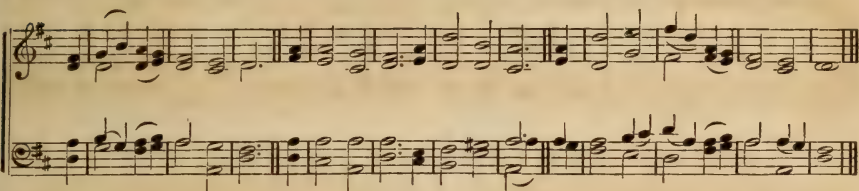
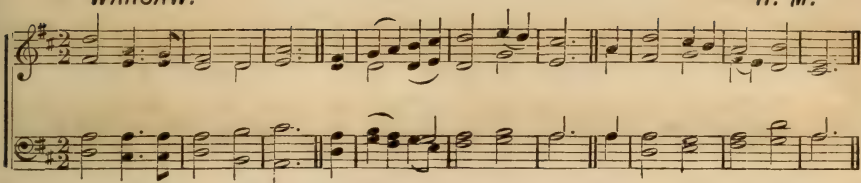
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

HIS ADVENT.

WARSAW.

H. M.



109

1 HARK! hark!—the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains;
Some new delight in heaven is known,
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2 Hark! hark!—the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend;
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show;
Ye winds that blow! ye waves that roll!
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

4 Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;

Arise, ye sons of men!

And all his grace proclaim;
Angels and men! wake every string,
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

110

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore,—
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

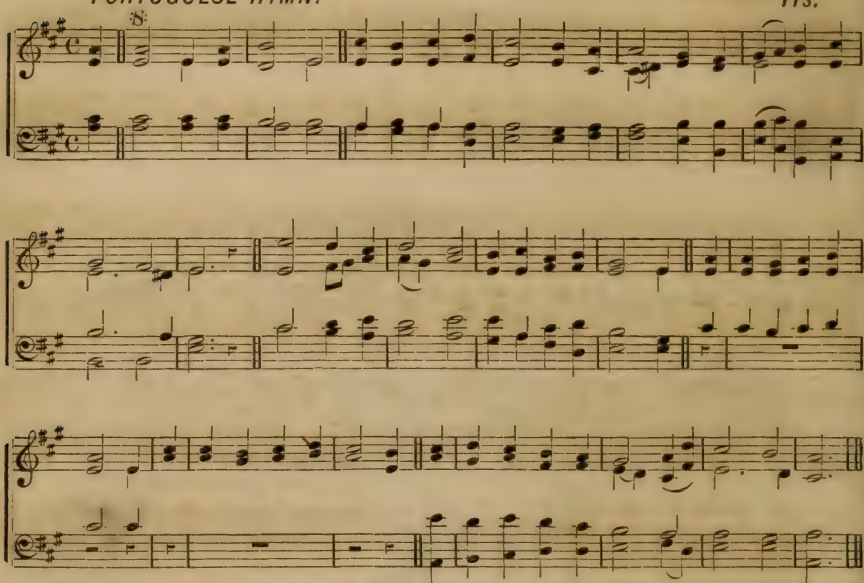
2 But oh, what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heavenly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;—
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heav'n.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

11s.



111

1 Oh come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant:
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem;
See in a manger
The Monarch of Angels:

CHORUS.

Oh come, let us adore him,
Oh come, let us adore him,
Oh come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

2 God of God Eternal,
Light from Light proceeding,

Born of a Virgin, made Very Man;
Son of the Father,
Begotten, not created!

3 Oh sing Alleluia,
Ye bright Choirs of Angels,
Oh fill ye the courts of heaven with song;
Sing ye "All glory
To God in the Highest!"

4 Oh hail, Lord Incarnate,
Son of the Father,
Born of the Virgin, the Word made Flesh;
Glory and honor
Give we thee, O Jesus!

112

[Tune—AUSTRIA.]

1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

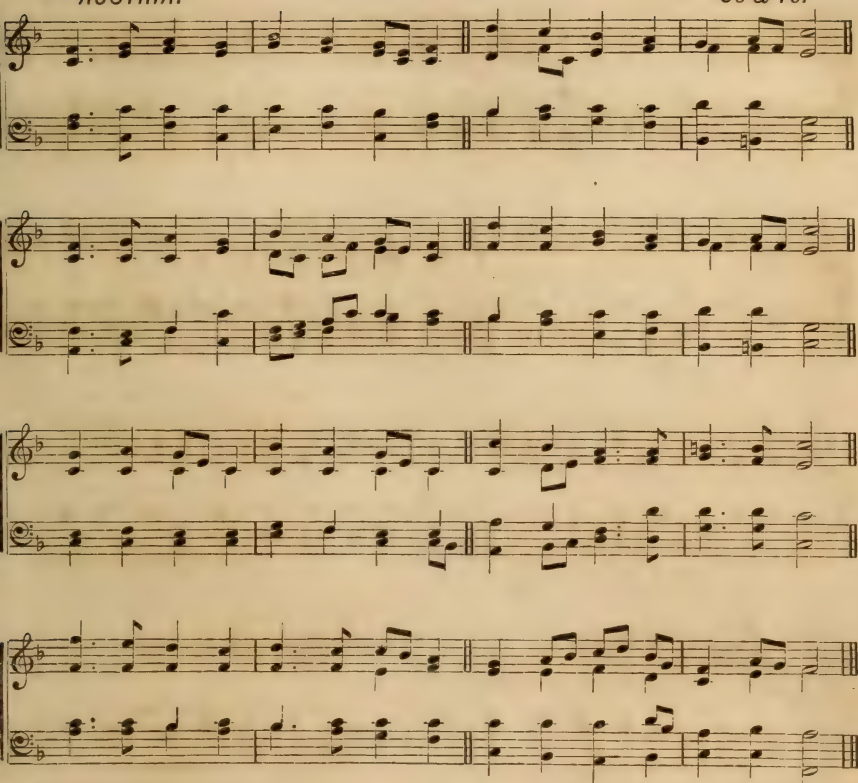
3 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HIS ADVENT.

AUSTRIA.

8s & 7s.



113

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies!
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
Glad receive, whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him,
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven you sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

MEDELSSOHN.

7s.

Organ pedal.

114

1 HARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:

58

Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

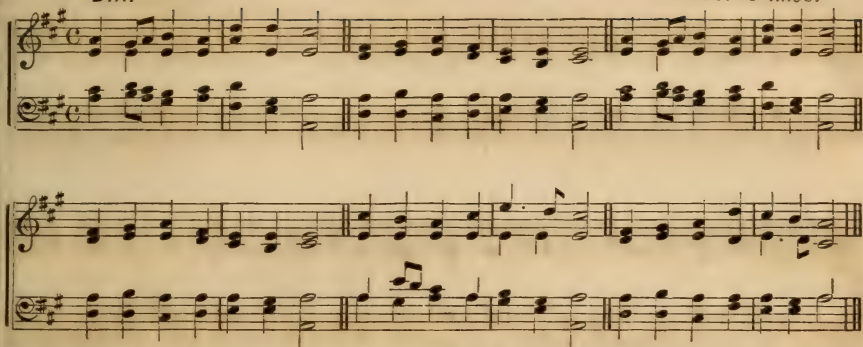
3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Hark! the herald angels, etc.

HIS ADVENT.

DIX.

7s. 6 lines.



115

- 1 AS WITH gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hail'd its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.
- 2 As with joyous steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;

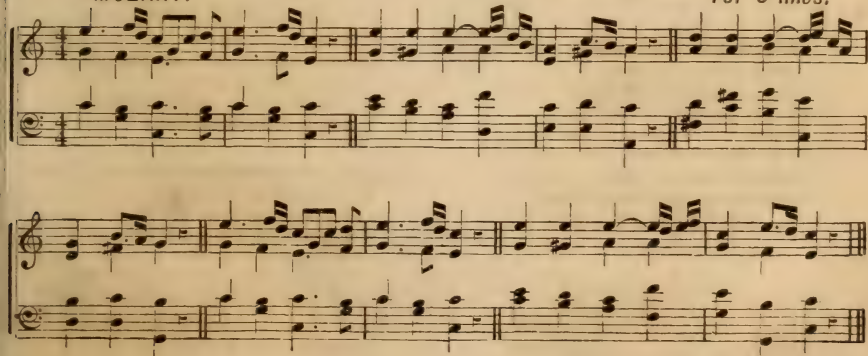
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to thee our heavenly King.

- 4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

- 5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down,
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

MOZART.

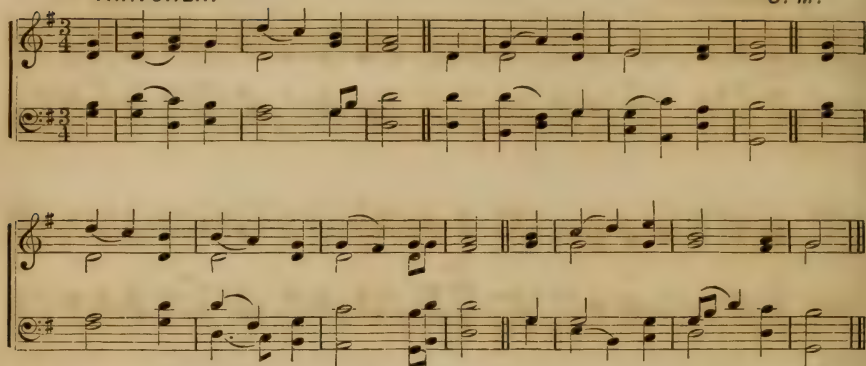
7s. 6 lines.



THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

THATCHER.

S. M.



116

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing—how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bade him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by.
When Christ was sent, with pardons, down
To rebels doomed to die.
- 5 Now, sinners! dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.
- 6 Lord! we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

117

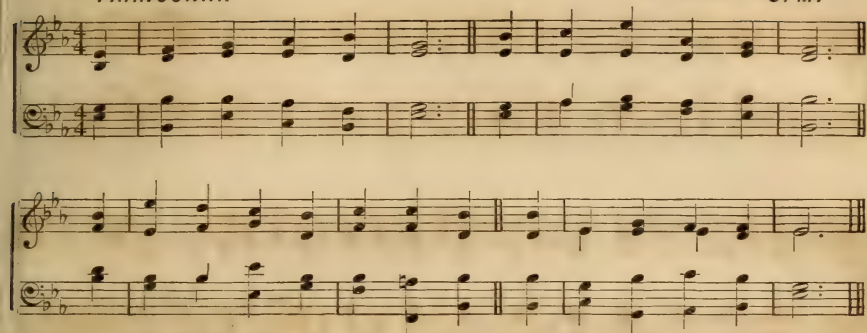
- 1 GOD from on high hath heard,
Let sighs and sorrows cease;
Lo! from the opening heaven descends
To man the promised Peace.

- 2 Hark! through the silent night
Angelic voices swell;
Their joyful songs proclaim that "God
Is born on earth to dwell."
- 3 See how the shepherd-band
Speed on with eager feet;
Come to the hallowed cave with them
The holy Babe to greet.
- 4 But oh! what sight appears
Within that lowly door;
A manger, stall, and swaddling clothes,
A Child and Mother poor.
- 5 Art thou the Christ? the Son?
The Father's Image bright?
And see we him whose arm upholds
Earth and the starry height?
- 6 Yea, faith can pierce the cloud
Which veils thy glory now;
We hail thee God, before whose throne
The angels prostrate bow.
- 7 A silent Teacher, Lord,
Thou bidst us not refuse
To bear what flesh would have us shun,
To shun what flesh would choose.
- 8 Our swelling pride to cure
With that pure love of thine,
Oh, be thou born within our hearts,
Most holy Child divine.

HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

FRANCONIA.

S. M.



118

- 1 **WITHIN** the Father's house
The Son hath found his home;
And to his temple suddenly
The Lord of Life hath come.
- 2 The doctors of the law
Gaze on the wondrous Child,
And marvel at his gracious word
Of wisdom undefiled.
- 3 Yet not to them is given
The mighty truth to know,
To lift the fleshy veil which hides
Incarnate God below.
- 4 The secret of the Lord
Escapes each human eye,
And faithful pondering hearts await
The full Epiphany.
- 5 Lord, visit thou our souls,
And teach us by thy grace
Each dim revealing of thyself
With loving awe to trace;
- 6 Till from our darkened sight
The cloud shall pass away,
And on the cleansed soul shall burst
The everlasting day.

119

- 1 **FIERCE** raged the storm of wind,
The surging waves ran high,
Filled thy disciples' hearts with fear,
Though thou, their Lord, wast nigh.
- 2 But at the stern rebuke
Of thine Almighty word.

The wind was hushed, the billows ceased,
And owned thee God and Lord.

- 3 So, now, when depths of sin
Our souls with terror fill,
Arise, and be our helper, Lord,
And speak thy "Peace, be still."

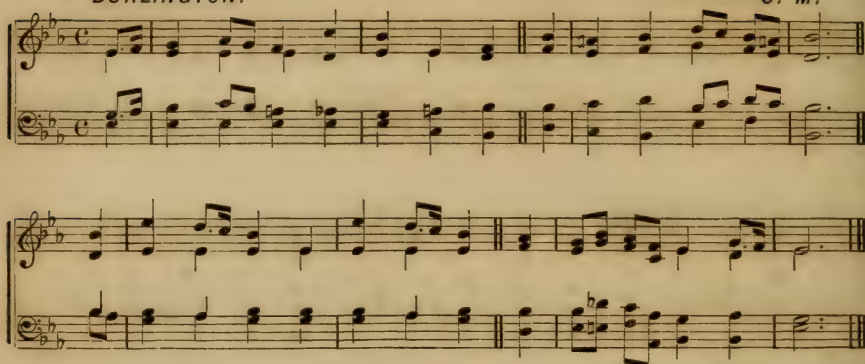
120

- 1 **ALL** praise to thee, O Lord,
Who by thy mighty power
Didst manifest thy glory forth
In Cana's marriage hour.
- 2 Thou speakest: it is done:
Obedient to thy word,
The water reddening into wine
Proclaims the present Lord.
- 3 Blest were the eyes which saw
That wondrous mystery,
The great beginning of thy works,
That kindled faith in thee.
- 4 And blessed they who know
Thine unseen Presence true,
When in the kingdom of thy grace
Thou makest all things new.
- 5 For by thy loving hand
Thy people still are fed;
Thou art the Cup of blessing, Lord,
And thou the Heavenly Bread.
- 6 Oh, may that grace be ours,
In thee for aye to live,
And drink of those refreshing streams
Which thou alone canst give.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

BURLINGTON.

C. M.



121

- 1 LORD, in thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
Oh make our joys the same!
- 2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was filled,
When fondly in his withered arms
He clasped the Holy Child!
- 3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried,
"Behold, thy servant dies;
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes."
- 4 Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
- 5 When flesh shall fail, and heart-strings break,
Sweet will the minutes roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul.

122

- 1 IN stature grows the Heavenly Child,
With death before his eyes;
A Lamb unblemished, meek and mild,
Prepared for sacrifice.
- 2 Those mighty hands that rule the sky
No earthly toil refuse;
The Maker of the stars on high
An humble trade pursues.

3 He whom the hosts of angels praise,
At whose command they fly,
His earthly parents now obeys,
And lays his glory by.

4 For this thy lowliness revealed,
We, Jesus, thee adore,
And praise to God the Father yield
And Spirit evermore.

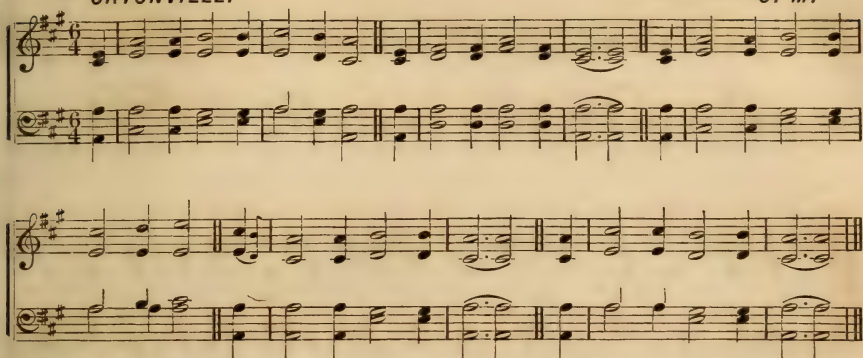
123

- 1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.
- 2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.
- 4 Oh, give us hearts to love like thee!
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sin than all
The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

ORTONVILLE.

C. M.



124

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair,
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

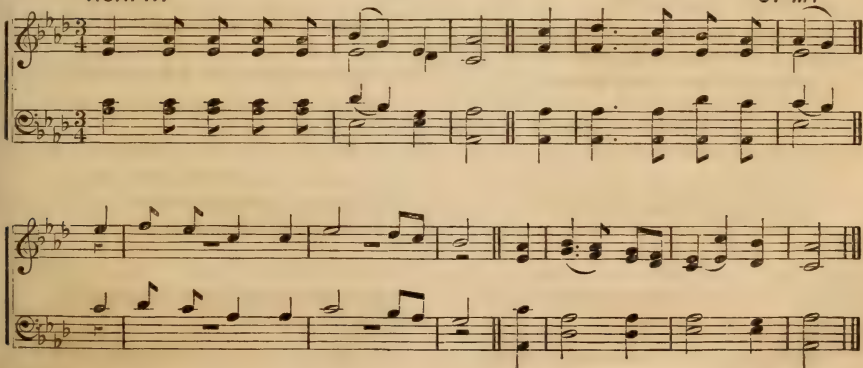
4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

ASAPH.

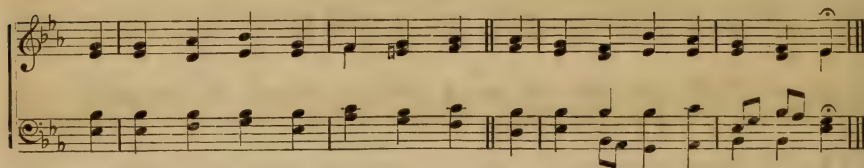
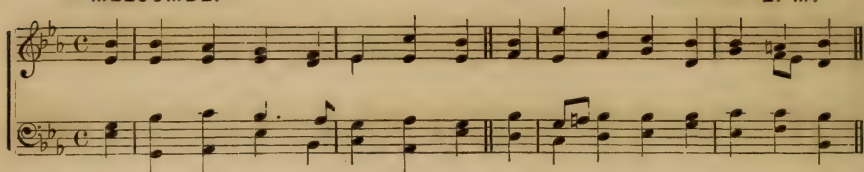
C. M.



THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

MELCOMBE.

L. M.



125

1 How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who like thee so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 And death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

126

1 WHEN like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus sojourned here,
Where'er he went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her drooping head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night,
Beheld his face,—for he was light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

3 With bounding steps, the halt and lame
To hail their great Deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

4 Demoniac madness, dark and wild,
In his inspiring presence smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.

127

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

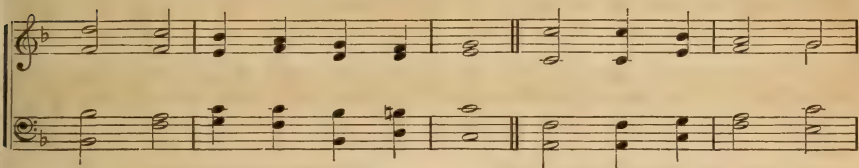
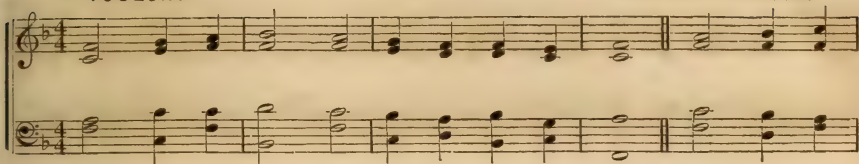
2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his foll'wers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers! to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones! and rest."
Yes, sacred Teacher! we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

TOULON.

10s.



128

1 O Lord of health and life, what tongue can
tell
How at thy word were loosed the bands of
hell;
How thy pure touch removed the leprous
stain,
And the polluted flesh grew clean again?

2 Oh, wash our hearts, restore the contrite soul,
Stretch forth thy healing hand, and make us
whole;
Oh, bend our stubborn knees to kneel to thee;
Speak but the word, and we once more are
free.

3 Yea, Lord, we claim the promise of thy love,
Thy love, which can all guilt, all pain re-
move;
5

Nigh to our souls thy great salvation bring,
Then sickness hath no pang, and death no
sting.

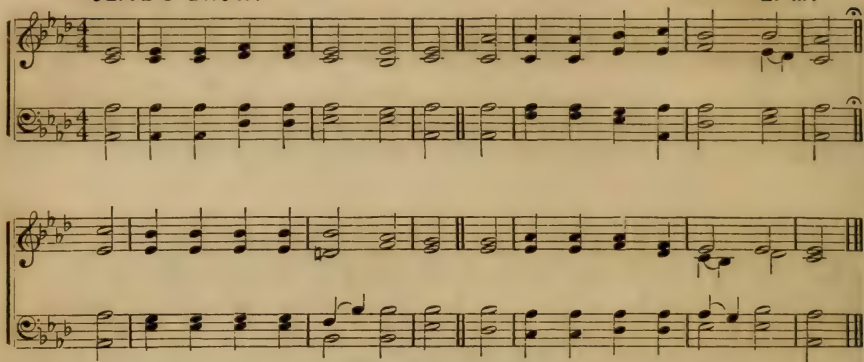
4 We hail this pledge in all thy deeds of grace:
As once disease and sorrow fled thy face,
So, when that face again unveiled we see,
Sickness and tears and death no more shall
be.

5 Then grant us strength to pray "Thy king-
dom come,"
When we shall know thee in thy Father's
home,
And at thy great Epiphany adore
The Co-eternal Godhead evermore.
65

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

OLIVE'S BROW.

L. M.



129

1 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

130

1 HE dies!—the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies—
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But,—lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

3 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him—welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints! and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing,—how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains.

5 Say,—“Live for ever, glorious King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!”
Then ask, “O death! where is thy sting?
And where thy vict'ry, boasting grave?”

131

1 HERE at thy cross, incarnate God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love;
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, for that's my last defence,
If I must perish, there to die.

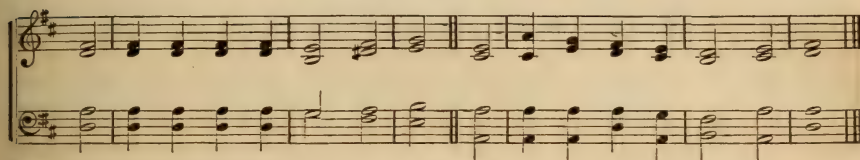
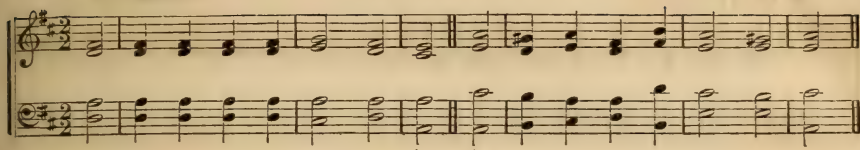
4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my Saviour God,
And my best honors to his name.

HIS DEATH.

ASHWELL.

L. M.



132

- 1 OH, come and mourn with me a while
Oh, come ye to the Saviour's side;
Oh, come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah, look how patiently he hangs '
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 3 How fast his hands and feet are nailed;
His throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 4 Seven times he spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 5 Come let us stand beneath the cross,
So may the blood from out his side
Fall gently on us drop by drop:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 6 A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since thou for us art crucified.

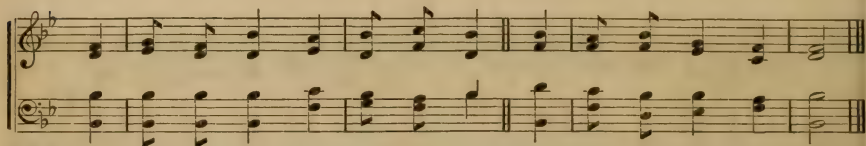
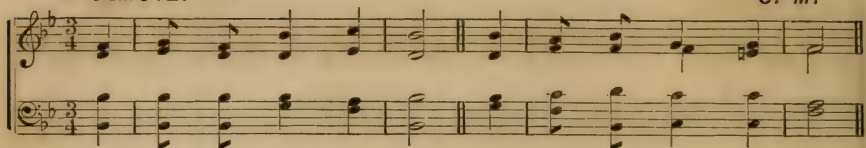
133

- 1 JESUS, thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies—
E'en then, this shall be all my plea:
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.
- 4 Thus Abraham, the Friend of God,
Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,
Saviour of Sinners, thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 Oh, let the dead now hear thy voice:
Bid, Lord, thy mourning ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

OLMUTZ.

S. M.



134

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;

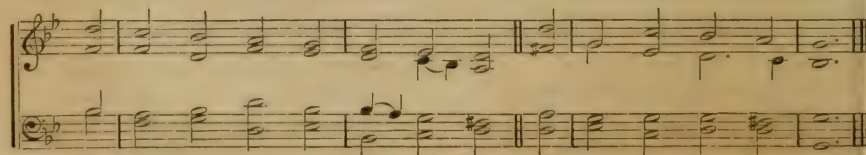
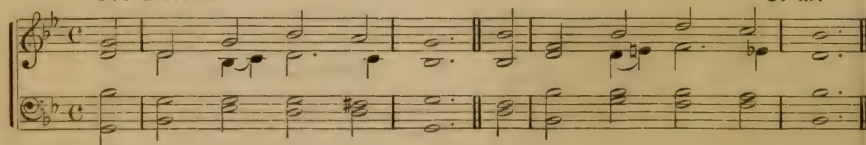
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

135

- 1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

ST. BRIDE.

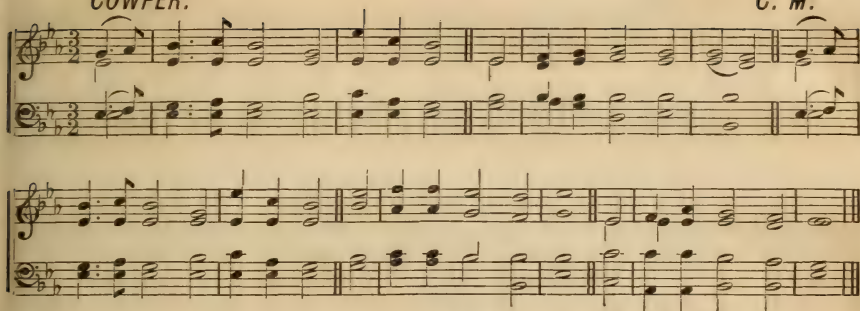
S. M.



HIS DEATH.

COWPER.

C. M.



136

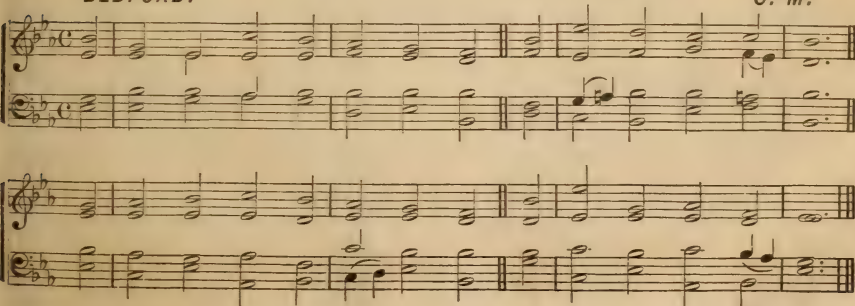
- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

137

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

BEDFORD.

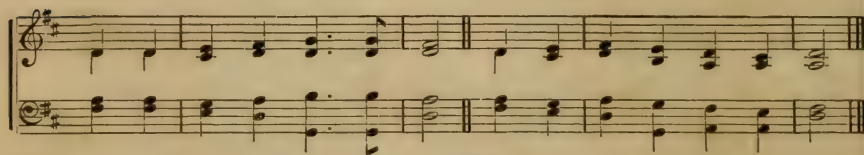
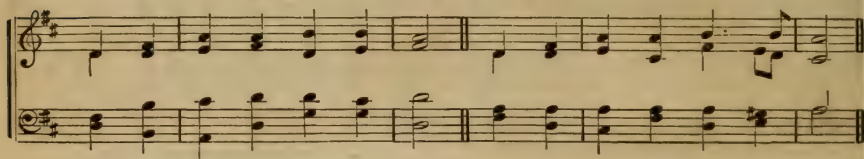
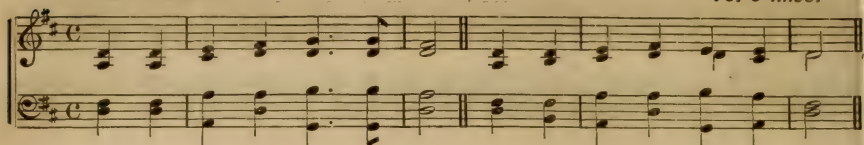
C. M.



THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

GETHSEMANE.

7s. 6 lines.



138

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power!
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of Life arraigned;
Oh! the wormwood and the gall;
Oh! the pangs his soul sustained:
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There—adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of Time—
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished"—hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?—
Christ is risen—he meets our eyes;
Saviour! teach us so to rise.

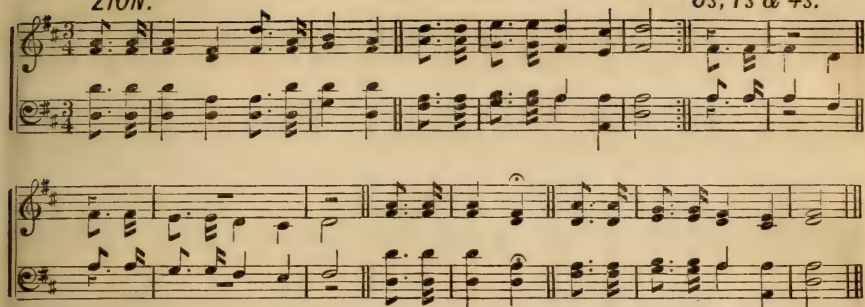
139

- 1 RESTING from his work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still he slept; from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding sheet,—
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealèd stone.
- 2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.
- 3 So with thee till life shall end
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but thee may ever dwell.
- 4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

HIS DEATH.

ZION.

8s, 7s & 4s.



140

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See!—it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth—and veils the sky:
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!"—Oh! what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!

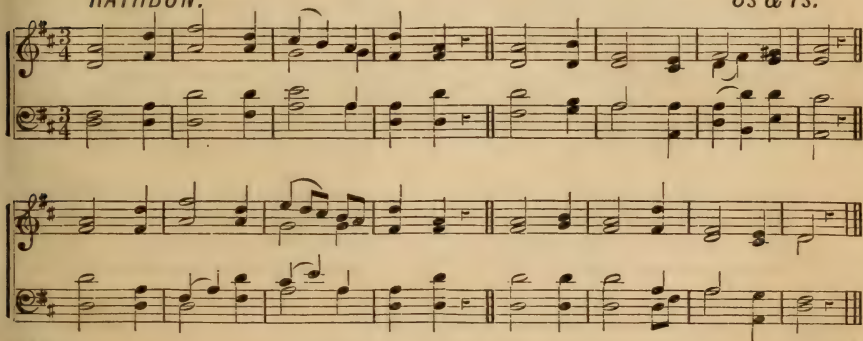
Heavenly blessings, without measure
Flow to us through Christ, the Lord,
"It is finished!"

Saints! the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

RATHBUN.

8s & 7s.



141

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,

From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

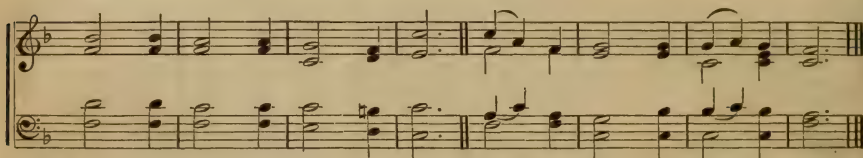
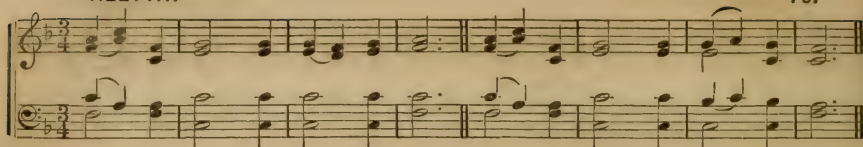
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

ALETTA.

7s.



142

- 1 WHEN, on Sinai's top, I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too-transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

143

- 1 "It is finished!" shall we raise
Songs of sorrow, or of praise?
Mourn to see the Saviour die,
Or proclaim his victory?
- 2 If of Calvary we tell,
How can songs of triumph swell?
If of man redeemed from woe,
How shall notes of mourning flow?
- 3 Ours the guilt which pierced his side,
Ours the sin for which he died;
But the blood which flowed that day
Washed our sin and guilt away.
- 4 Lamb of God! thy death hath given
Pardon, peace, and hope of heaven:
"It is finished!" let us raise
Songs of thankfulness and praise.

144

[Tune—SUPPLICATION.]

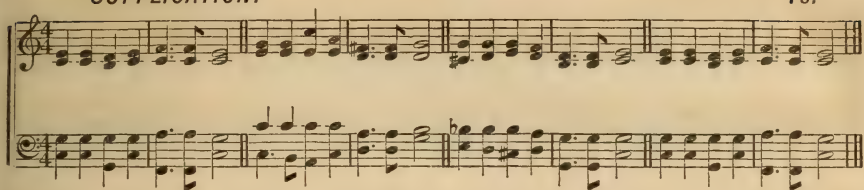
7s.

- 1 SURELY Christ thy griefs has borne;
Weeping soul, no longer mourn:
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee.
- 2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice;
There the incarnate Deity,
Numbered with transgressors, see.
- 3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away.
- 4 Lord, thine arm must be revealed,
Ere I can by faith be healed;
Since I scarce can look to thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me.

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

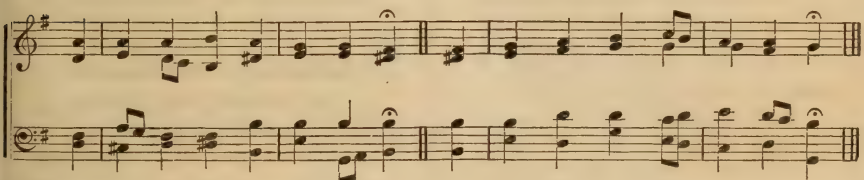
SUPPLICATION.

7s.



CEDRON.

8s & 6s.



145

1 BEYOND where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To sad Gethsemane;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

2 He bows beneath the sins of men;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above:
"My Father, can this cup remove?"

3 With gentle resignation still
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane:

"Behold me here, thine only Son;
And, Father, let thy will be done."

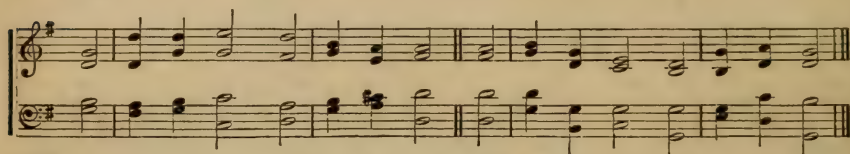
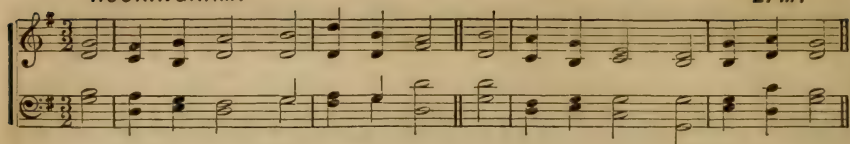
4 The Father heard; and angels, there,
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain,
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Saviour there,
And humbly bow like him in prayer.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

ROCKINGHAM.

L. M.



146

1 Soft be the gently breathing notes,
That sing the Saviour's dying love;—
Soft as the evening zephyr floats;
Soft as the tuneful lyres above:

2 Soft as the morning dews descend,
While the sweet lark exulting soars;
So soft, to your Almighty Friend,
Be every sigh your bosom pours:

3 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid car of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God;

4 Pure as the breath of vernal skies;
So pure let our contrition be;
So purely let our love arise
To him who bled upon the tree.

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

148

1 We sing the praise of him who died,—
Of him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters,—“God is Love:”
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross!—it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

147

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

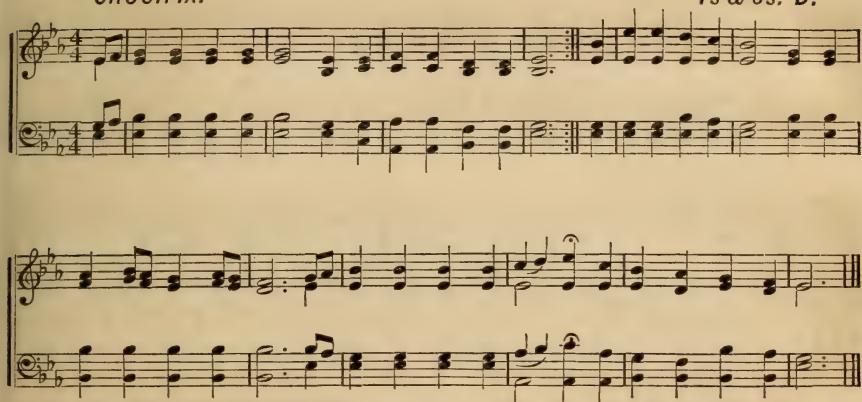
2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See,—from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

CRUCIFIX.

7s & 6s. D.



149

1 O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain;
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide:
My Lord of Life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee!

5 And when I am departing,
O part not thou from me!
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from mine anguish,
By thine own pain and woe!

6 Be near me when I'm dying;
O show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

EASTER HYMN.

7s.

Al - le - lu - ia.

150

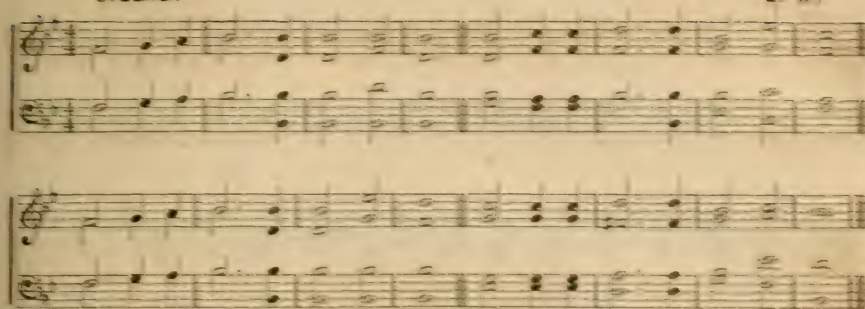
1 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day,
Alleluia!
Who did once, upon the Cross,
Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!
2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Alleluia!

Who endured the Cross and Grave,
Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!
3 But the pain which he endured
Alleluia!
Our salvation hath procured;
Alleluia!
Now above the sky he's King,
Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia!

HIS RESURRECTION

GILEAD.

L. M.



151

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."
- 3 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in."
- 4 "Who is the King of glory?—who?"
"The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew:
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name."
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."
- 6 "Who is the King of glory?—who?"
"The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too:
God over all, for ever blessed."

Ascend, and claim again on high,
Thy glory left for us to die.

- 2 A radiant cloud is now thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath thy feet;
Ten thousand thousands round thee sing,
And share the triumph of their King.
- 3 The angel-host enraptured waits,
"Lift up your heads, eternal gates!"
O God-and-Man! the Father's Throne
Is now for evermore thine own.
- 4 Our great High Priest and Shepherd, thou
Within the veil art entered now,
To offer there thy precious Blood
Once poured on earth a cleansing flood.
- 5 And thence the Church, thy chosen Bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.
- 6 O Christ, our Lord, of thy dear care
Thy lowly members heavenward be
Be ours with thee to suffer pain,
With thee for evermore to reign.
- 7 All praise from every heart and tongue
To thee, ascended Lord, be sung,
All praise to God the Father be
And Holy Ghost eternally.

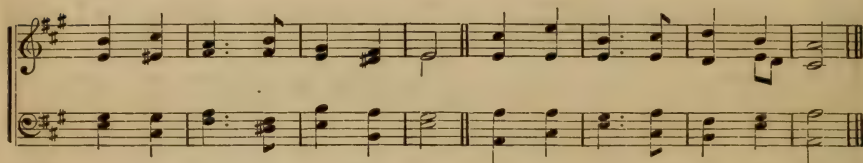
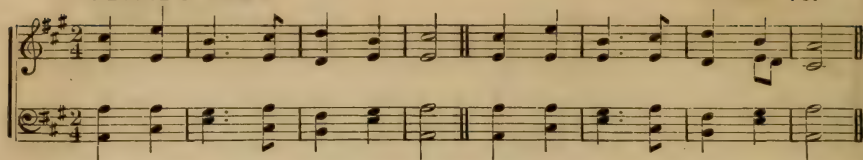
152

- 1 O SAVIOUR, who for man hast trod
The winepress of the wrath of God,

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

7s.



153

- 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
See, the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.
- 3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide;
Mighty Conqueror, through them ride!
King of glory, mount thy throne!
Boundless empire is thine own.
- 5 Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs,
Sing and sweep your golden lyres;
Sons of men, in humbler strain
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.
- 6 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell!

Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

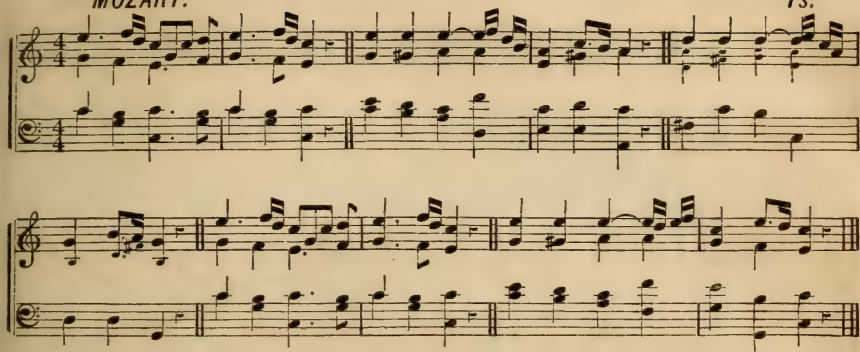
154

- 1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Glorious, to his native skies!
Christ, a while to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and sin;
Take the King of glory in.
- 3 Still for us he intercedes,
His prevailing death he pleads;
Near himself prepares our place,
Great Forerunner of our race.
- 4 Master, will we ever say,
Taken from our head to-day,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee!
- 5 Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant, our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies!

HIS RESURRECTION.

MOZART.

7s.



155

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise!
- 4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O Grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

156

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

- 2 He who gave for us his life.
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our paschal Lamb to-day!
We, too, sing for joy, and say,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!
- 3 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless, upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry;
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!
- 4 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven!
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

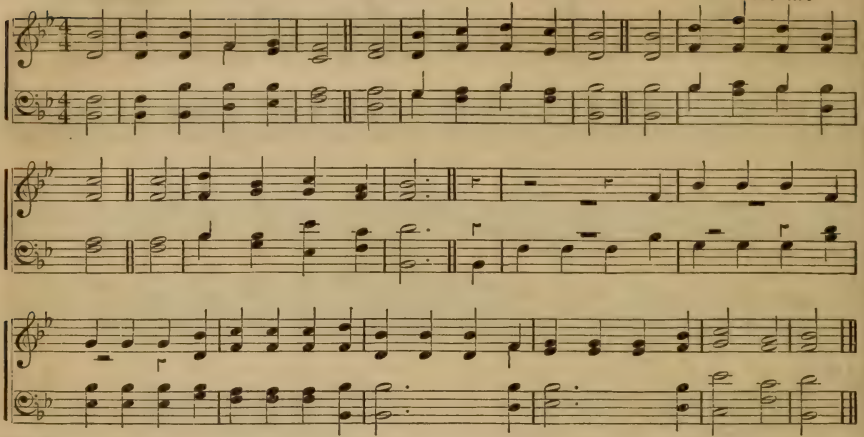
157

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph, through the skies
See the glorious Saviour rise!
- 2 Ye, who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay!
- 3 Christian! dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save!

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

LENOX.

H. M.



158

1 COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest pow'rs exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside,
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What he endured, oh, who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead,
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all to thee we give;
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head;
In wild dismay, | Fall to the ground,
The guards around | And sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come, | From realms of day,
And wing their way, | To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly
And the glad tidings bear.
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, | Hath left the dead;
"Jesus, who bled, | He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals! catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe, on which you dwell!
Transported, cry, | Hath left the dead,
"Jesus, who bled, | No more to die."

5 All hail! triumphant Lord!
Who sav'st us with thy blood;
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise, | And empires gain,
With thee we reign, | Beyond the skies.

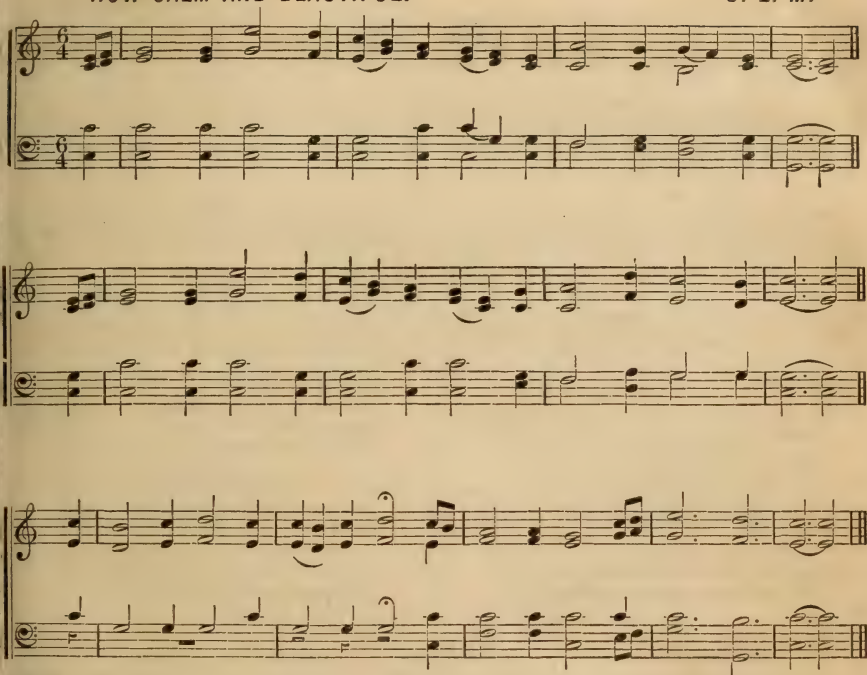
159

1 YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
80

HIS RESURRECTION.

HOW CALM AND BEAUTIFUL.

C. L. M.



160

- 1 How calm and beautiful the morn,
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where Christ the crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
Oh, weep no more the Saviour slain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.
- 2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord,
"Behold the place, he is not here!"
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.
- 3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend;

The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

- 4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
Oh, weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

- 5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since he hath risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

HARWELL.

8s & 7s.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah. A-men.

161

1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory! reign for ever;
Thine an everlasting crown;

Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;—
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

3 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

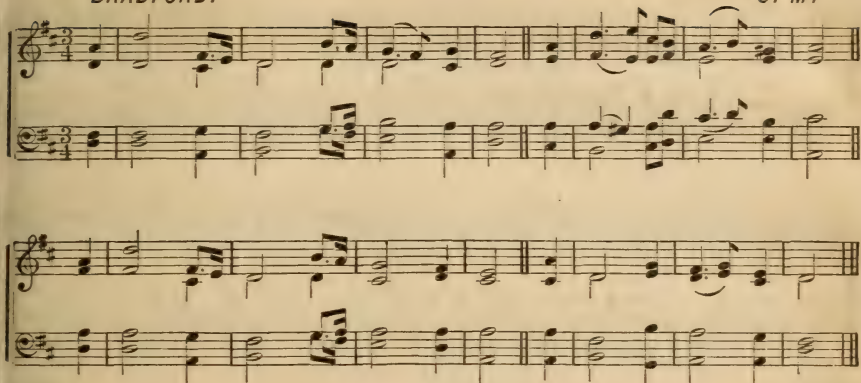
SALZBURG.

8s & 7s.

HIS EXALTATION.

BRADFORD.

C. M.



162

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In the distressing hour.

164

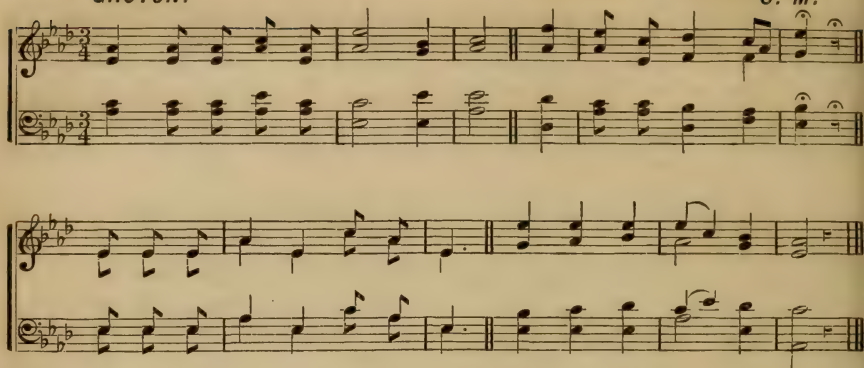
- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood;
While Satan's fiery darts he bore
And did resist to blood.

- 1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High-Priest above;
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned;
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast,
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

GROTON.

C. M.



165

- 1 ARISE, ye people, and adore,
Exulting strike the chord;
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
Confess th' Almighty Lord.
- 2 Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing-round,
Th' ascending God proclaim;
Th' angelic choir respond the sound,
And shake creation's frame.
- 3 They sing of death and hell o'erthrown
In that triumphant hour:
And God exalts his conquering Son
To his right hand of power.
- 4 Oh, shout, ye people, and adore,
Exulting strike the chord;
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
Confess th' Almighty Lord.

166

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

- 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid!
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head!
- 4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

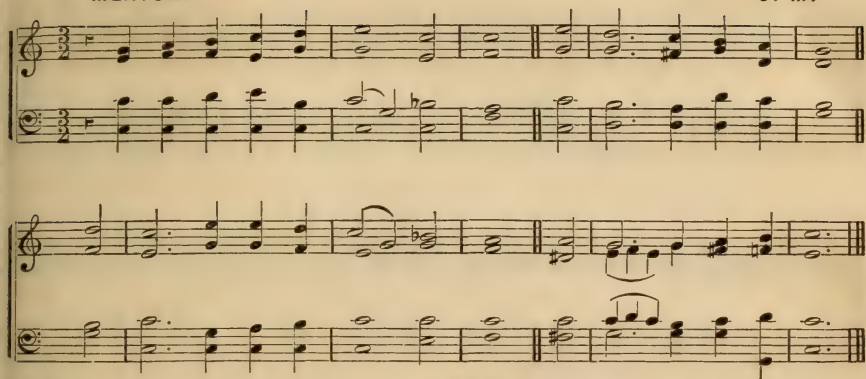
167

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay;
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 3 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.
- 4 Bright angels! strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

HIS EXALTATION.

MERTON.

C. M.



168

1 THE head, that once was crowned with
Is crowned with glory now; [thorns,
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his—is his by right,—
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.

6 The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

169

1 JESUS, our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring,
Creator of the world art thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

2 How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on thee,
And led thee to a cruel death,
To set thy people free!

3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid;
And thou art on thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

4 Oh, may thy mighty love prevail,
Our sinful souls to spare!
Oh, may we stand around thy throne,
And see thy glory there!

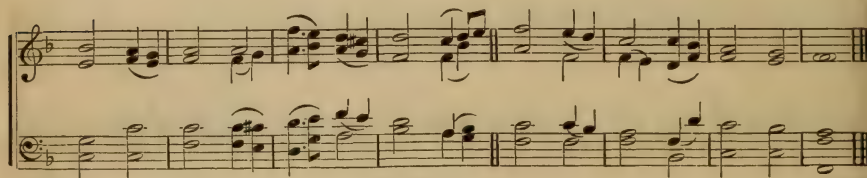
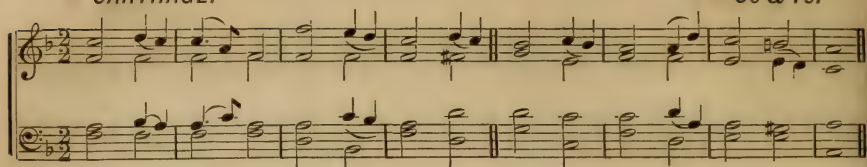
5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now
And through eternity.

6 All praise to thee who dost ascend
Triumphantly to heaven;
All praise to God the Father's Name,
And Holy Ghost be given.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

CARTHAGE.

8s & 7s.



170

- 1 CHRIST, above all glory seated,
King eternal, strong to save,
To thee death, by death defeated,
Triumph high and glory gave.
- 2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On th' eternal throne of heaven,
In thy Father's power to reign.
- 3 There thy kingdoms all adore thee,
Heav'n above and earth below,
While the depths of hell before thee
Trembling and defeated bow.
- 4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow thee above the sky;
Hear our prayers thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to thee on high.
- 5 So when thou again in glory
On the clouds of heav'n shalt shine,
We thy flock may stand before thee,
Owned for evermore as thine.

171

- 1 JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;

86

All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

- 2 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

172

- 1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
- 3 All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

HIS EXALTATION.

AUTUMN.

8s & 7s. D.

Musical score for 'His Exaltation' in 3/2 time, featuring a melody and accompaniment. The score includes a 'FINE.' marking and a 'D.S.' (Da Capo) instruction at the end.

173

- 1 MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just and awful praise.
- 2 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand, beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For thy providence that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be thy gentle reign.
- 3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright, tho' veiled in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue! such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die:

- 4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, my praise! for ever flow:
Reascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign for ever;
Be the kingdom all thine own!

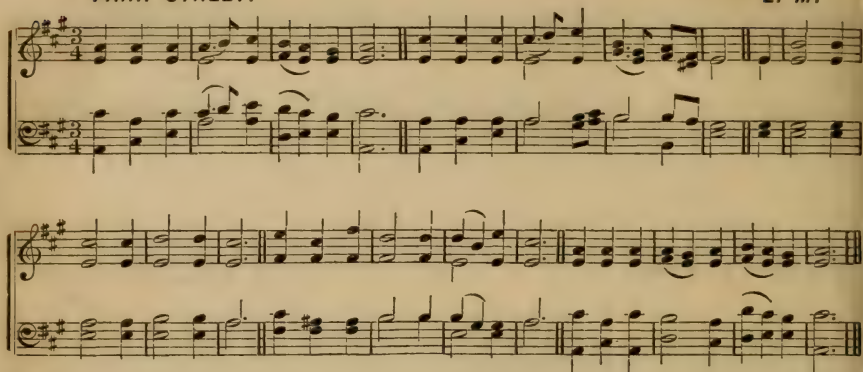
174

- 1 CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.
- 2 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne;
Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

PARK STREET.

L. M.



175

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

177

1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But, in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 For us he prayed, for us he taught,
For us his daily works he wrought,
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not himself, but us.

4 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death;
For us at length gave up his breath.

5 For us he rose from death again,
For us he went on high to reign,
For us he sent his Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

176

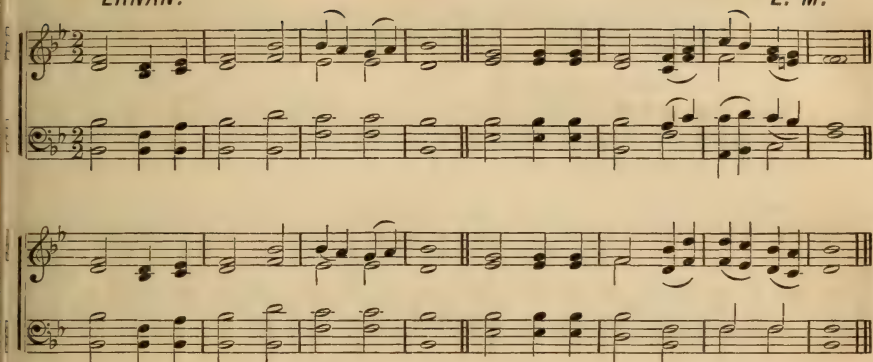
1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

HIS EXALTATION.

ERNAN.

L. M.



178

- 1 WITH transport, Lord, our souls proclaim
Th' immortal honors of thy name;
Although ascended to thy throne,
Thou still art present with thine own.
- 2 High on his Father's royal seat,
Our Jesus shone divinely great;
Ere Adam's clay with life was warmed,
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit formed.
- 3 Through all succeeding ages, he
The same hath been, the same shall be;

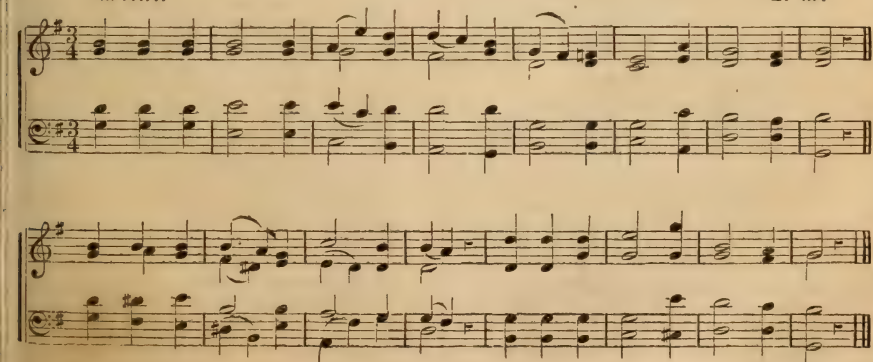
Immortal radiance gilds his head,
While stars and suns wax old, and fade.

- 4 The same his power his flock to guard,
The same his bounty to reward;
The same his faithfulness and love,
To saints on earth and saints above.

- 5 Let nature change, and sink, and die;
Jesus shall raise his chosen high;
And fix them near his heavenly throne,
In glory changeless as his own.

MYRA.

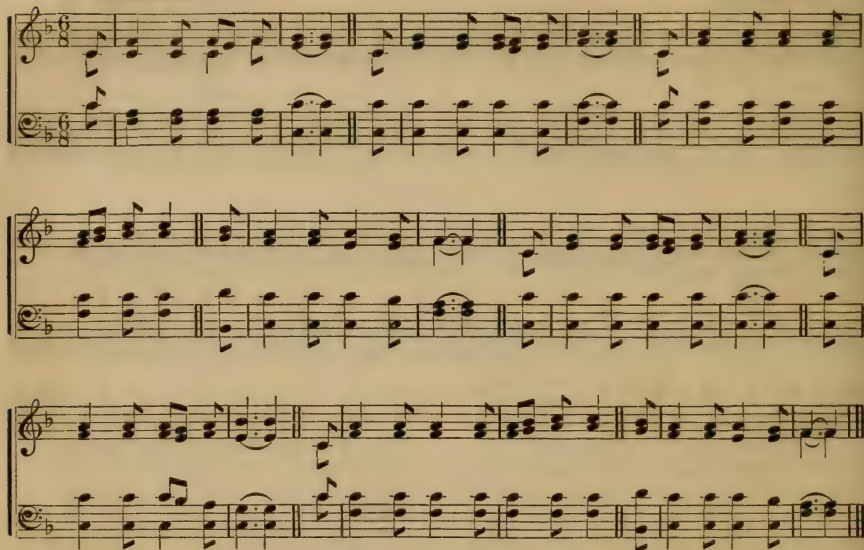
L. M.



THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

LEBANON.

S. M. D.



179

- 1 I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled:
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.
- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole:
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

90

- 4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home!

180

- 1 JESUS, my Strength, my Hope!
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer;
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee,—almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord!
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

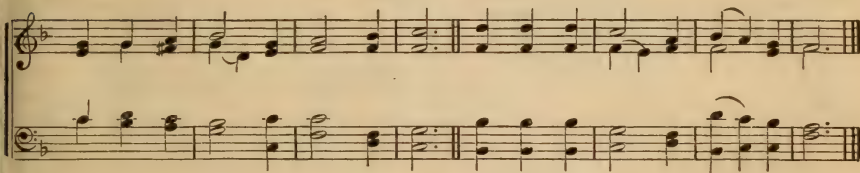
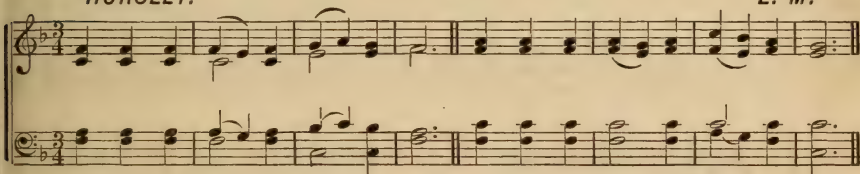
HIS PROVIDENCE.

3 I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down, and casts behind,
 The baits of pleasing ill;
 A soul inured to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss;
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
 The consecrated cross.

4 I want a godly fear,
 A quick discerning eye,
 That looks to thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly;
 A spirit still prepared,
 And armed with jealous care;
 For ever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.

HURSLEY.

L. M.



181

1 JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,
 Thy little flock in safety keep,
 The flock for which thou cam'st from heaven,
 The flock for which thy life was given.

2 Thou saw'st them wandering far from thee,
 Secure, as if from danger free;
 Thy love did all their wanderings trace,
 And brought them to a wealthy place.

3 Oh, guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,
 And guide them that they never stray;
 Cherish the young, sustain the old,
 Let none be feeble in thy fold.

4 Secure them from the scorching beam,
 And lead them to the living stream;
 In verdant pastures let them lie,
 And watch them with a Shepherd's eye.

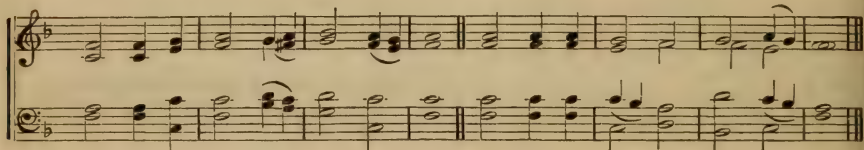
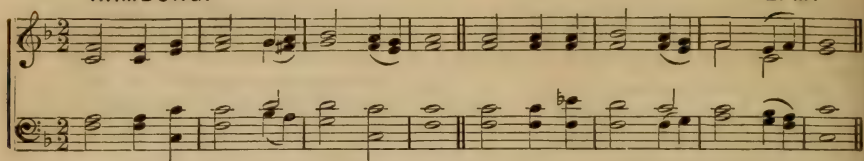
5 Oh, may thy sheep discern thy voice,
 And in its sacred sound rejoice;
 From strangers may they ever flee,
 And know no other guide but thee!

6 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
 And let the number be complete:
 Then let thy flock from earth remove,
 And gather in the fold above.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

HAMBURG.

L. M.



182

- 1 JESUS, the sinner's Friend! to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms, and take me in.
- 2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul,
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
I cannot rest till thou art mine,
Until in me thine image shine.
- 3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee;
Here then, to thee, I all resign:
Thine is the work, and only thine.
- 4 What shall I say, thy grace to move?
Lord! I am sin, but thou art love;
I give up every plea beside;
Lord! I'm condemned, but thou hast died.

183

- 1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus! to thee I lift mine eyes,—
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and rest secure.
- 3 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
For ever firm the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth and hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

92

- 4 Here, O my soul! thy trust repose;
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

184

- 1 JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul! I am the way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb!
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God!

185

- 1 O holy Saviour, Friend unseen!
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to thee,—to thee.
- 2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee,—to thee.
- 3 Far from my home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here have I found a place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While I can cling to thee,—to thee.
- 4 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove?
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to thee,—to thee.
- 5 Oft, when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me,—to me."
- 6 Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to thee,—to thee!

186

- 1 O LOVE Divine! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while thou art near.
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each ling'ring year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our heart still whisp'ring, thou art near.
- 3 On thee we fling our burd'ning woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, thou art near.

187

- 1 O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end!

On this alone my hopes depend,
That thou wilt plead for me,—for me.

- 2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Saviour! plead for me,—for me.
- 3 When I have erred, and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour! plead for me,—for me.
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then, with thy pitying arms, enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me,—for me.
- 5 And, when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me,—for me.
- 6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say thou hast washed them all away;
Oh! say thou plead'st for me,—for me.

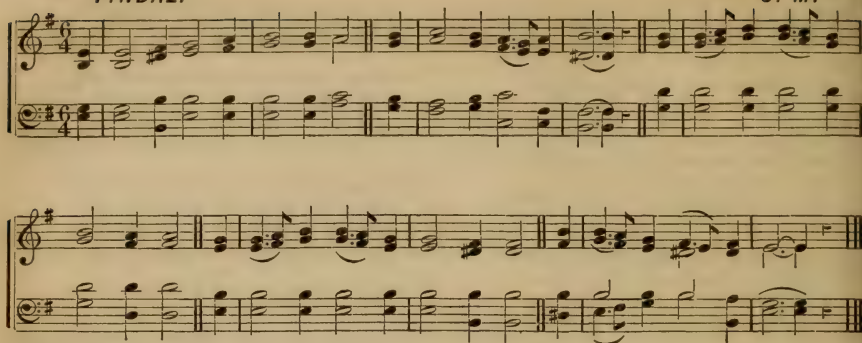
188

- 1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light!
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord! art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus! thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour! where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
Oh, let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

TYNDAL.

C. M.



189

- 1 How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners! come,
And trust upon the Lord."
- 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
Oh, help my unbelief.
- 4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God! I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From stains of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

190

- 1 JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary,
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

- 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.
- 4 Lord! I am guilty, I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.
- 5 And when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer God!
I pray, remember me.

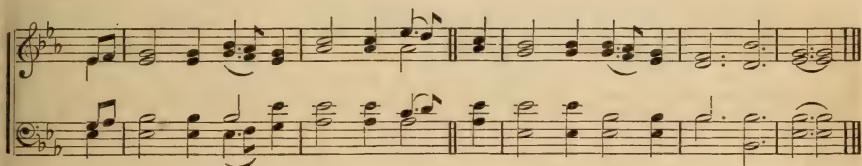
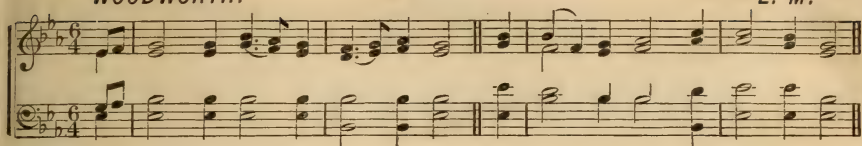
191

- 1 O JESUS, Saviour of the lost,
My Rock and Hiding-place,
By storms of sin and sorrow tost,
I seek thy sheltering grace.
- 2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord! I cry;
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die—
An outcast, take me home.
- 3 Once safe in thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.
- 4 And when I stand before thy throne,
And all thy glories see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in thee.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

WOODWORTH.

L. M.



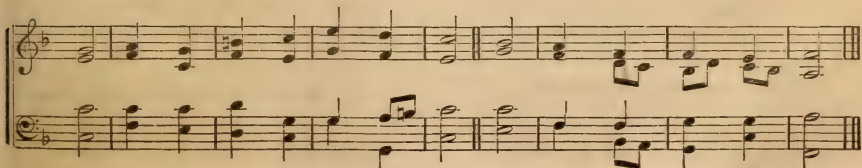
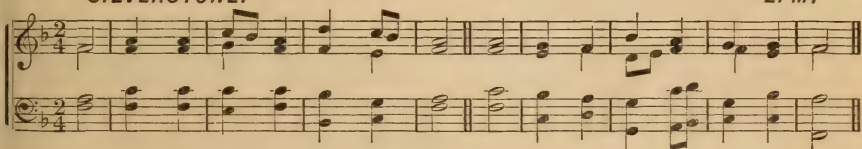
192

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 6 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

SILVERSTONE.

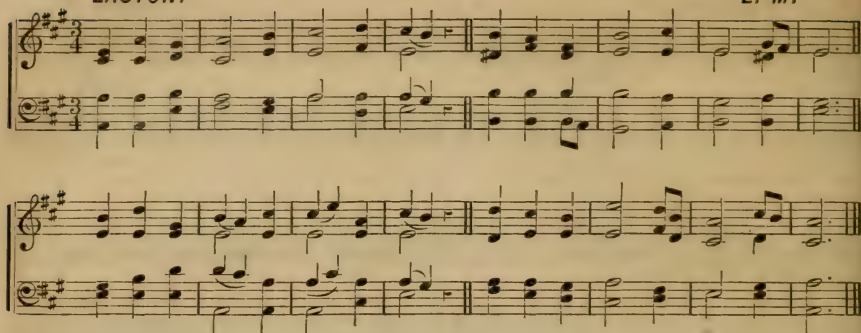
L. M.



THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

EASTON.

L. M.



193

- 1 LORD! take my heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 2 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side,
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move and in thee live!
- 3 What are our works but sin and death
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
Oh, wondrous grace! Oh, boundless love!
- 4 How can it be, thou heavenly King!
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?
- 5 Hence our hearts melt; our eyes o'erflow;
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified!

194

- 1 I LOVE, I love thee, Lord most high!
Because thou first hast loved me;
I seek no other liberty
But that of being bound to thee.
- 2 May memory no thought suggest
But shall to thy pure glory tend,

My understanding find no rest
Except in thee, its only end.

- 3 All mine is thine; say but the word,
Whate'er thou willest shall be done;
I know thy love, all-gracious Lord!
I know it seeks my good alone.
- 4 Apart from thee all things are naught;
Then grant, O my supremest Bliss,
Grant me to love thee as I ought;
Thou givest all in giving this.

195

- 1 JESUS! thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.
- 2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
Where'er its healing beams arise.
- 3 Oh, let thy love my soul inflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to thy mind.
- 4 Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace;
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

196

- 1 OH, that my load of sin were gone!
Oh, that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all! if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God!
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near, the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come, Lord! the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour! come away!

197

- 1 THERE is none other name than thine,
Jehovah Jesus! name divine
On which to rest for sins forgiven,
For peace with God, for hope of heaven.
- 2 There is none other name than thine,
When cares and fears and griefs are mine;
That with a gracious power can heal
Each care and fear and grief I feel.
- 3 There is none other name than thine,
When called my spirit to resign,
To bear me through that latest strife,
And e'en in death to be my life.
- 4 Name above every name! thy praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Jehovah Jesus! name divine,
Rock of salvation, thou art mine.

198

- 1 DEEP are the wounds which sin hath made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds all nature's power.
- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?
- 4 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul! and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give.
- 5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood
Life, health and bliss abundant flow;
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

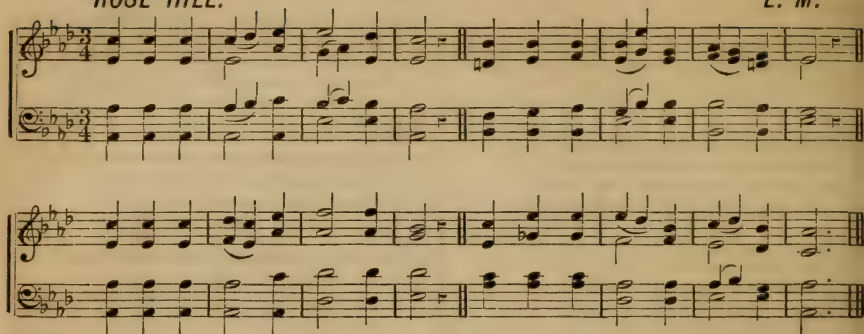
199

- 1 BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb
With wonder, gratitude and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above!
- 2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
- 3 To save a guilty world he dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.
- 4 Pardon and peace through him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found;
He bids the dying sinner live.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

ROSE HILL.

L. M.



200

- 1 JESUS! engrave it on my heart
That thou the one thing needful art;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee.
- 2 Needful is thy most precious blood
To reconcile my soul to God,
Needful is thy indulgent care,
Needful thy all-prevailing prayer.
- 3 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford,
Needful thy promise, to impart
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.
- 4 Needful art thou, my Guide, my Stay,
Through all life's dark and weary way;
Nor less in death thou 'lt needful be
To bring my spirit home to thee.
- 5 Then needful still, my God, my King,
Thy name eternally I'll sing!
Glory and praise be ever his—
The one thing needful Jesus is!

201

- 1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow—
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.
- 2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;

Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewildered in a dubious road.

- 3 No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordained by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

202

- 1 COMPLETE in thee! no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.
- 2 Complete in thee! no more shall sin
Thy grace has conquered reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in thee.
- 3 Complete in thee! each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied;
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more, complete in thee.
- 4 Dear Saviour! when, before thy bar,
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among thy chosen may I be
At thy right hand, complete in thee.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

203

- 1 JESUS demands this heart of mine—
Demands my wish, my joy, my care;
But, ah! how dead to things divine,
How cold, my best affections are!
- 2 'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
Oh, for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!
- 3 Oh, let thy love shine forth and raise
My captive powers from sin and death,
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last expiring breath.

204

- 1 OH, that I could for ever dwell,
With Mary at the Saviour's feet,
And view the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat.
- 2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss;
Oh, is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment, to compare with this?
- 3 This is the hidden life I prize—
A life of penitential love;
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above;
- 4 When all I am I clearly see,
And freely own, with deepest shame;
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame.
- 5 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God, within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

205

- 1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend,
How can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah! whither, shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee! 'tis death, 'tis more—
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!

- 4 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

206

- 1 AH, wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart,
Thus, fond of trifles, vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love!
- 2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away;
There's naught beneath a power divine
That can this roving heart confine.
- 3 Jesus! to thee I would return,
At thy dear feet, repentant, mourn;
There let me view thy pardoning love,
And never from thy sight remove.
- 4 Oh, let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul;
Bid every vanity depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

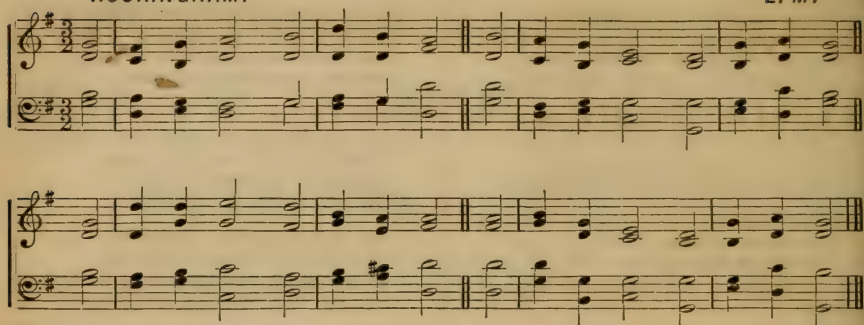
207

- 1 Nor yet, ye people of his grace,
Ye see your Saviour face to face;
Not yet rejoicing eyes ye bring
Unto the glory of your King.
- 2 Ye follow in his steps below,
Along his thorny way ye go,
Ye stand his bitter cross beside,
Ye cling to him, the Crucified.
- 3 Upon his grace ye banquet here;
Ye know him true, ye feel him near;
The balm of his dear blood ye bless;
Ye wear his robe of righteousness.
- 4 But greater shall the wonder grow,
But mightier shall the joy o'erflow;
Upon your Lord ye yet shall gaze
And look your love and sweet amaze.
- 5 Oh, make me meet for joy like this!
Oh, grant me grace to bear the bliss!
To set my heart on thee below,
Nor other lord or love to know.
- 6 Then shall I set mine eyes on thee;
The King in all his beauty see;
And gazing on for evermore,
Glow with the beauty I adore.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

ROCKINGHAM.

L. M.



208

- 1 Now I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord,
Nor from his precepts e'er depart
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 2 Oh, be this service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.
- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined, choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 4 Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways;
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

209

- 1 My gracious Lord! I own thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end,
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend?
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, his saving power.

210

- 1 OH, happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 Oh, happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
- 5 High heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

211

1 LORD! I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace—
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all;
Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity.

212

1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord! I go,
My daily labor to pursue,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think or speak or do.

2 Give me to bear thine easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

3 Fain would I still for thee employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

213

1 AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt"?
Lord! I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord! impart;
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength,
To have thy boundless love revealed
In all its height and breadth and length.

4 Grant these requests; I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign
Sick or in health or rich or poor,
All shall be well if thou art mine.

214

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains
While his kind hand my soul sustains.

215

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

216

1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

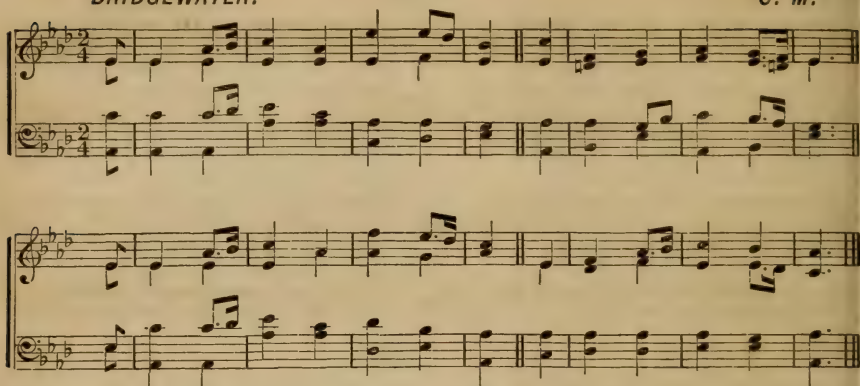
3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name,
Among the followers of the Lamb.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

BRIDGEWATER.

C. M.



217

- 1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight
And stopped my wild career.
- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.
- 5 Alas! I knew not what I did!
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain!
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."
- 7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

102

218

- 1 OH, may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.
- 2 Let deep repentance, faith and love
Be joined with godly fear,
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 3 Preserve me from the snares of sin
Through my remaining days,
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.
- 4 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies!

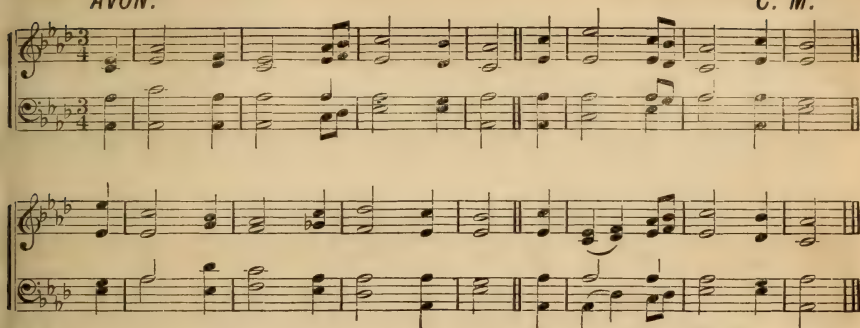
219

- 1 DEAR Saviour! when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares so oft betrayed
From Jesus to depart.
- 3 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye!

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

AVON.

C. M.



220

- 1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed,
No blood but thou hast spilt.
- 4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

221

- 1 WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercèd hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.
- 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.
- 3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,

One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

- 4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief:
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.
- 5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in thy wounded side.

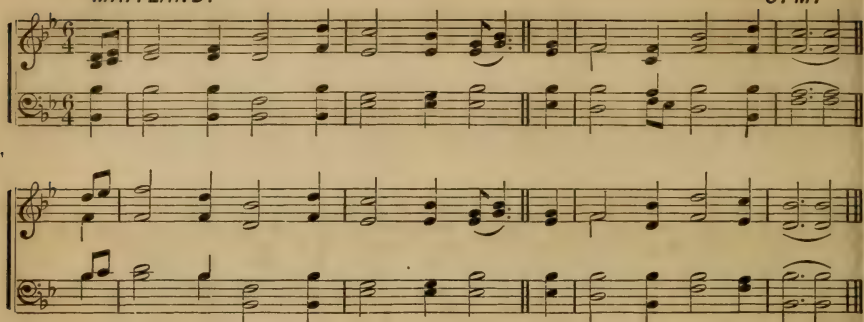
222

- 1 OH, for that tenderness of heart
That bows before the Lord,
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word.
- 2 Oh, for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow,
That sense of guilt which, trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow.
- 3 Saviour! to me in pity give,
For sin, the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace.
- 4 Oh, fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above,
Thyself to me reveal.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

MAITLAND.

C. M.



223

- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
- 3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.
- 4 And palms shall wave and harps shall ring
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.
- 5 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

224

- 1 YE men and angels! witness now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break—
- 2 That long as life itself shall last
Ourselves to Christ we yield;

Nor from his cause will we depart,
Nor ever quit the field.

- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
May he, with our returning wants,
A needful aid supply.
- 4 Oh, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

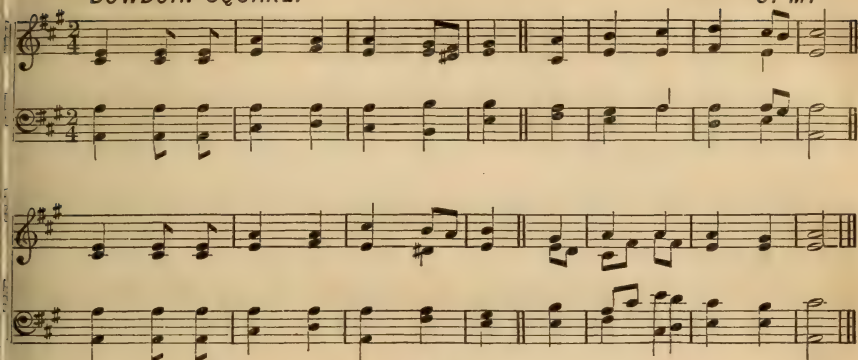
225

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

BOWDOIN SQUARE.

C. M.



226

- 1 LORD! as to thy dear cross we flee
And plead to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.
- 4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father! thy will be done!"

227

- 1 AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!
- 3 Saviour of souls, while I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'll glory in my gain.

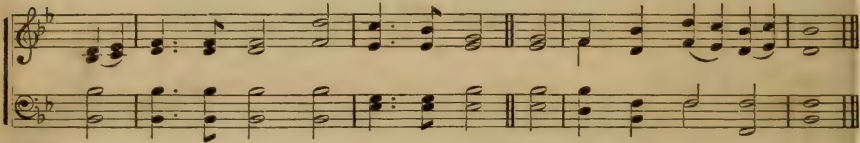
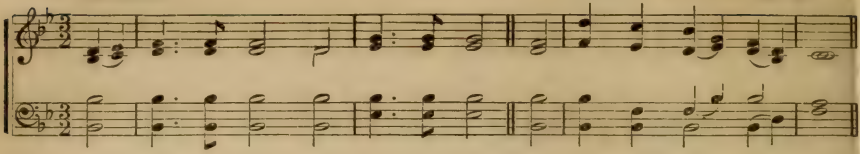
228

- 1 O FOUNT of good, to own thy love
Our thankful hearts incline:
What can we render, Lord, to thee,
When all the worlds are thine?
- 2 But thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of thy grace,
Whose names thou wilt thyself confess
Before the Father's face.
- 3 In each sad accent of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered.
- 4 Help us then, Lord, thy yoke to wear,
To joy to do thy will;
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfill.
- 5 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in thy poor would see,
And while we minister to them
Would do it as to thee.
- 6 Do thou, O Lord, our alms accept,
And with thy blessing speed;
Bless us in giving: greatly bless
Our gifts to them that need.
- 7 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

HEBER.

C. M.



229

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And, to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King!
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End!
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

230

1 JESUS, my Saviour! bind me fast
In cords of heavenly love;
Then sweetly draw me to thy breast
Nor let me thence remove.

2 Draw me from all created good,
From self, the world and sin,
To the dear fountain of thy blood,
And make me pure within.

3 Oh, lead me to thy mercy-seat,
Attract me nearer still:
Draw me, like Mary, to thy feet,
To sit and learn thy will.

4 Oh, draw me by thy providence,
Thy Spirit and thy word,
From all the things of time and sense,
To thee, my gracious Lord.

231

1 JESUS! these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me,
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

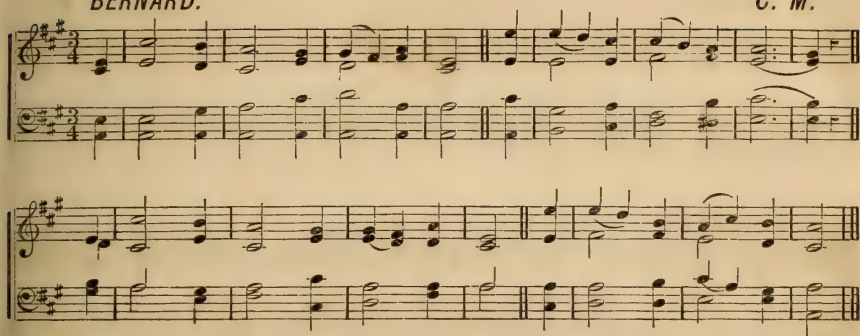
4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord! and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal
All glorious as thou art.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

BERNARD.

C. M.



232

- 1 JESUS! the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those that find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus—what it is
None but his loved ones know.

233

- 1 THE Saviour! oh what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 2 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode,
While angels viewed with wond'ring eyes,
And hailed th' incarnate God.
- 3 Oh, the rich depth of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!

Dear Saviour! let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

- 4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour and my All.

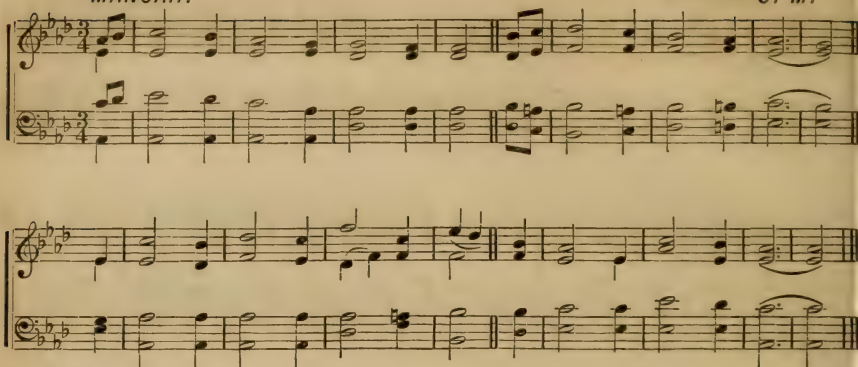
234

- 1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God!
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

MANOAH.

C. M.



235

- 1 LORD! it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

236

- 1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.
- 2 If on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart:
In love remember me.
- 3 If trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me.

- 4 If worn with pain, disease and grief
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest and kind relief:
Good Lord, remember me.

- 5 And oh, when in the hour of death
I bow to thy decree,
Jesus! receive my parting breath;
Good Lord, remember me.

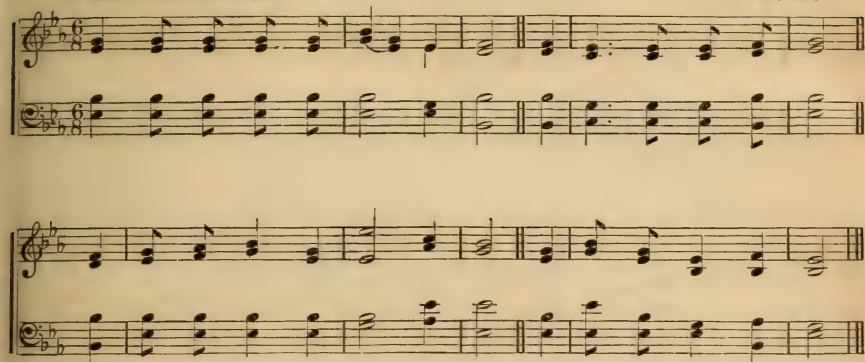
237

- 1 If Christ is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know;
Both present things and things to come,
And grace and glory too.
- 2 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
And all their power repel.
- 3 If he is mine, let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee;
He, the Dispenser of all good,
Is more than these to me.
- 4 If he is mine, I'll fearless pass
Through death's tremendous vale;
He'll be my comfort and my stay
When heart and flesh shall fail.
- 5 Let Jesus tell me he is mine;
I nothing want beside;
My soul shall at the Fountain live
When all the streams are dried.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

ELIZABETHTOWN.

C. M.



238

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord! and help me to prevail;
Oh, make my soul thy care:
I know thy mercy cannot fail—
Let me that mercy share.

239

1 THOU art the Way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek him, Lord! by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

240

1 ALL ye who seek for sure relief
In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress,

2 Jesus, who gave himself for you
Upon the cross to die,
Opens to you his sacred heart:
Oh, to that heart draw nigh.

3 Ye hear how kindly he invites;
Ye hear his words so blest:
“All ye that labor, come to me,
And I will give you rest.”

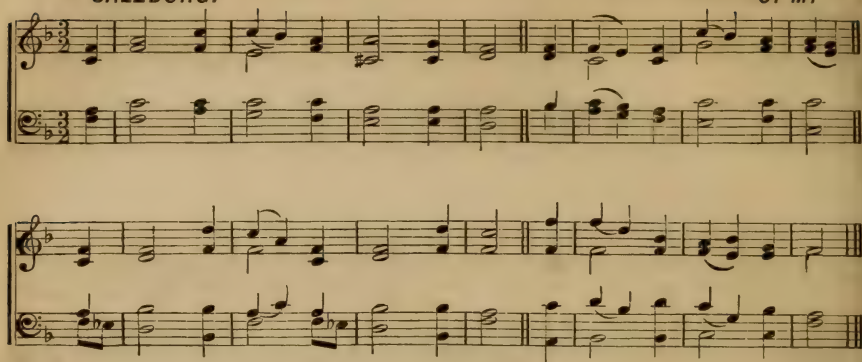
4 O Jesus! joy of saints on high,
Thou hope of sinners here,
Attracted by those loving words,
To thee I lift my prayer.

5 Wash thou my wounds in that dear blood
Which forth from thee doth flow;
New grace, new hope, inspire; a new
And better heart bestow.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

SALZBURG.

C. M.



241

- 1 My God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way
To embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

242

- 1 Thou lovely Source of true delight
Whom I unseen adore!
Unveil thy beauties to my sight
That I may love thee more.
- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines,
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

- 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.
- 4 But ah, too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light!
Oh, come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

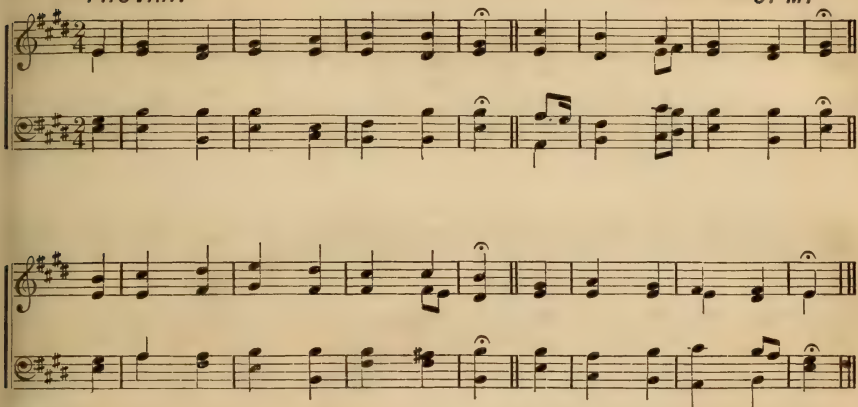
243

- 1 O LORD! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend!
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.
- 3 No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 4 O Lord! I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise thee more.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

PHUVAH.

C. M.



244

- 1 MY God! I love thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must for ever die.
- 2 Thou, O my Jesus! thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,
- 3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself; and all for me,
Who was thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ!
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!
- 6 So would I love thee, dearest Lord,
And in thy praise will sing;

Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

245

- 1 LORD Jesus! are we one with thee?
Oh height, oh depth, of love!
With thee we died upon the tree,
In thee we live above.
- 2 Such was thy grace that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Thou didst of flesh and blood partake,
In all our sorrows one.
- 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by thee,
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were thine,
To set thy members free.
- 4 Ascended now in glory bright,
Still one with us thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and thee can part.
- 5 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day
When, seated on thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That thou with us art one.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

PALESTRINA.

C. M.



246

- 1 Do NOT I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each worthless idol out
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy
Which thou dost not approve.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?
- 6 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord!
But oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

247

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue—
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.
- 2 Its joys can now no longer please,
Nor e'en content afford;

112

Far from my heart be joys like these,
For I have seen the Lord.

- 3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice—
I bid them all depart;
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.
- 5 And may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
Dear Lord! I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee.

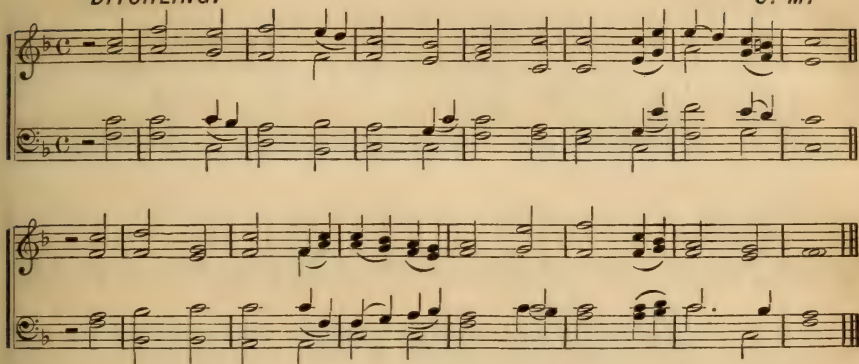
248

- 1 COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord!
Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow; for thee alone,
My All-in-all, I pray.
- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than thyself I cannot crave,
And thou canst give no more.
- 4 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
Oh, teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss
If thou, O God, art mine.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

DITCHLING.

C. M.



249

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

250

- 1 O JESUS! thou the beauty art
Of angel worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.
- 2 O Jesus, Saviour! hear the sighs
Which unto thee I send;
To thee mine inmost spirit cries,
My being's hope and end.

- 3 Stay with us, Lord! and with thy light
Illume the soul's abyss;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.
- 4 O Jesus, King of earth and heaven!
Our life and joy! to thee
Be honor, thanks and blessing given
Through all eternity!

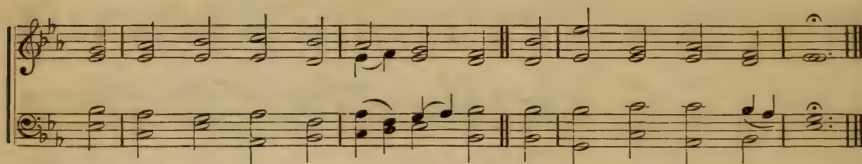
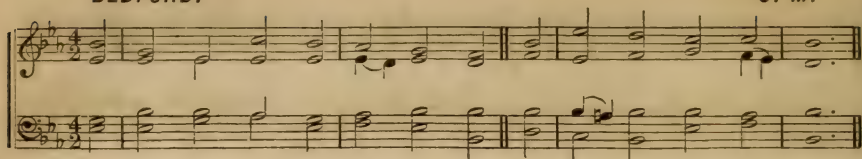
251

- 1 O JESUS! King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!
- 2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine;
Then earthly vanities depart;
Then kindles love divine.
- 3 O Jesus, Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire,
- 4 May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore;
And seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.
- 5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

BEDFORD.

C. M.



252

- 1 JESUS, thou art my righteousness,
For all my sins were thine;
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made him mine.
- 2 Spotless and just in thee I am;
I feel my sins forgiven;
I taste salvation in thy name,
And antedate my heaven.
- 3 For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!
- 4 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean!
- 5 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart!
- 6 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

114

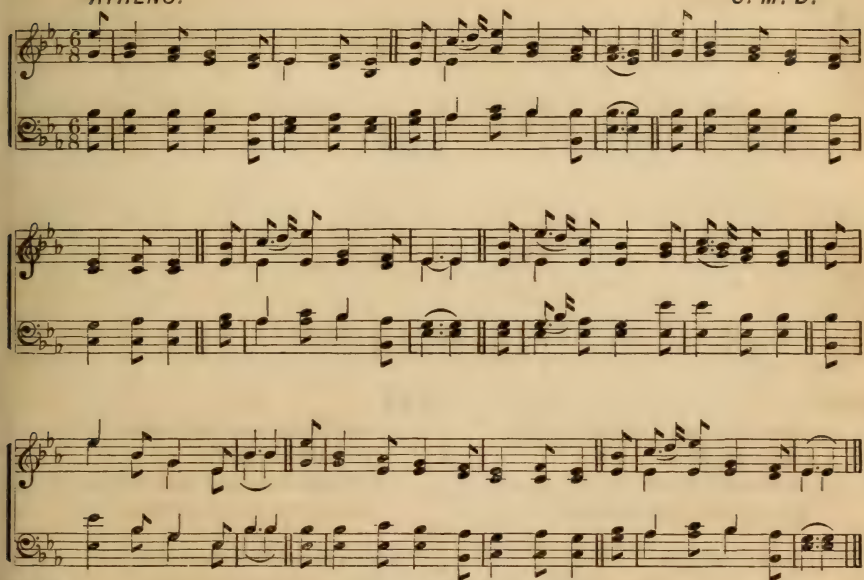
253

- 1 O THOU whose sacred feet have trod
The thorny path of woe!
Forbid that I should slight the rod
Or faint beneath the blow.
- 2 My spirit to its chastening stroke
I meekly would resign,
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
That tells me I am thine.
- 3 Give me the spirit of thy trust
To suffer as a son,
To say, though lying in the dust,
My Father's will be done.
- 4 I know that trial works for ends
Too high for sense to trace,
That oft in dark attire he sends
Some embassy of grace.
- 5 May none depart till I have gained
The blessing which it bears,
And learn, though late, I entertain
An angel unawares.
- 6 So shall I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met with God.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

ATHENS.

C. M. D.



254

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the flesh,
And long to fly away—
Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;
- 2 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of sufferings paid;
Sweet on his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath;
- 3 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee?

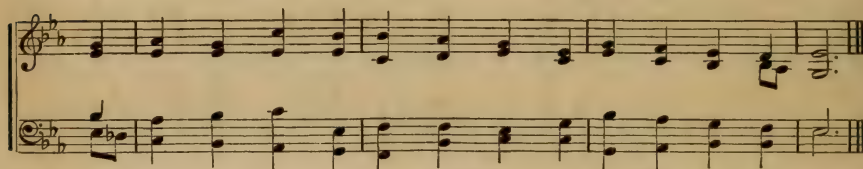
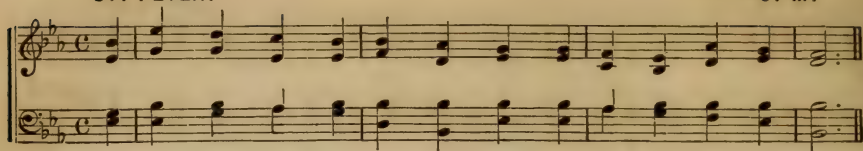
255

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me: thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
'Till traveling days are done.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

ST. PETER.

C. M.



256

- 1 O JESUS CHRIST! if aught there be
That, more than all beside,
In ever painful memory
Must in my heart abide,
- 2 It is that deep ingratitude
Which I to thee have shown,
Who didst for me in tears and blood
Upon the cross atone.
- 3 Alas! how with my actions all
Has this defect entwined!
How has it poisoned with its gall
My spirit, heart and mind!
- 4 Alas! through this, how many a gem
I've rudely cast away
That might have formed my diadem
In everlasting day!
- 5 Yet though the time be past and gone,
Though little more remains,
Though naught is all that can be done
E'en with my utmost pains,
- 6 Still will I strive, O Saviour mine!
To do what in me lies;
For never did thy glance divine
A contrite heart despise.

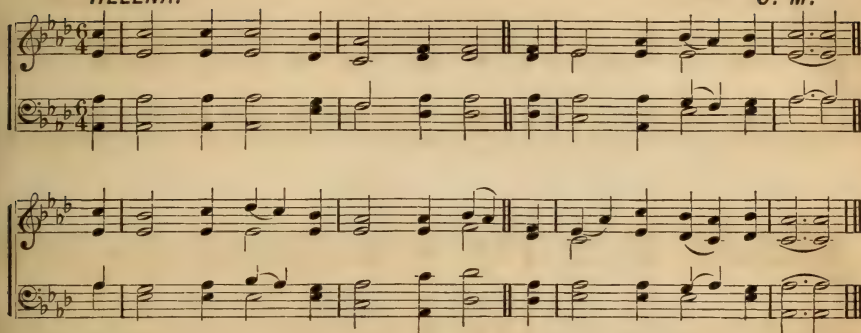
257

- 1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to trust and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
Oh, let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.
- 3 Thy Holy Spirit's praying grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou the Father's love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
I will not let thee go—
- 5 I will not let thee go unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And say, "I died for thee."
- 6 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thine open face,
Till faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

HELENA.

C. M.



258

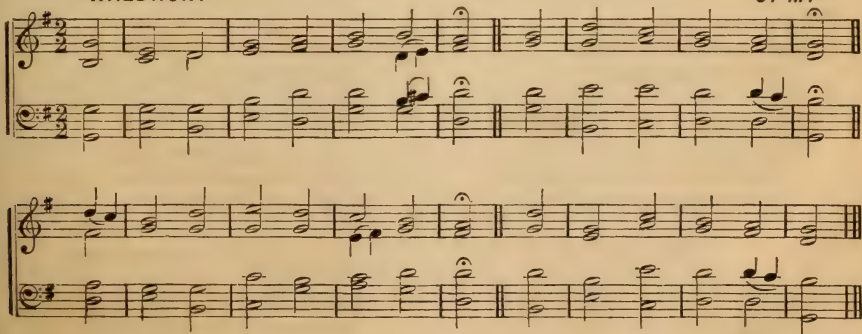
- 1 O JESUS, Jesus, dearest Lord!
Forgive me if I say,
For very love, thy sacred name
A thousand times a day.
- 2 I love thee so I know not how
My transports to control;
Thy love is like a burning fire
Within my very soul.
- 3 Oh, wonderful, that thou shouldst let
So vile a heart as mine
Love thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with thine!
- 4 O Light in darkness! Joy in grief!
O heaven begun on earth!
Jesus, my Love, my Treasure! who
Can tell what thou art worth?

259

- 1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear!
How dark this world would be
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!
- 2 The friends who in our sunshine live
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.
- 3 Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?
- 4 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

WALDRON.

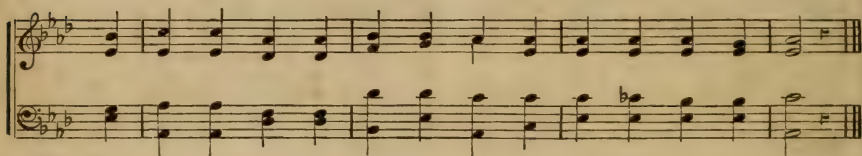
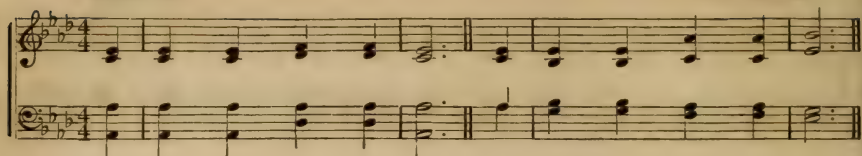
C. M.



THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

GORTON.

S. M.



260

- 1 Oh that I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
A humble, contrite heart!
- 2 A heart with grief oppressed
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with Christ's blood.
- 3 Jesus! on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.

- 4 With softening pity look
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

261

- 1 How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise!
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands in sanctifying nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

118

- 4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursèd chain.
- 5 Lord! we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace
And thine atoning blood.

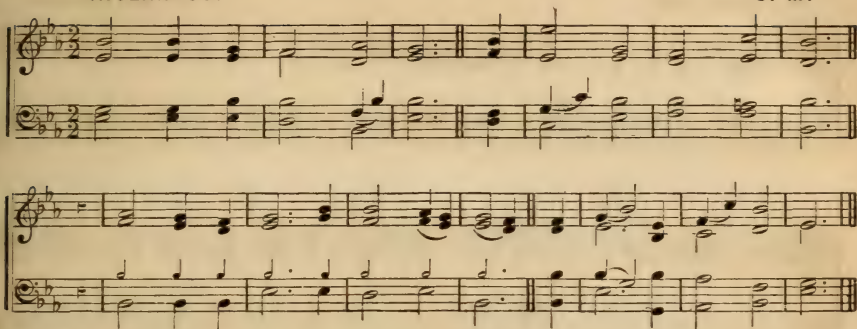
262

- 1 Ah! how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we, for one of thousand faults,
A just excuse devise?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries the unequal strife
Shall prosper in the end?
- 4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.
- 5 Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None—none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

INVERNESS.

S. M.



263

- 1 DEAR Saviour! we are thine
By everlasting bands;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
Our souls, into thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our head,
Shall form in us thine image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay,
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt and fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

264

- 1 My spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.
- 2 In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest;

I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

- 3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.
- 4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

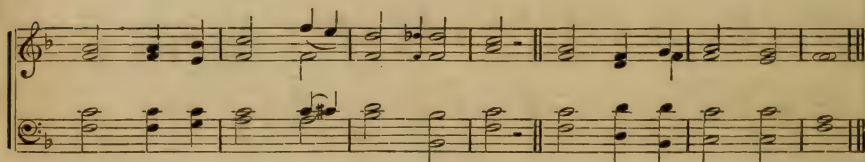
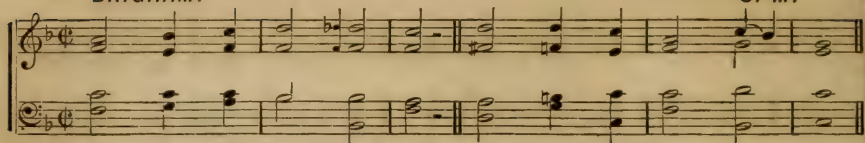
265

- 1 JESUS! I live to thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
In thy blest love I rest.
- 2 Jesus! I die to thee
Whenever death shall come;
To die in thee is life to me
In my eternal home.
- 3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest,
- 4 Living or dying, Lord!
I ask but to be thine;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

BRIGHAM.

S. M.



266

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there. [shade,
- 5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my foll'wing days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise,

267

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

120

- 2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found;
There is no weeping there.

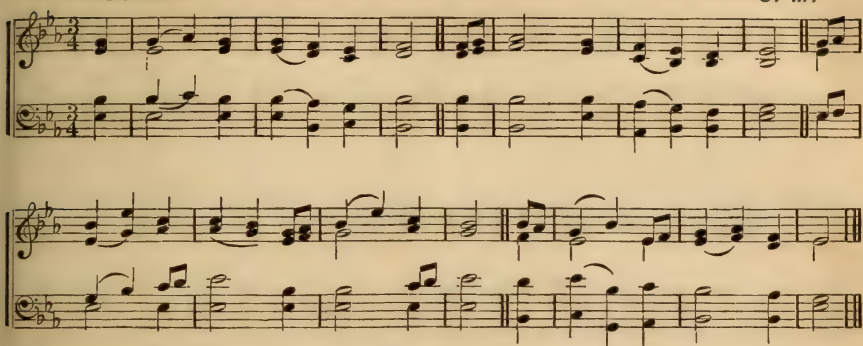
268

- 1 I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.
- 2 'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as his steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.
- 3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky;
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.
- 4 I change—he changes not;
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place;
His truth, not mine, the tie.
- 5 I know he liveth now
At God's right hand above;
I know the throne on which he sits;
I know his truth and love.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

TUCKER.

S. M.



269

1 THOU very-present Aid
In suffering and distress!
The soul which still on thee is stayed
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul, by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
It makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in thee.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

3 He hears their softest plaint;
He sees them when they roam;
And if his meanest lamb should faint,
His bosom bears it home.

4 Kind Shepherd of the sheep,
A weakly flock are we,
And snares and foes are nigh; but keep
The lambs who look to thee.

271

1 I BLESS the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart
I call this Saviour mine.

2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of grace;
I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

4 'Tis he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives!
I love because he loveth me,
I live because he lives.

5 My life with him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

270

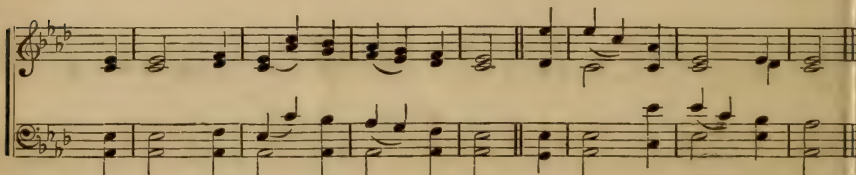
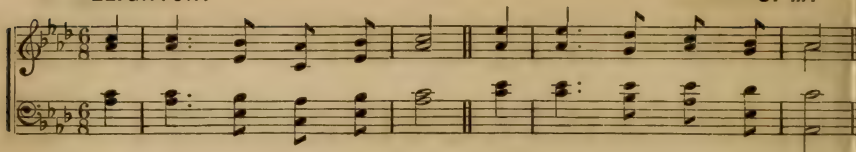
1 To praise our Shepherd's care,
His wisdom, love and might,
Your loudest, loftiest songs prepare,
And bid the world unite.

2 Supremely good and great,
He tends his blood-bought fold;
He stoops, though throned in highest state,
The feeblest to uphold.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

LEIGHTON.

S. M.



272

1 DEAR Lord and Master mine!
Thy happy servant see;
My Conqueror! with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to thee!

2 I love thy yoke to wear,
To feel thy gracious bands,
Sweetly restrained by thy care
And happy in thy hands.

3 No bar would I remove;
No bond would I unbind;
Within the limits of thy love
Full liberty I find.

4 I would not walk alone,
But still with thee, my God,
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of thee the road.

5 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on thy breast:
The conflicts that thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.

6 Dear Lord and Master mine!
Still keep thy servant true;
My Guardian and my Guide divine!
Bring, bring thy pilgrim through.

7 My Conqueror and my King!
Still keep me in thy train;
And with thee thy glad captive bring
When thou return'st to reign.

122

273

1 BLESSED be thy love, dear Lord!
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself,
And for that love obey.

2 O thou our souls' chief Hope!
We to thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

274

1 In every trying hour
My soul to Jesus flies;
I trust in his almighty power
When swelling billows rise.

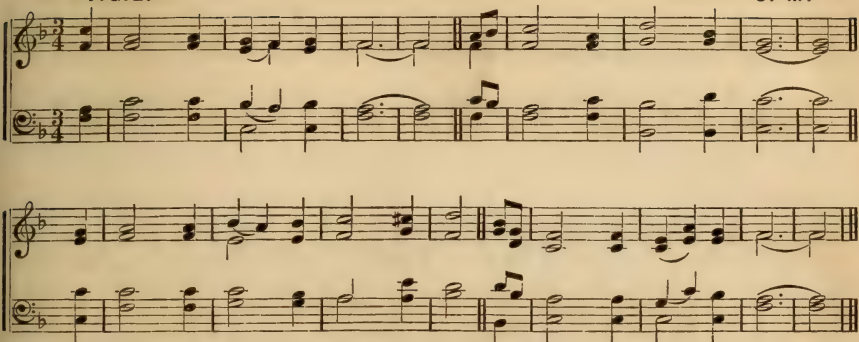
2 His comforts bear me up;
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing
To our Redeemer's name;
In joy or sorrow, life or death,
His love is still the same.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

VIGIL.

S. M.



275

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord!
We do it unto thee.

277

1 OH, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once.
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord! may that grace be ours,
Like them, in faith, to bear
All that of sorrow, grief or pain
May be our portion here.

5 Enough if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

123

276

1 WE give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord! from thee.

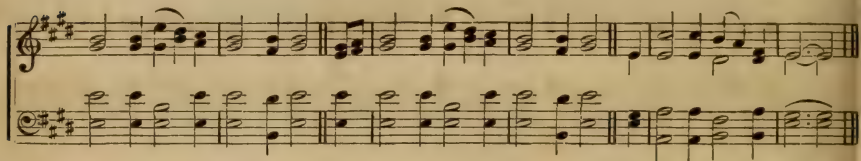
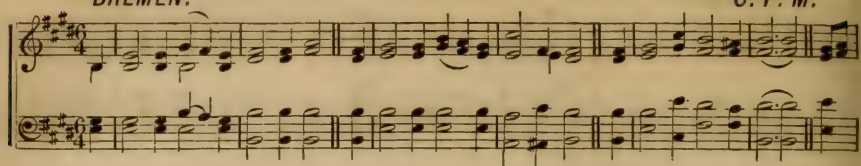
2 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Saviour bled
Are straying from the fold.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

BREMEN.

C. P. M.



278

1 Oh, love divine! how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst and faint and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love—
The love of Christ to me.

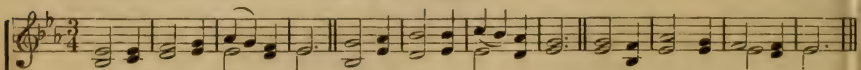
2 Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh; for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord! be mine—
Be mine this better part.

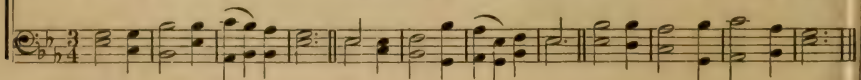
4 Oh, that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

279

LORD, IN THIS THY MERCY'S DAY.



1. Lord, in this thy mercy's day, Ere it pass for aye a - way, On our knees we fall and pray.
2. Ho - ly Je - sus, grant us tears, Fill us with heart-searching fears Ere that aw - ful doom ap - pears.
3. Lord, on us thy spir - it pour, Kneeling low - ly at the door Ere it close for ev - er - more.

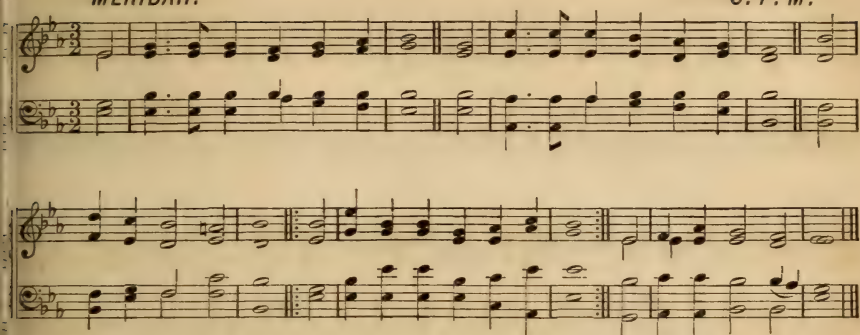


4 By thy night of agony,	5 By thy tears of bitter woe	6 Grant us 'neath thy wings a place,
By thy supplicating cry,	For Jerusalem below,	Lest we lose this day of grace
By thy willingness to die,	Let us not thy love forego.	Ere we shall behold thy face.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

MERIBAH.

C. P. M.



280

- 1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink to endless woe.
- 2 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
And whelmed my tortured mind.
- 3 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load;
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.
- 4 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.
- 5 But while I thus in anguish lay
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt his pity move;

The sinner by his justice slain
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

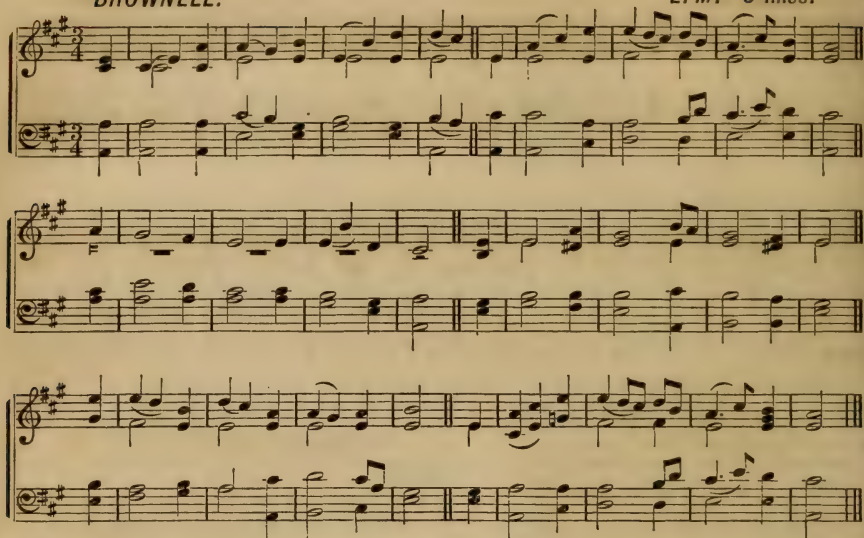
281

- 1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord has done
And suffered once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolation send:
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."
- 4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
That bids me come away;
Unlogg'd by earth or earthly things,
I'd mount upon his sable wings
To everlasting day.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

BROWNELL.

L. M. 6 lines.



282

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On him I lean who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still, he who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow
Who felt on earth severer woe,
At once betrayed, denied or fled
By those who shared his daily bread.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Saviour! mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

126

5 And oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away!

283

1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if thou art mine!
And, lo! from sin and grief and shame
I hide me, Jesus! in thy name.

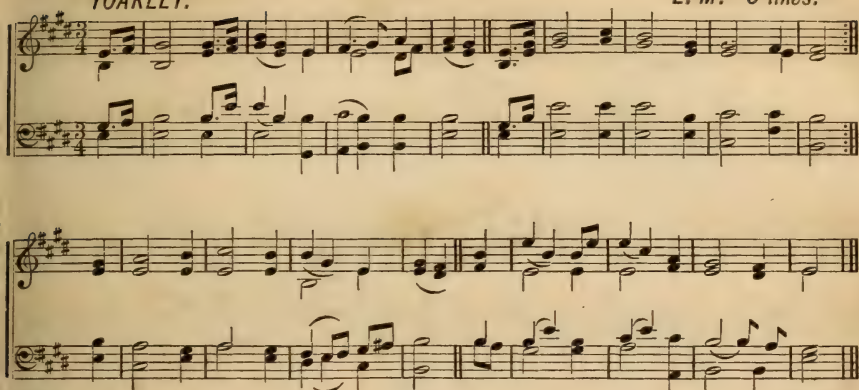
2 Jesus! my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The healing of my broken heart,
In strife my peace, in loss my gain,
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown;

3 In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my almighty power,
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
No trouble can my soul appal:
Thou art my life, my heaven, my all.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

YOAKLEY.

L. M. 6 lines.



284

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When on the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

285

- 1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord! to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour! we seek thy shelter here;
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.
- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
'Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed;

Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

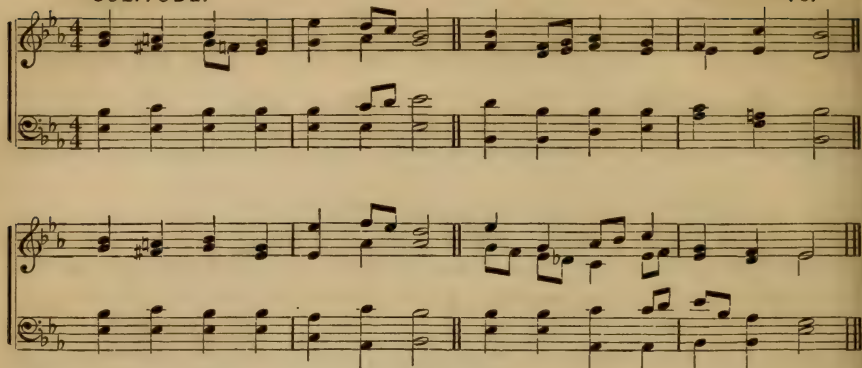
286

- 1 AS OFT, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought—how comforting and sweet!
Christ trod this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses he knows
From life's first dawning to its close.
- 2 Do sickness, feebleness or pain
Or sorrow in our path appear,
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did he suffer here:
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief!
- 3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he in the desert way
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin,
When worn and in a feeble hour
The tempter came with all his power.
- 4 Just such as I, this earth he trod.
With every human ill but sin;
And though indeed the very God,
As I am now, so he has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love and sympathy.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

SOLITUDE.

7s.



287

1 JESUS, Jesus! visit me;
How my soul longs after thee!
When, my best, my dearest Friend!
Shall our separation end?

2 Lord! my longings never cease;
Without thee I find no peace;
'Tis my constant cry to thee,
Jesus, Jesus! visit me.

3 Mean the joys of earth appear,
All below is dark and drear!
Naught but thy belovèd voice
Can my wretched heart rejoice.

4 Thou alone, my gracious Lord!
Art my shield and great reward;
All my hope, my Saviour, thou,
To thy sovereign will I bow.

5 Come, inhabit then my heart;
Purge its sin and heal its smart;
See, I ever cry to thee,
Jesus, Jesus! visit me.

6 Patiently I wait thy day;
For this gift alone I pray,
That when death shall visit me,
Thou my Light and Life wilt be.

288

1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour; hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

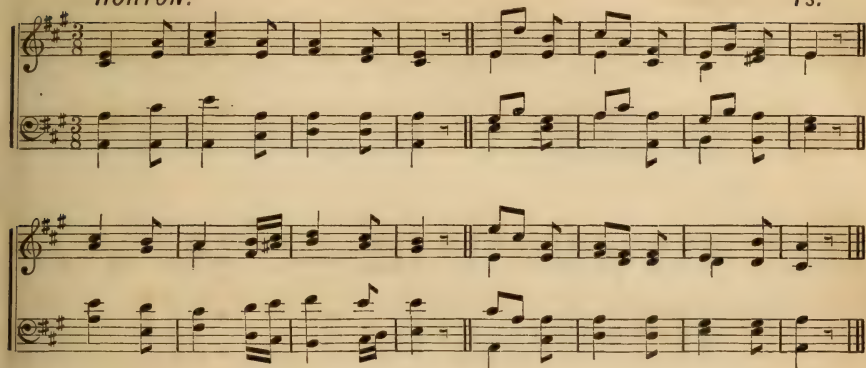
5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

HORTON.

7s.



289

- 1 PRINCE of peace, control my will,
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.
- 2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Open wide the gate to God;
Peace I ask, but peace must be,
Lord! in being one with thee.
- 3 May thy will, not mine, be done,
May thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart.
- 4 Saviour, at thy feet I fall,
Thou, my life, my God, my all!
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with thee.

290

- 1 JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou my one thing needful be,
Let me ever cleave to thee.
Let me choose the better part,
Let me give thee all my heart.
- 3 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only thee, I know;
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Thou art all in all to me,

291

- 1 THINE for ever! God of love!
Hear us from thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.
- 2 Thine for ever! Lord of life!
Shield us through the earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine for ever! Oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend!
Oh, defend us to the end.
- 4 Thine for ever! Saviour! keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

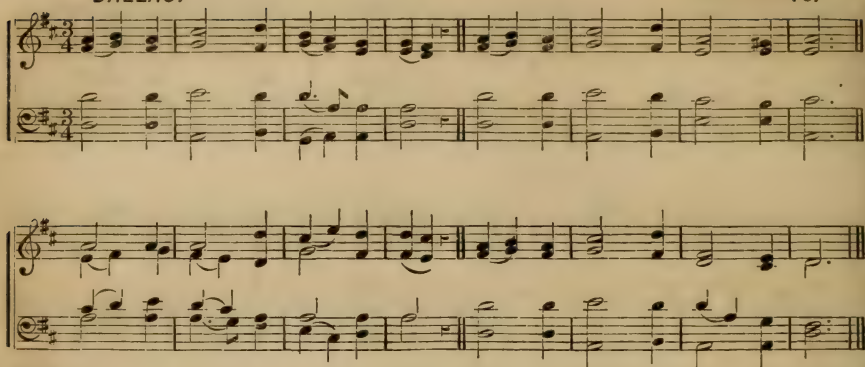
292

- 1 WHEN, my Saviour! shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee,
Poor and vile in mine own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?
- 2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below,
Only guided by thy light,
Only mighty in thy might?
- 3 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

DALLAS.

7s.



293

1 KING of kings, and wilt thou deign
O'er this wayward heart to reign?
Henceforth take it for thy throne;
Rule here, Lord! and rule alone.

2 Then, like heaven's angelic bands,
Waiting for thy high commands,
All my powers shall wait on thee,
Captive, yet divinely free.

3 At thy word my will shall bow,
Judgment, reason, bending low;
Hope, desire and every thought
Into glad obedience brought.

4 Zeal shall haste on eager wing
Hourly some new gift to bring,
Wisdom humbly casting down
At thy feet her golden crown.

5 Tuned by thee in sweet accord,
All shall sing their gracious Lord,
Love, the leader of the choir,
Breathing round her seraph fire.

294

1 HOLY Jesus, Saviour blest!
When, by passion strong possessed,
Through this world of sin we stray,
Thou to guide us art the Way.

2 Holy Jesus! when like night
Error dims our clouded sight,
Through the mists of sin to shine
Thou dost rise, the Truth divine.

3 Holy Jesus! when our power
Falls us in temptation's hour,
All unequal to the strife,
Thou to aid us art the Life.

4 Who would reach his heavenly home,
Who would to the Father come,
And his glorious presence see,
Jesus! he must come by thee.

295

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy!
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
Freely from thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it: "Christ to live."

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from thee my ravished soul.

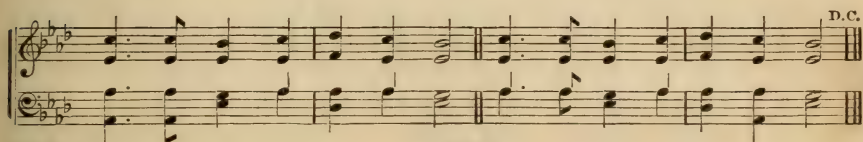
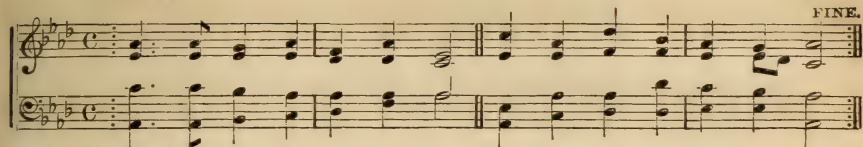
5 Thus, oh thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

LITANY.

7s.

FINE.



296

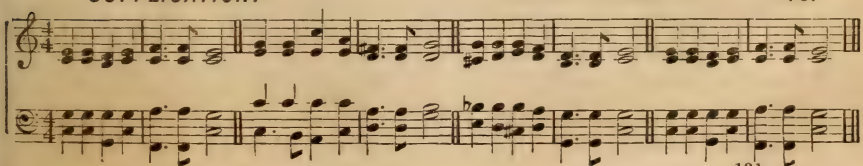
- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel
If I did not love at all?
- 5 Lord! decide the doubtful case;
Thou who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 6 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

297

- 1 Does the gospel word proclaim
Rest for those that weary be?
Then, my soul, put in thy claim;
Sure that promise speaks to thee.
- 2 Marks of grace I cannot show,
All polluted is my best;
But I weary am, I know,
And the weary long for rest.
- 3 Burdened with a load of sin,
Harassed with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly crosses from without,
- 4 All my little strength is gone,
Sink I must without supply;
Sure upon the earth is none
Can more weary be than I.
- 5 In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace.
- 6 Tempest-tossed I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord! and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast.

SUPPLICATION.

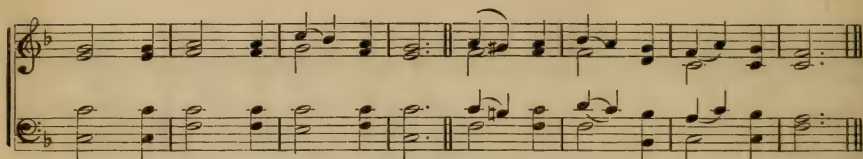
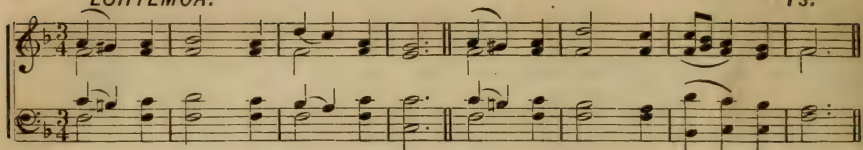
7s.



THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

ESHTEMOA.

7s.



298

- 1 JESUS! save my dying soul,
Make the broken spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.
- 2 Jesus! full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;
Grant the joy of sin forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.
- 3 All my guilt to thee is known,
Thou art righteous—thou alone;
All my help is from thy cross,
All beside I count but loss.
- 4 Lord! in thee I now believe:
Wilt thou—wilt thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie,
Saviour! leave me not to die.

299

- 1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face,
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relentings are:
Me he now delights to spare;

Cries, How shall I give thee up?
Let the lifted thunder drop.

- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, but loves me still.
- 5 Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe and sin no more.

300

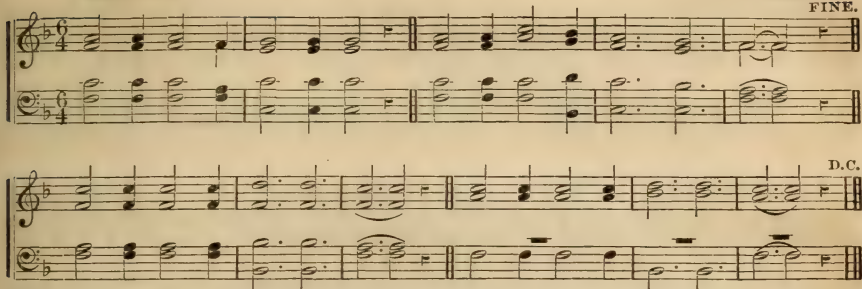
- 1 JESUS! full of truth and love,
We thy kindest call obey;
Faithful let thy mercies prove;
Take our load of guilt away.
- 2 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life;
- 3 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God;—
- 4 Lo, we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art;
Now our weary souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

MARTYN.

7s. 6 lines.

FINE.



301

1 CHIEF of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed his blood for me;
Died that I might live on high,
Lived that I might never die;
As the branch is to the vine,
I am his and he is mine.

2 Oh, the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity;
Love that found me—wondrous thought!—
Found me when I sought him not.

3 Jesus only can impart
Balm to heal the smitten heart;
Peace that flows from sin forgiven,
Joy that lifts the soul to heaven;

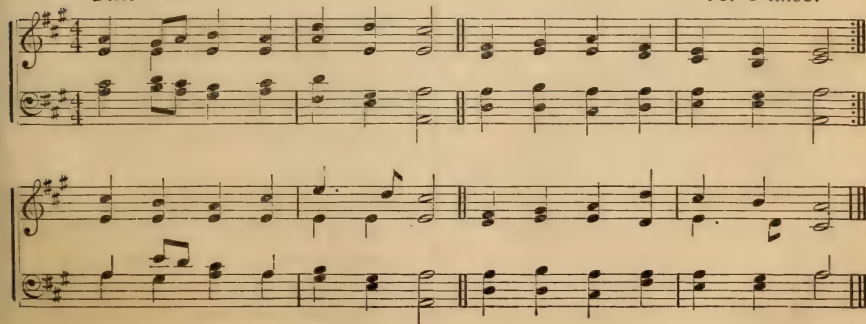
Faith and hope to walk with God,
In the way that Enoch trod.

4 Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
All my wants to him are known,
All my sorrows are his own;
Safe with him from earthly strife,
He sustains the hidden life.

5 O my Saviour! help afford
By thy Spirit and thy word!
When my wayward heart would stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Grace in time of need supply,
While I live and when I die.

DIX.

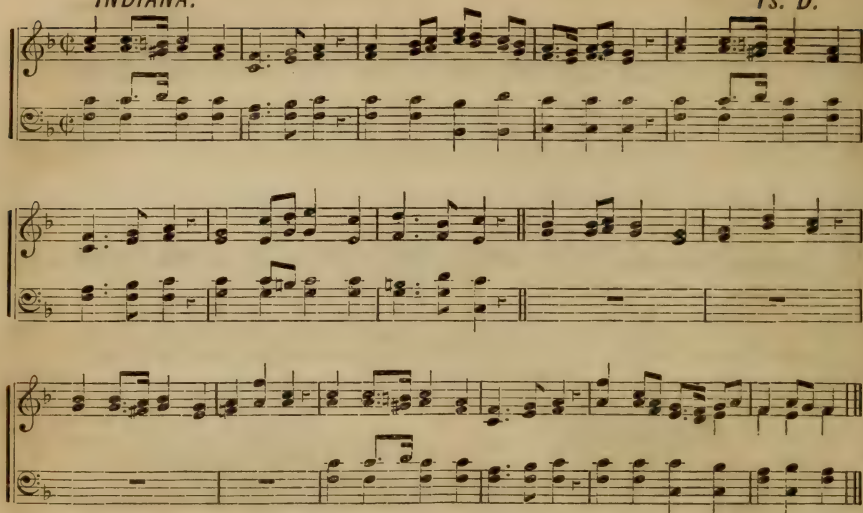
7s. 6 lines.



THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

INDIANA.

7s. D.



302

- 1 JESUS, Lamb of God! for me,
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
Whither—whither, but to thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly?
Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
Save, oh, save my sinking soul!
- 2 Never bowed a martyred head
Weighed with equal sorrow down;
Never blood so rich was shed,
Never king wore such a crown;
To thy cross and sacrifice
Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.
- 3 All my soul, by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there;
By thy mighty grace renewed,
New-born hope forbids despair;
Lord! thou canst my guilt forgive,
Thou hast bid me look and live.
- 4 While with broken heart I kneel,
Sinks the inward storm to rest;
Life, immortal life, I feel
Kindled in my throbbing breast;

134

Thine, for ever thine, I am;
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

303

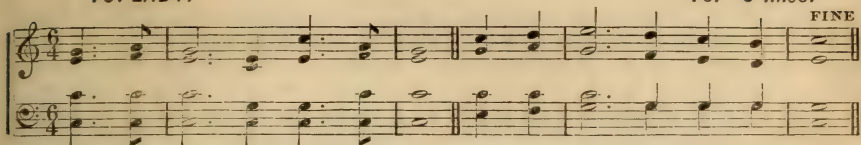
- 1 BLESSED Saviour! thee I love
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in thee abide—
Thou my Hope, and naught beside;
Ever let my glory be
Only, only, only thee.
- 2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,
Clouds they are that hide my day;
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.
- 3 Blessed Saviour! thine am I,
Thine to live and thine to die;
Height or depth or creature power
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be
Only, only, only thee.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

TOPLADY.

7s. 6 lines.

FINE



D.C.

304

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

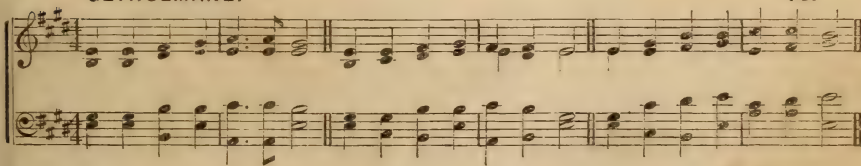
2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace,
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour! or I die.

4 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.

GETHSEMANE.

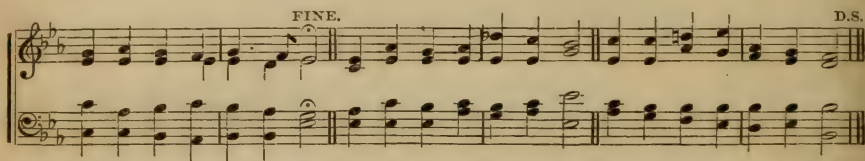
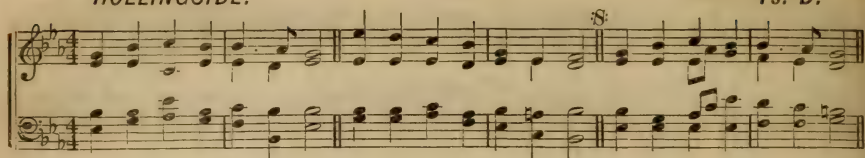
7s.



THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

HOLLINGSIDE.

7s. D.



305

1 JESUS, lover of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

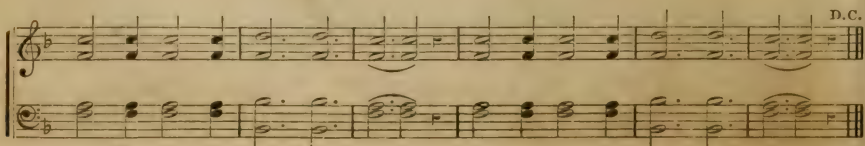
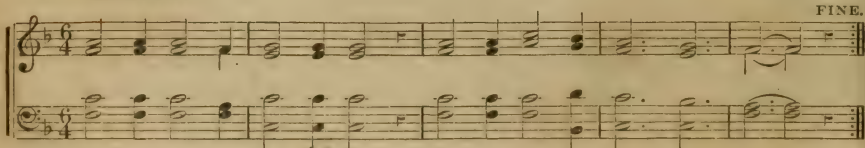
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want,
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

MARTYN.

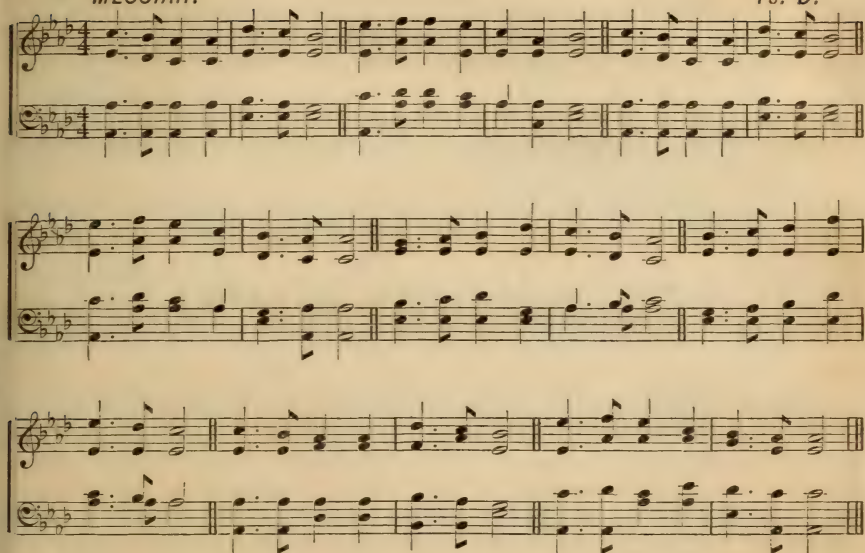
7s. D.



AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

MESSIAH.

7s. D.



306

- 1 'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.
- 2 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a castaway?

Aliens may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight,
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

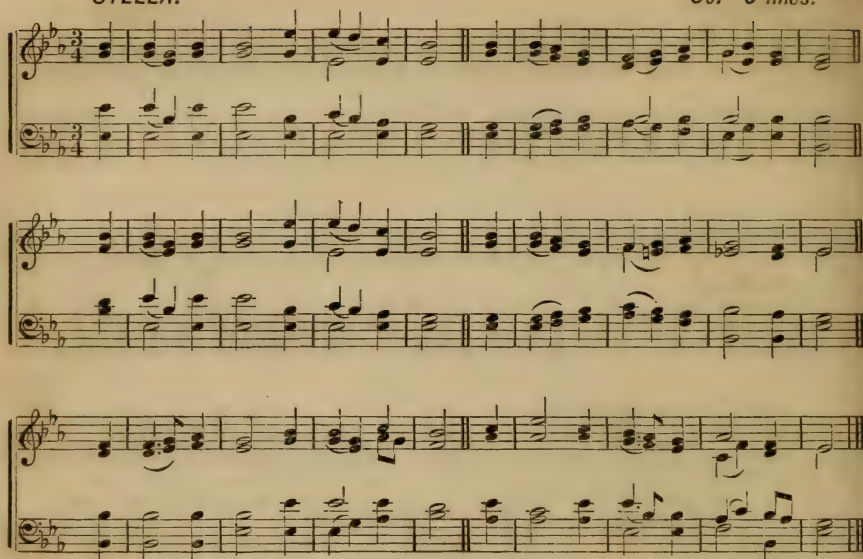
307

- 1 JESUS, merciful and mild!
Lead me as a helpless child,
On no other arm but thine
Would my weary soul recline;
I am weakness, thou art might;
I am darkness, thou art light;
I am all defiled with sin,
Thou canst make me pure within.
- 2 Jesus, Saviour all divine!
Hast thou made me truly thine?
Hast thou bought me by thy blood?
Reconciled my heart to God?
Hearken to my tender prayer,
Let me thine own image bear;
Let me love thee more and more
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

STELLA.

8s. 6 lines.



308

- 1 COME, O thou traveler unknown!
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name:
Look on thy hands and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold!
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature, know.
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature, know.

133

309

- 1 YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer;
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.
- 2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love thou art;
To me, to all, thy bowels move—
Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face—
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 4 I know thee, Saviour! who thou art—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

310

1 THE Sun of righteousness on me
Hath risen with healing in his wings;
Wither'd my nature's strength, from
thee
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

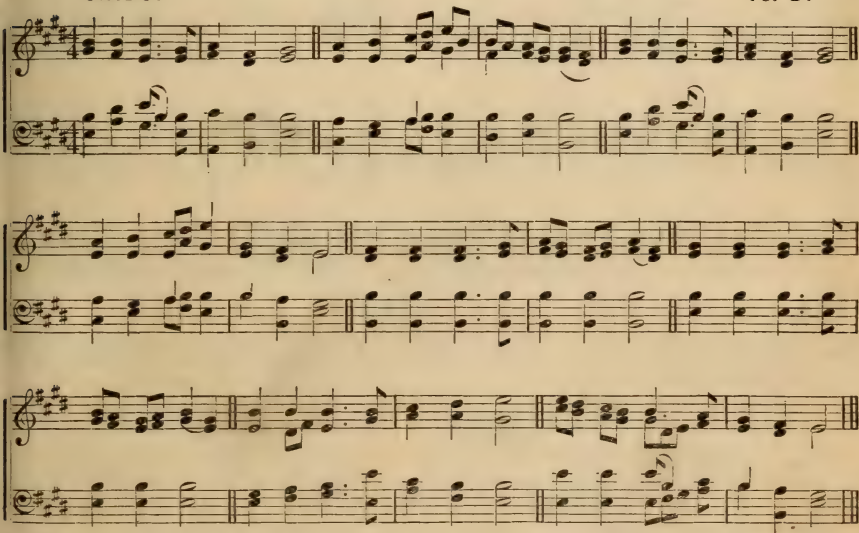
2 Contented, now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;

All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth and sin with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

ONIDO.

7s. D.



311

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

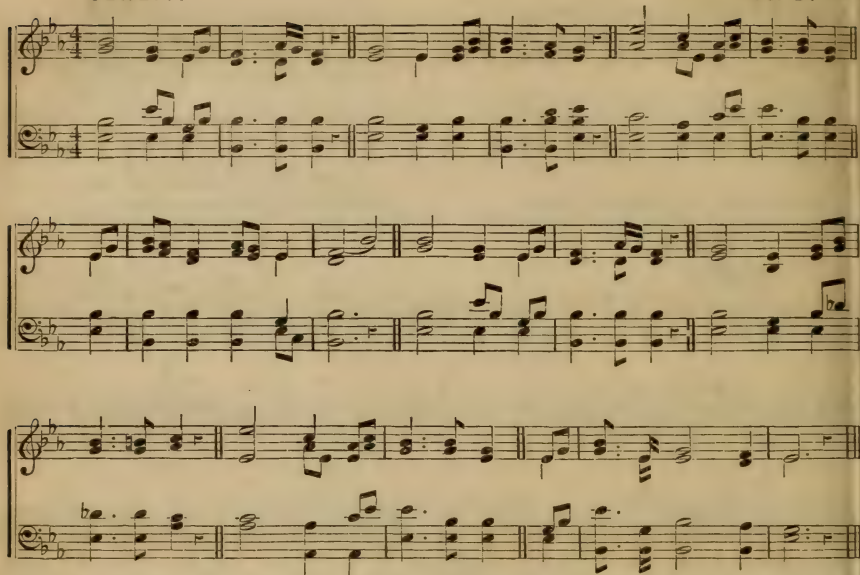
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.
"Follow me!" I know thy voice!
Jesus, Lord! thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice;
Light thy burden now to me.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

JEWETT.

6s. D.



312

- 1 My Jesus! as thou wilt!
Oh, may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow or through joy
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done.
- 2 My Jesus! as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.
- 3 My Jesus! as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee;
Then to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done.

313

- 1 THY way, not mine, O Lord!
However dark it be;
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God!
So shall I walk aright.
- 2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.
- 3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine, the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom and my All.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

BAYLEY.

8s & 7s.

314

1 Love divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
 Fix in us thine humble dwelling;
 All thy faithful mercies crown;
 Jesus! thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation;
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find the promised rest:
 Take away the love of sinning;
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning!
 Set our hearts at liberty.

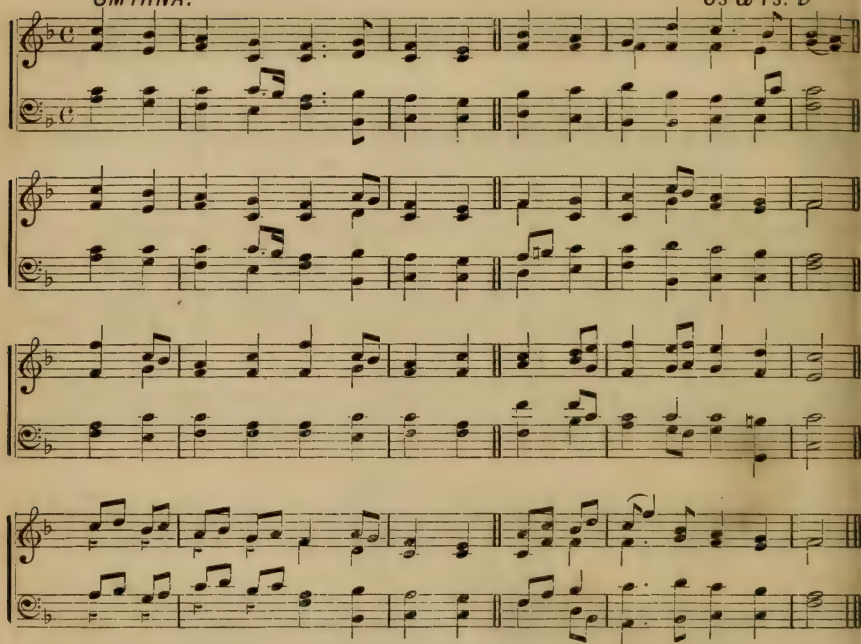
3 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave;
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
 Pure and sinless let us be;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee;
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

SMYRNA.

8s & 7s. D



315

1 GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears;
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended
We awake among the blest.

316

1 JESUS! full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry,
Let me know thy great salvation;
See, I languish, faint and die;
142

Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, oh send me quick relief.

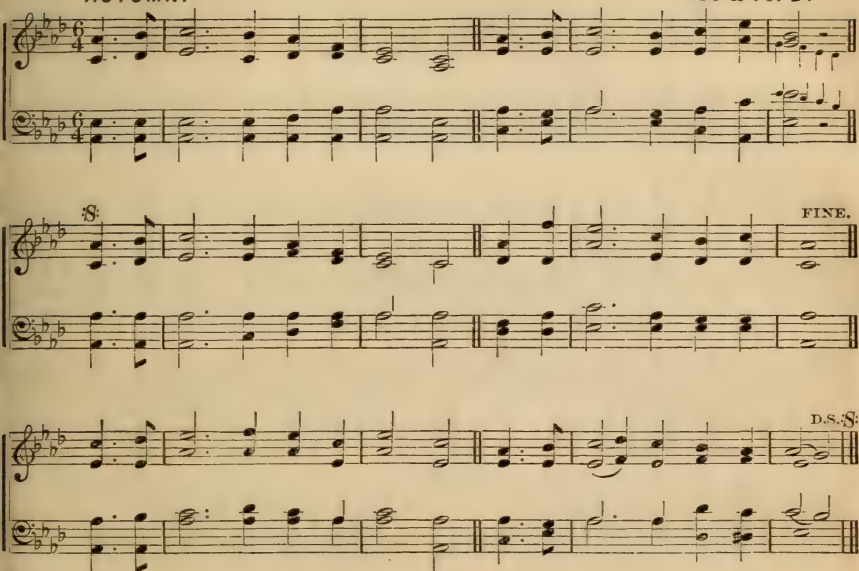
2 Whither should a wretch be flying
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither from the dread of dying
But to him who ever lives?
While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless on the cursed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That thou suffer'dst thus for me.

3 With thy righteousness and Spirit
I am more than angels blessed;
Heir with thee, all things inherit,
Peace and joy and endless rest:
Saved! the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

AUTUMN.

8s & 7s. D.



317

1 JESUS! I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought or hoped or known,
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh, while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might!
Foes may hate and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest;
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me
While thy love is left to me;
Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

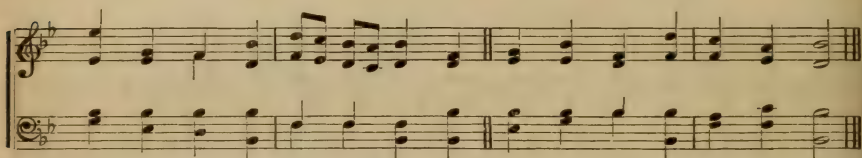
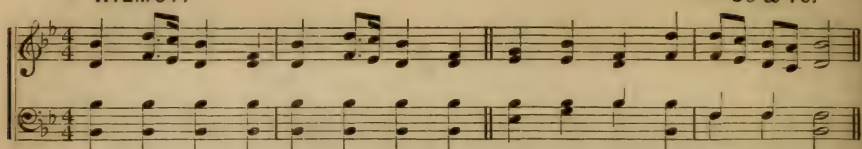
5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

WILMOT.

8s & 7s.



318

1 LORD! I know thy grace is nigh me,
Thee thyself I cannot see;
Jesus, Master! pass not by me;
Son of David! pity me.

2 While I sit in weary blindness,
Longing for the blessed light,
Many taste thy loving-kindness;
"Lord! I would receive my sight."

3 I would see thee and adore thee,
And thy word the power can give;
Hear the sightless soul implore thee;
Let me see thy face and live.

4 Ah! what touch is this that thrills me?
What this lurst of strange delight?
Lo! the rapturous vision fills me!
This is Jesus! this is sight!

5 Room, ye saints that throng behind him!
Let me follow in the way;
I will teach the blind to find him
Who can turn their night to day.

319

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, by thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

144

3 Still we wait for thy appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 Come, extend thy wonted favor
To our ruined, guilty race;
Come, thou blest, exalted Saviour!
Come, apply thy saving grace.

5 By thine all-atoning merit
Every burdened soul release;
By the teachings of thy Spirit
Guide us into perfect peace.

320

1 ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends to save us
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Saviour died, to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

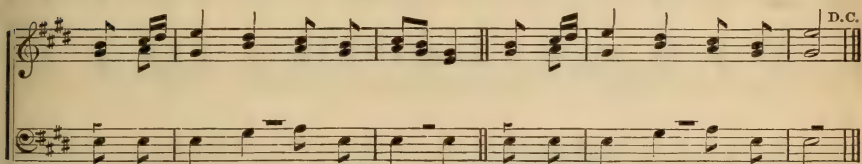
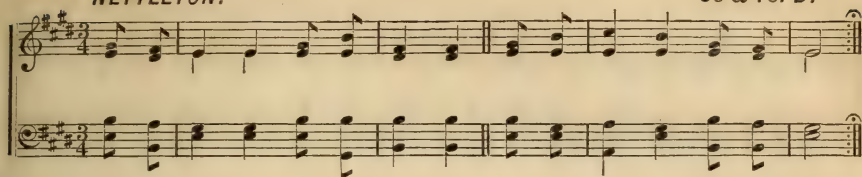
3 When he lived on earth, abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord! at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

NETTLETON.

8s & 7s. D.



321

1 HAIL, my ever blessed Jesus!

Only thee I wish to sing;

To my soul thy name is precious,

Thou my Prophet, Priest and King:

Oh, what mercy flows from heaven!

Oh, what joy and happiness!

Love I much? I've much forgiven;

I'm a miracle of grace.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,

Unconcerned in sin, I lay;

Swift destruction still pursuing,

Till my Saviour passèd by:

Witness, all ye host of heav'n!

My Redeemer's tenderness;

Love I much? I've much forgiven;

I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!

Praise the Lamb enthroned above;

Whilst, astonished, I admire

God's free grace and boundless love;

That blest moment I received him

Filled my soul with joy and peace;

Love I much? I've much forgiven;

I'm a miracle of grace.

DOXOLOGY.

PRaise the God of our salvation:

Praise the Father's boundless love;

Praise the Lamb, our expiation;

Praise the Spirit from above;

Author of the new creation,

Him by whom our spirits live;

Undivided adoration

To the One Jehovah give.

322

1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer!

Welcome to this heart of mine;

Lord! I make a full surrender,

Every power and thought be thine;

Thine entirely,

Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,

Earth and hell will disappear;

Or in vain attempt possession,

When they find the Lord is near;

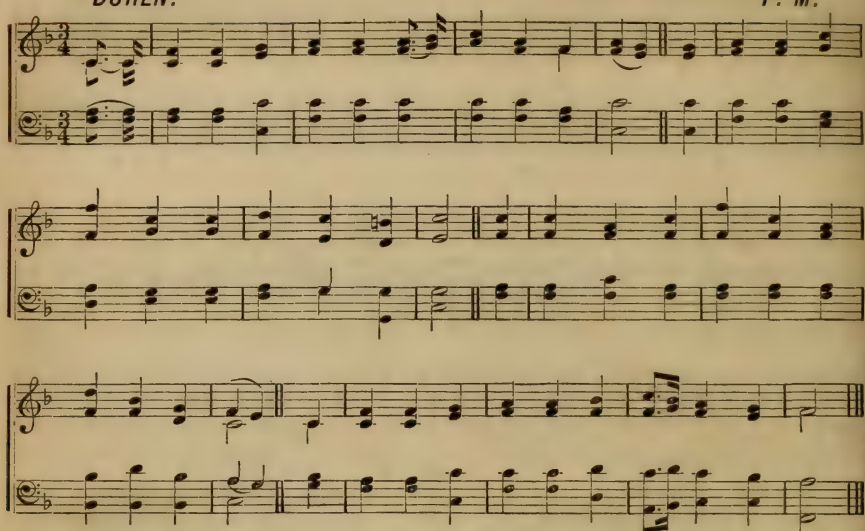
Shout, O Zion!

Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

DUREN.

P. M.



323

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures; safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

146

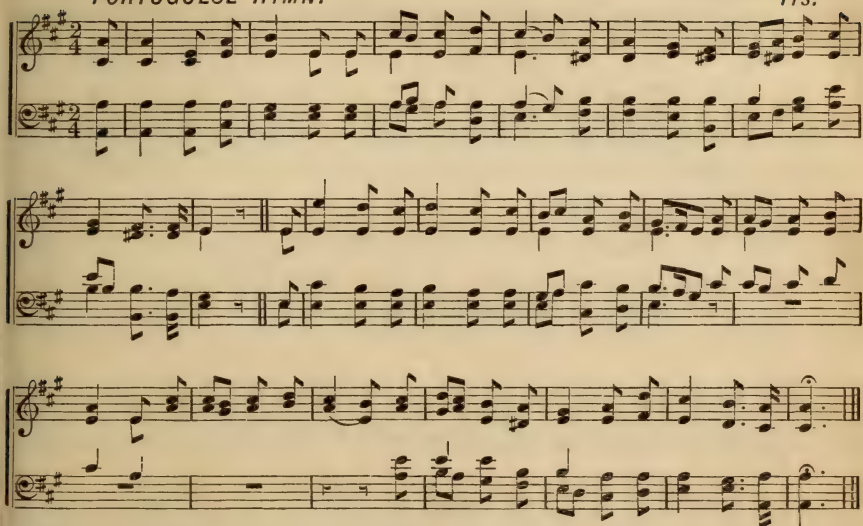
324

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.
- 3 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 4 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake.
I'll never, no, never, no, never, forsake.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

11s.



325

1 BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief he will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, thou, Lord! art my guide;
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis thine to provide;
Though cisterns be broken and creatures all fail,
The word thou hast spoken shall surely prevail.

3 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food;
Though painful at present, 't will cease before long,
And then oh how pleasant the conqueror's song!

2 When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me; I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see;
Jehovah! thou only my Saviour must be.

3 My terrors all vanished before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain life-giving and free:
Jehovah, my Saviour, is all things to me.

4 Jehovah, the Lord, is my treasure and boast;
Jehovah, my Saviour, I ne'er can be lost;
In thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,
Jehovah my anchor, Jehovah my shield!

5 E'en treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath;
For while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah, my Saviour, my death-song shall be!

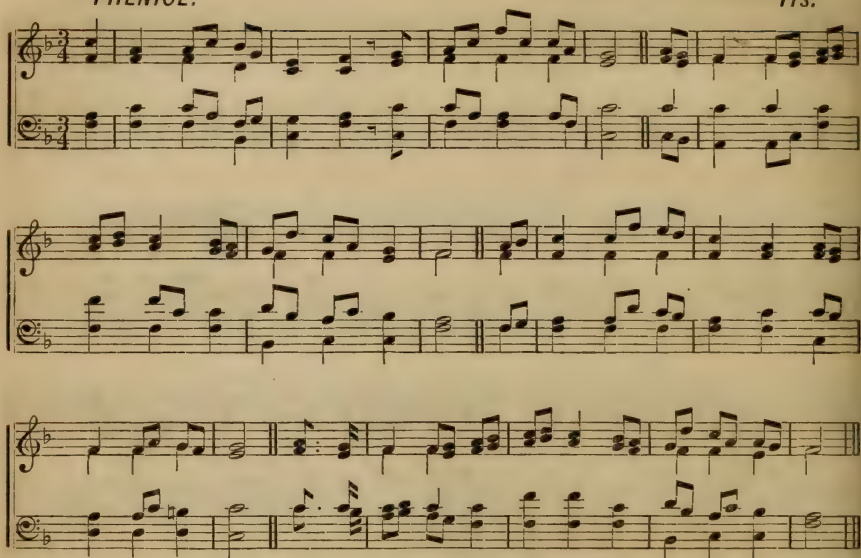
326

I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God;
I knew not my danger and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah, my Saviour, was nothing to me.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

PHENICE.

11s.



327

1 COME, Jesus, Redeemer! abide thou with me,

Come, gladden my spirit, that waiteth for thee;

Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,

And soothe every sorrow, though keen be the smart.

2 Without thee but weakness, with thee I am strong;

By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;

Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,

Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

3 Thy love, oh how faithful! so tender, so pure;

Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!

148

That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,

That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace,

From restless vain wishes bid thou my heart cease;

In thee all its longings henceforward shall end,

Till glad to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

5 Oh then, blessed Jesus! who once for me died,

Made clean in the fountain that gushed from thy side,

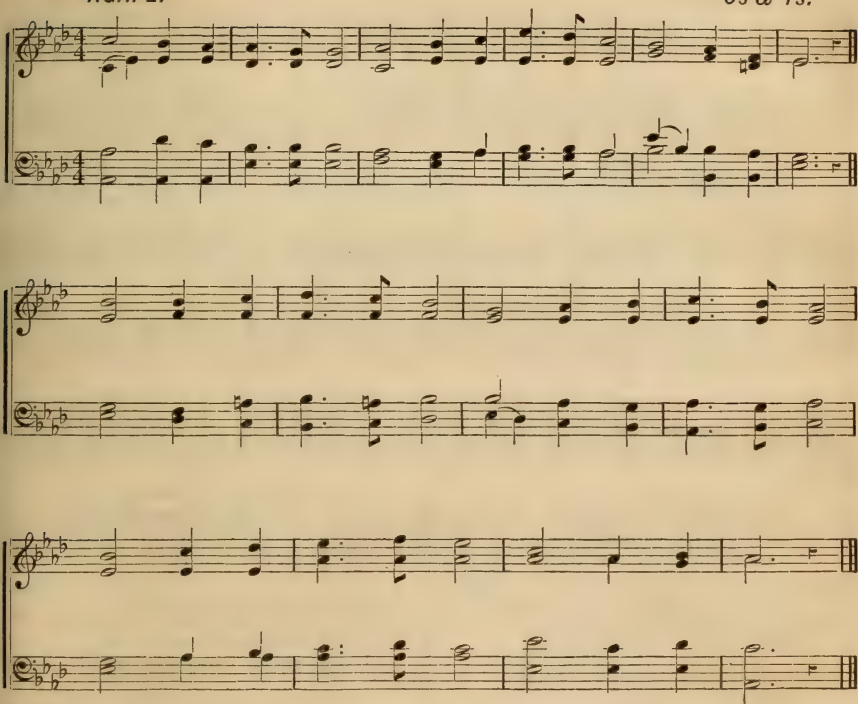
I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall behold,

And praise thee for ever with raptures untold.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

AGAPÉ.

6s & 4s.



328

1 JESUS! thy name I love
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blessed Son of God!
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is thy love,
All other loves above—
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon thou wilt come again;
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

PENITENCE.

7s, 6s & 8s.

329

1 JESUS! let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince! enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour! from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life and happiness and love
Drop from thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down
Turn and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.

330

1 By me, O my Saviour! stand
In every trying hour;
Guard me with thine outstretch'd hand
And hold me with thy power;

150

Mindful of thy faithful word,
Thine all-sufficient grace bestow;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord!
And never let me go.

2 Give me, Lord! a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart,
That I may from evil near
With watchful care depart;
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving-kindness show;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord!
And never let me go.

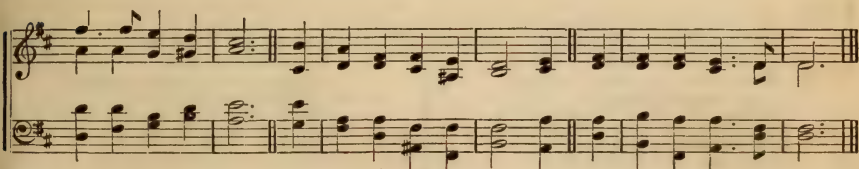
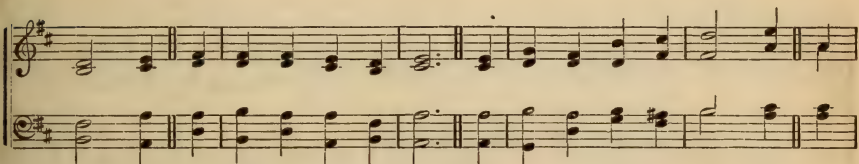
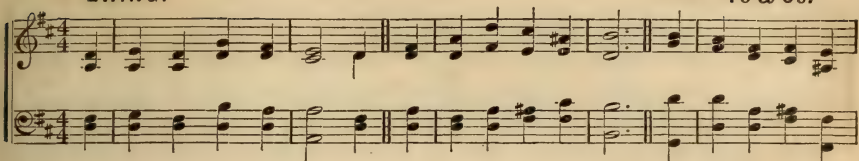
3 Let me never leave thy breast,
From thee, my Saviour! stray;
Thou art my support and rest,
My true and living way;
My exceeding great reward,
In heaven above and earth below;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord!
And never let me go.

4 Never let me go till I,
Upborne on wings of love,
Gain the regions of the sky,
And take my seat above;
Thou hast passed thy gracious word
That thou wilt bring me safely through;
Thou wilt, therefore, keep me, Lord!
Nor ever let me go.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

EWING.

7s & 6s.



331

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accurs'd load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem;
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing, with saints, his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

332

1 IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here;
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

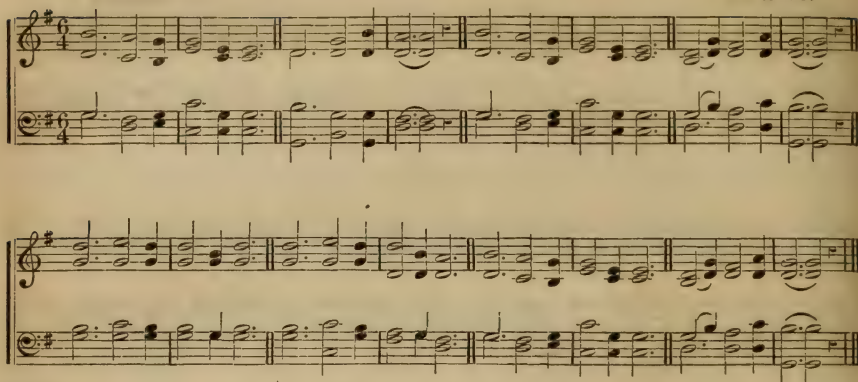
2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack;
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me
Where darkest clouds have been;
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

BETHANY.

6s & 4s.



333

1 MORE love to thee, O Christ!
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea:
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek—
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart, and still,
Fear I no further ill,
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me,
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causest my eye a tear,
But thou art whispering near,
"Only believe!"

3 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent
Jesus the branch has rent;
Quickly relief he sent,
Sweetening the draught.

4 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand
Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me!

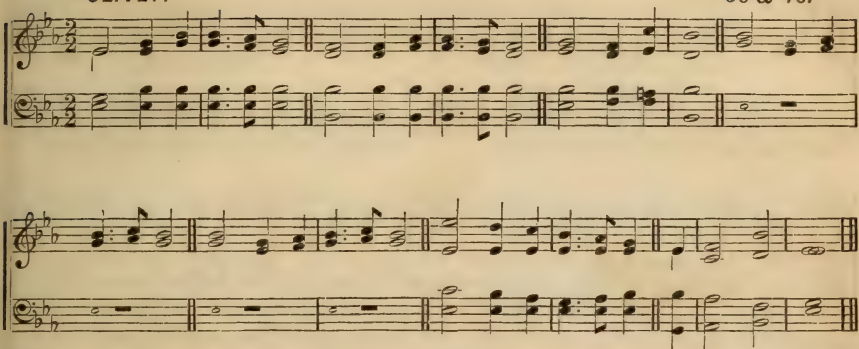
334

1 SAVIOUR! I follow on,
Guided by thee,
152

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

OLIVET.

6s & 4s.



335

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!

Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

336

1 SAVIOUR! I look to thee,
Be not thou far from me
Mid storms that lower;
On me thy care bestow,
Thy loving-kindness show,
Thine arms around me throw
This trying hour.

2 Saviour! I look to thee
Feeble as infancy,
Gird up my heart;
Author of life and light,
Thou hast an arm of might,
Thine is the sovereign right,
Thy strength impart.

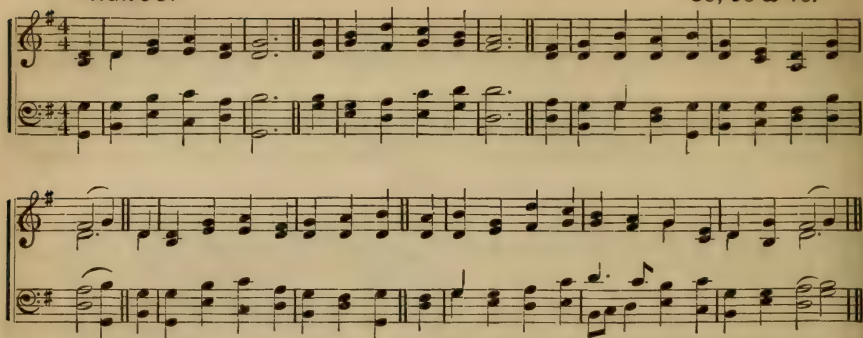
3 Saviour, I look to thee,
Let me thy fullness see,
Save me from fear;
While at thy cross I kneel,
All my backslidings heal,
And a full pardon seal,
My soul to cheer.

4 Saviour! I look to thee,
Thine shall the glory be,
Hearer of prayer;
Thou art my only aid,
On thee my soul is stayed,
Naught can my heart invade
While thou art near.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

AGNUS.

8s, 6s & 4s.



337

1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God!

O thou for sinners slain!

Let it not be in vain

That thou hast died;

Thee for my Saviour let me take,

My only refuge let me make

Thy piercèd side.

2 Behold the Lamb of God!

Into the sacred flood

Of thy most precious blood

My soul I cast;

Wash me and make me clean within,

And keep me pure from every sin,

Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!

All hail, incarnate Word,

Thou everlasting Lord,

Saviour most blest!

Fill us with love that never faints,

Grant us with all thy blessed saints

Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!

Worthy is he alone,

That sitteth on the throne

Of God above;

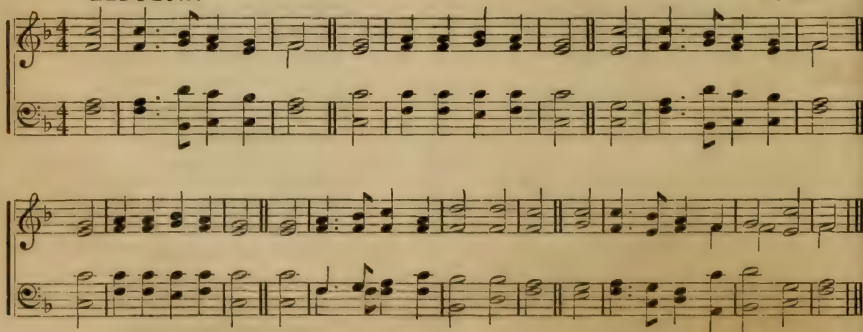
One with the Ancient of all days,

One with the Comforter in praise,

All light and love.

ZEBULON.

H. M.



AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

338

1 COME, my Redeemer! come,
And deign to dwell with me;
Come, and thy right assume,
And bid thy rivals flee;
Come, my Redeemer! quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

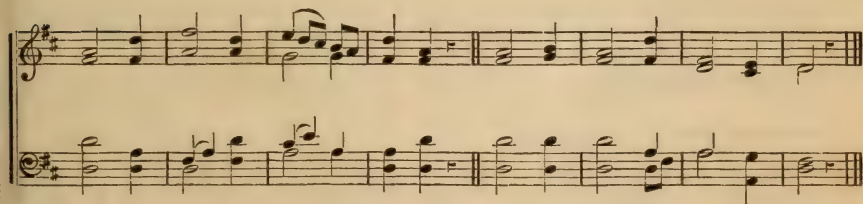
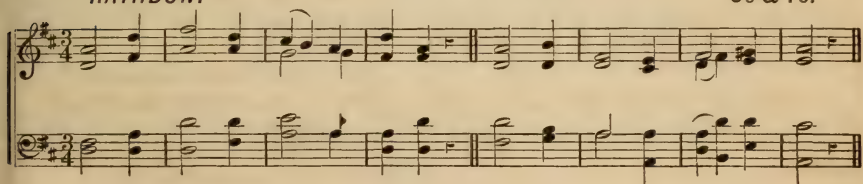
2 Exert thy mighty power,
And banish all my sin;
In this auspicious hour
Bring all thy graces in;
Come, my Redeemer! quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

3 Rule thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath thy full control;
Come, my Redeemer! quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

4 Then shall my days be thine,
And all my heart be love,
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above;
Come, my Redeemer! quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

RATHBUN.

8s & 7s.



339

1 I WOULD love thee, God and Father!
My Redeemer and my King!
I would love thee, for without thee
Life is but a bitter thing.

2 I would love thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye;
I would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.

3 I would love thee; may thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes;
I would love thee; may thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

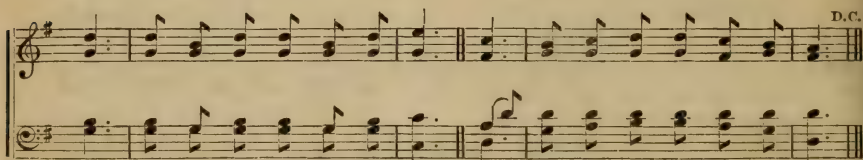
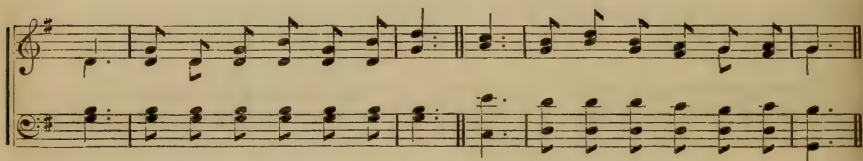
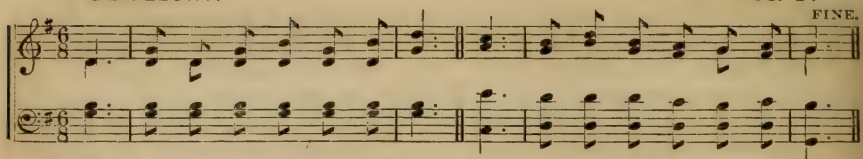
4 I would love thee—I have vowed it;
On thy love my heart is set;
While I love thee I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

DE FLEURY.

8s. D.

FINE.



340

- 1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim! up,
And waft me away to his throne;
My Saviour whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion and power,
- 2 Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline,
- 3 Oh, then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored;
And then nevermore shall the fears,
The trials, temptations and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

156

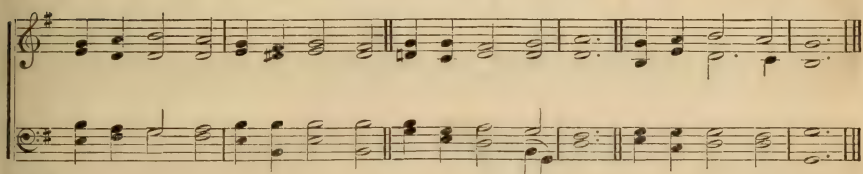
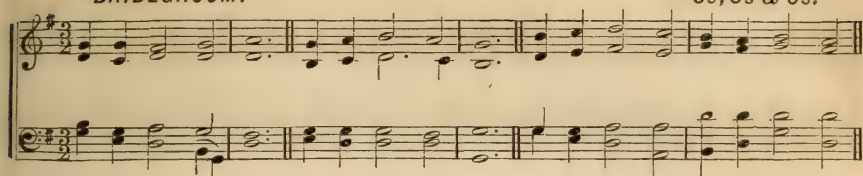
341

- 1 Ye angels who stand round the throne
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune all your soft harps to his praise;
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, you stood.
- 2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat;
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair,
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 3 Oh, when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong;
I want, oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

BRIDEGROOM.

5s, 8s & 5s.



342

- 1 JESUS! guide our way
To eternal day;
So shall we, no more delaying,
Follow thee, thy voice obeying;
Lead us by thy hand
To our fatherland.
- 2 When we danger meet,
Steadfast make our feet;
Lord! preserve us uncomplaining
'Mid the darkness round us reigning;
Through adversity
Lies our way to thee.
- 3 Order all our way
Through this mortal day;
In our toil with aid be near us;
In our need with succor cheer us;
When life's course is o'er,
Open thou the door.

And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by thy hand
To our fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a foe
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come, alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus! still lead on
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

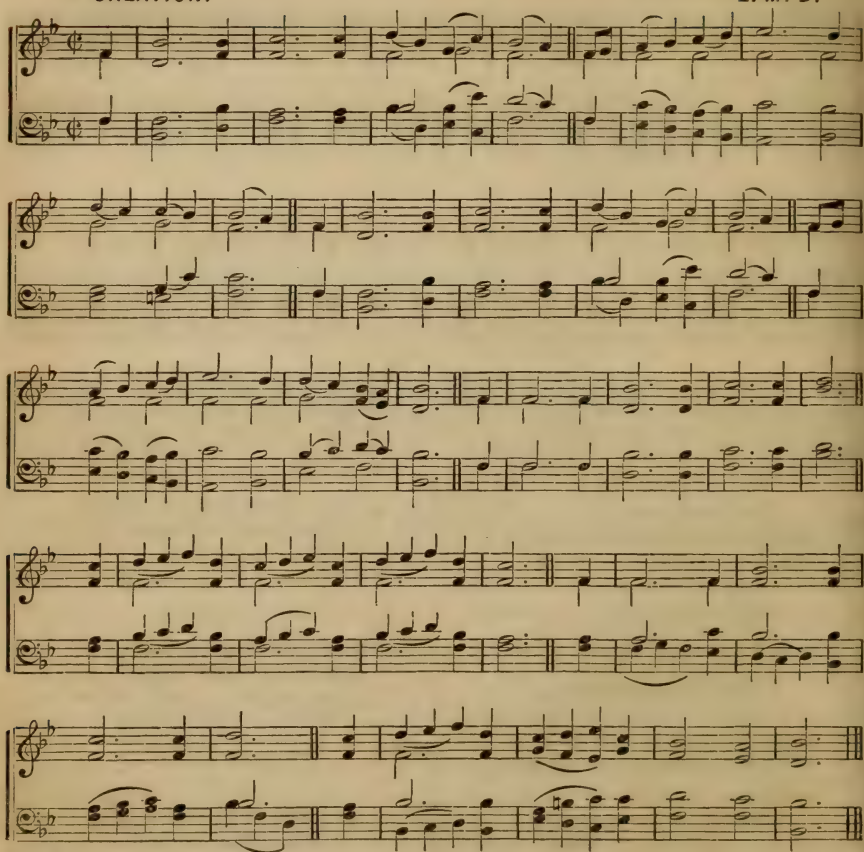
343

- 1 JESUS! still lead on,
Till our rest be won;

GOD THE FATHER.

CREATION.

L. M. D.



344

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's powers display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty Hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

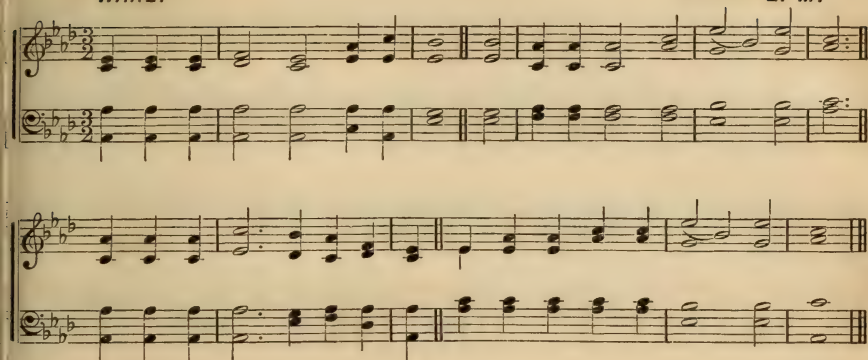
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

WARE.

L. M.



345

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.

4 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord,
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

346

1 JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself, the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure,
Thy promise stands for ever sure,
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

347

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes—
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives—the everlasting God
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

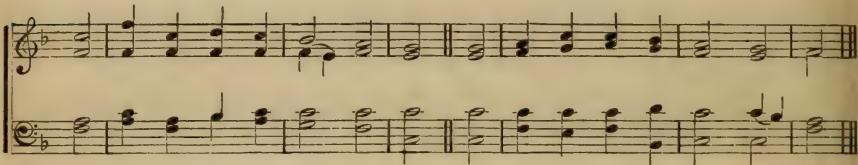
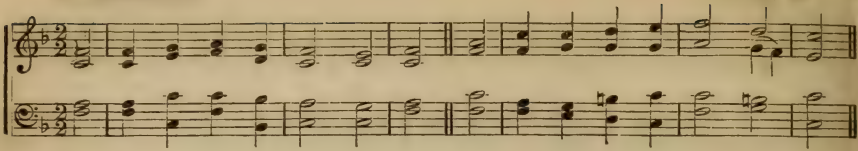
4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

GOD THE FATHER.

UXBRIDGE.

L. M.



348

- 1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth! and, all ye heavens! rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring:
The Lord omnipotent is King!
- 2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care?
Holy and true are all his ways;
Let every creature speak his praise.
- 3 The Lord is King! exalt your strains,
Ye saints! your God, your Father, reigns;
One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours.
- 4 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King!

349

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns! his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.

160

- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure if God be mine.

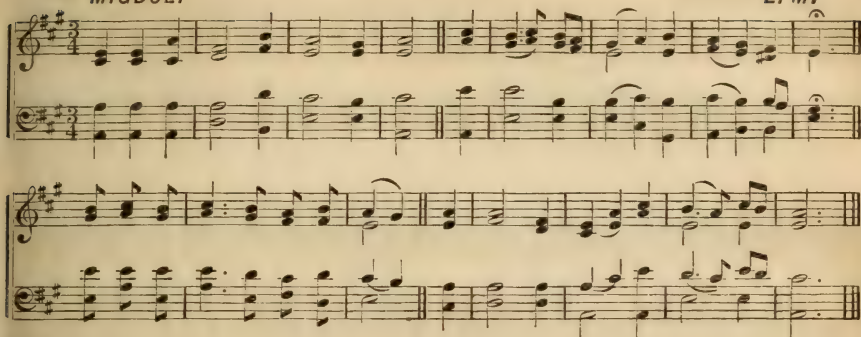
350

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light
And nights and days thy power confess,
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of righteousness! arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord! cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

MIGDOL.

L. M.



351

1 KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations! in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He rides, and thunders through the sky;
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high;
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace!
Ye saints! rejoice before his face.

3 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again;
But rebels who dispute his will
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

4 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 Thee, holy, holy, holy King!
Thee, O Lord God of hosts! they sing;
Thus earth below and heaven above
Resound thy glory and thy love.

353

1 LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life! thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope! thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All save the clouds of sin are thine.

4 Lord of all life! below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy loving altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

352

1 THEE we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise thy name with one accord;
Thy saints who here thy goodness see
Through all the world do worship thee.

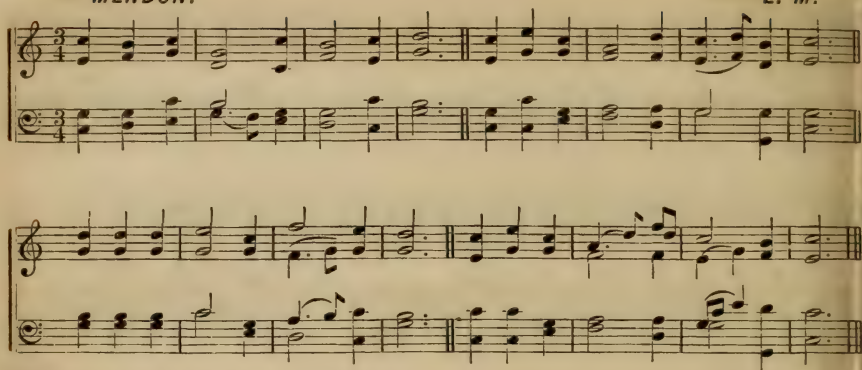
2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
The heavens and all the powers therein.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell the immortal song;

GOD THE FATHER.

MENDON.

L. M.



354

- 1 LORD! thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts before they are my own
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Through each bright world above behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.
- 4 But in redemption, oh what grace!
Its wonders, oh what thought can trace?
Here wisdom shines for ever bright;
Praise him, my soul! with sweet delight.

356

- 1 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 2 What secret place, what distant star,
Is like, dread Lord! to thine abode?
Why dwellest thou from us so far?
We yearn for thee, thou hidden God.
- 3 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 Oh, dreadful glory that doth make
Thick darkness round the heavenly throne,
Through which no angel eye may break,
Wherein the Lord doth dwell alone!
- 6 What vain searchers! but we need not mourn,
We need not stretch our weary wings;
Thou meetest us where'er we turn:
Thou beamest, Lord! from all bright things!

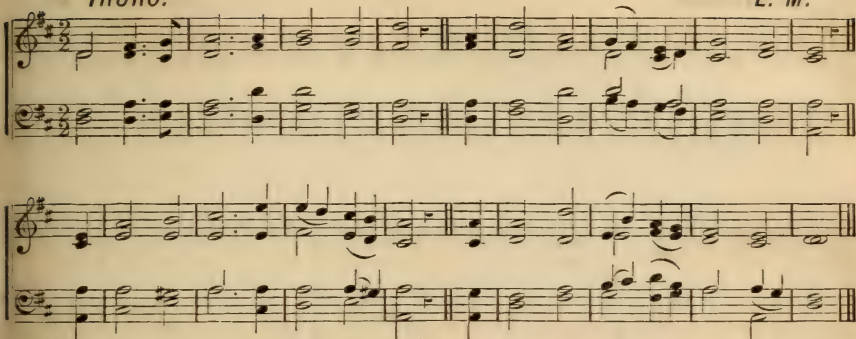
355

- 1 AWAKE, my tongue! thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him who is all praise above,
The source of light and truth and love.
- 2 But sweetest, Lord! dost thou appear
In the dear Saviour's smiling face;
The heavenly majesty draws near,
And offers us its kind embrace.
- 3 How vast his knowledge, how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned;
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all these heavenly flames.
- 4 To us, vain searchers after God,
To us the Holy Ghost doth come;
From us thou hidest thine abode,
But thou wilt make our souls thy home.

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

TRURO.

L. M.



357

1 THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth, how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise—
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

3 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

4 Oh, could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

359

1 GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record,
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

4 Oh, let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord;
How great his works, how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

358

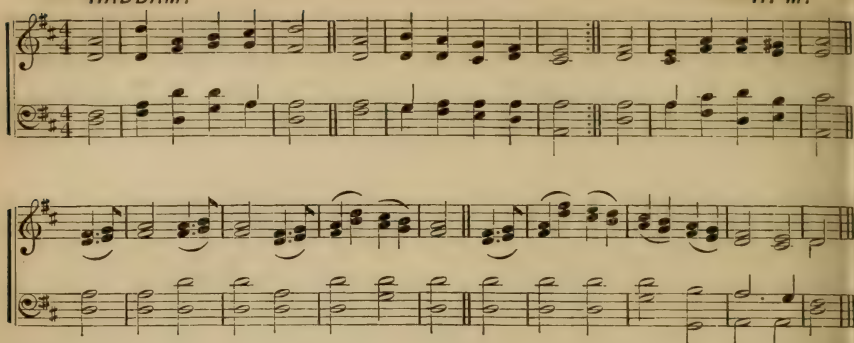
1 UP to the Lord, who reigns on high
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;

GOD THE FATHER.

HADDAM.

H. M.



360

1 THE glory of the Lord
The heavens declare abroad;
The firmament displays
The handiwork of God;
Day unto day declareth speech,
And night to night doth knowledge teach.

2 Aloud they do not speak,
They utter forth no word,
Nor into language break—
Their voice is never heard;
Their line through all the earth extends,
Their words to earth's remotest ends.

3 God's perfect law converts
The soul in sin that lies;
His testimony sure
Doth make the simple wise;
His statutes just delight the heart,
His holy precepts light impart.

4 The fear of God is clean,
And ever doth endure;
His judgments all are truth
And righteousness most pure;
To be desired are they far more
Than finest gold in richest store.

5 Who can his errors know?
From secret faults me cleanse;
Thy servant keep thou back
From all presumptuous sins;
Oh, let them not my way control,
Nor gain dominion o'er my soul.

6 Then in thy righteous way
My life shall upright be;

164

I shall be innocent—
From great transgression free;
Accept my words and thoughts of heart;
Lord! thou my strength and Saviour art.

361

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid—
The God that built the skies
And earth and nature made;
God is the tower
To which I fly; his grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears;
Those wakeful eyes,
That never sleep, shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

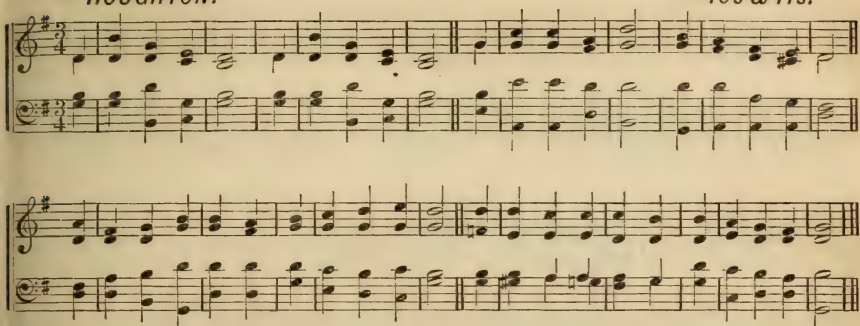
3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air
Shall take my health away
If God be with me there;
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade, to guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath;
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die till from on high
Thou call me home.

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

HOUGHTON.

10s & 11s.



362

1 OH, worship the King all-glorious above,
Oh, gratefully sing his power and love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with
praise.

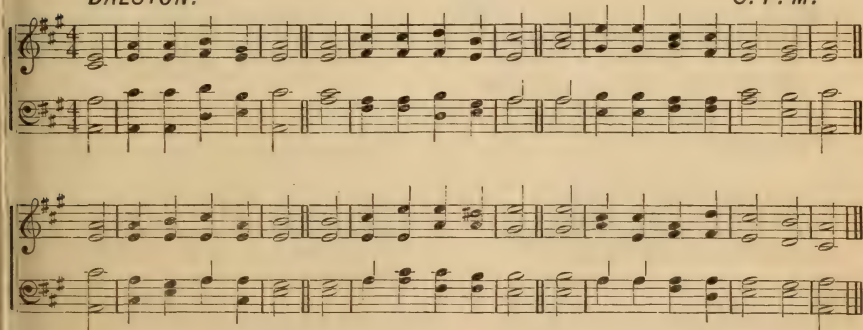
2 Oh, tell of his might, oh, sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the
storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the
plains,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rains.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the
end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

DALSTON.

S. P. M.



363

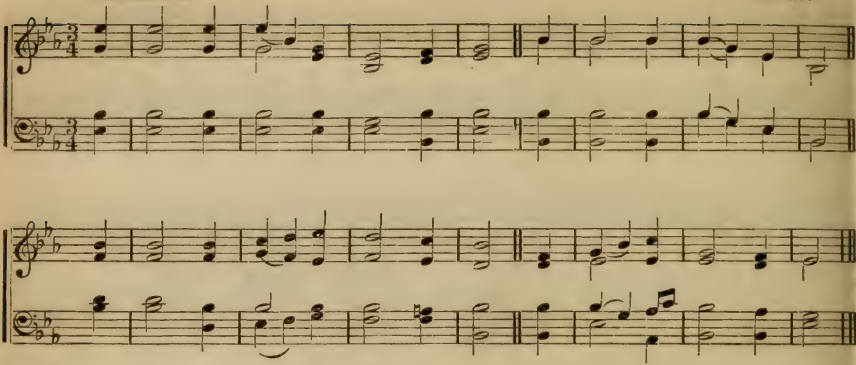
1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove;
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

GOD THE FATHER.

HOLLAND.

C. M.



364

- 1 I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord! how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread
Or gaze upon the sky!
- 5 There's not a plant or flower be
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.

365

- 1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

166

- 3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face:
Oh, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!
- 4 Now is the time; he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

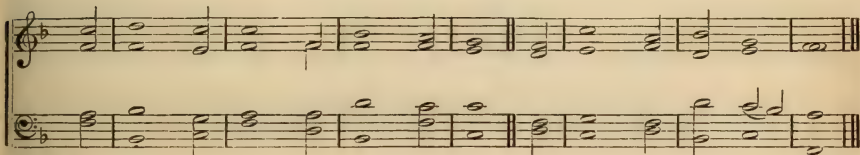
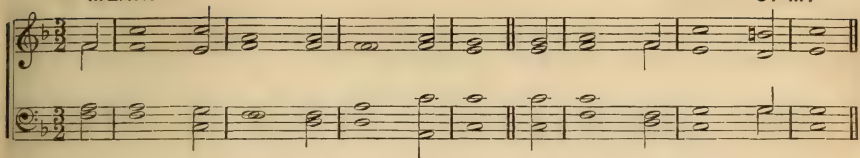
366

- 1 FATHER! how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.
- 2 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,
- 3 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
- 4 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 5 Oh, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

MEAR.

C. M.



367

1 O THOU my soul, bless God the Lord,
And all that in me is,
Oh, be stirred up his holy name
To magnify and bless.

Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy
And not forgetful be
Of all his gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee.

3 All thy iniquities who doth
Most graciously forgive;
Who thy diseases all and pains
Doth heal, and thee relieve.

4 Who doth redeem thy life that thou
To death mayst not go down;
Who thee with loving-kindness doth,
And tender mercies, crown;

5 Who with abundance of good things
Doth satisfy thy mouth;
And even as the eagle's age,
He hath renewed thy youth.

6 The Lord Jehovah gracious is,
And he is merciful,
Long-suffering and slow to wrath,
In kindness plentiful.

7 Oh, bless and magnify the Lord,
Ye glorious hosts of his;
Ye ministers that do fulfill
Whate'er his pleasure is.

8 Oh, bless the Lord, all ye his works,
Wherewith the world is stored;
In his dominions everywhere,
My soul, bless thou the Lord.

368

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay, O my soul! to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

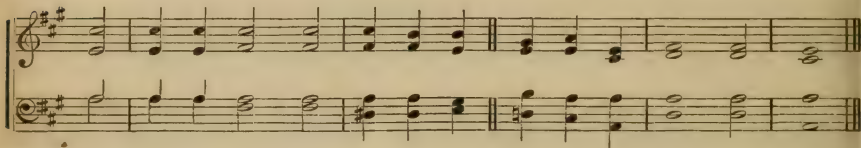
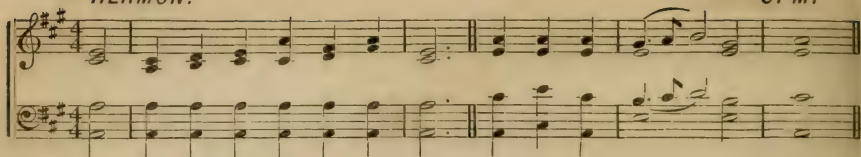
3 With sacred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

GOD THE FATHER.

HERMON.

C. M.



369

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

370

- 1 THY way, O God! is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

168

- 2 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?
- 3 As through a glass I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!
- 4 With rapture I shall soon survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love and praise.

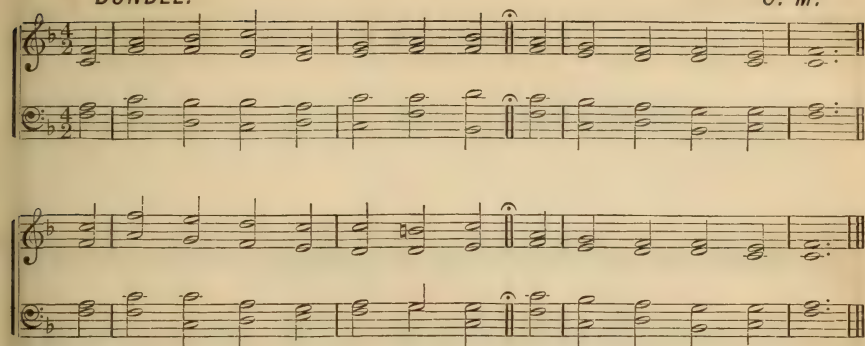
371

- 1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh, who so wise to choose our lot
Or to appoint our ways?
- 2 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.
- 4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God! inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

DUNDEE.

C. M.



372

- 1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod ;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Chained to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds his book,
And makes his counsels shine ;
Each opening leaf and every stroke
Fulfills some deep design.
- 5 My God ! I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.
- 6 In thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

- 2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace,
And we'll convey his wonders do
Through every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practice his commands.

374

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah unto all
His goodness doth declare,
And over all his mighty works
His tender mercies are.
- 2 Thy kingdom shall for ever stand,
Thy reign through ages all ;
God raiseth all that are bowed down,
Upholdeth all that fall.
- 3 The eyes of all things wait on thee,
Thou Giver of all good !
And thou in season due dost give
To every one his food.

373

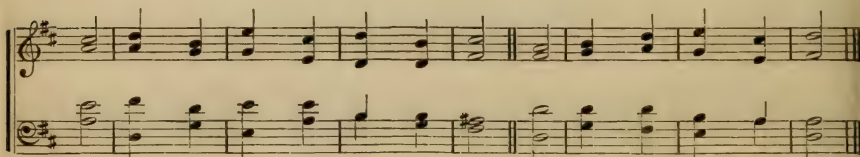
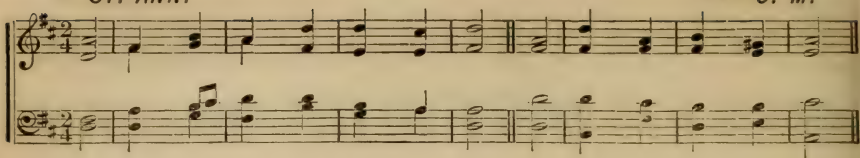
- 1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

- 4 My mouth the praises of the Lord
To publish shall not cease ;
Let all flesh join his holy name
For evermore to bless.

GOD THE FATHER.

ST. ANN.

C. M.



375

- 1 O God! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry.
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord! confesses thee,
That thou th' eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

376

- 1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

170

- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.

- 4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on,
Thine undisturbed affairs.

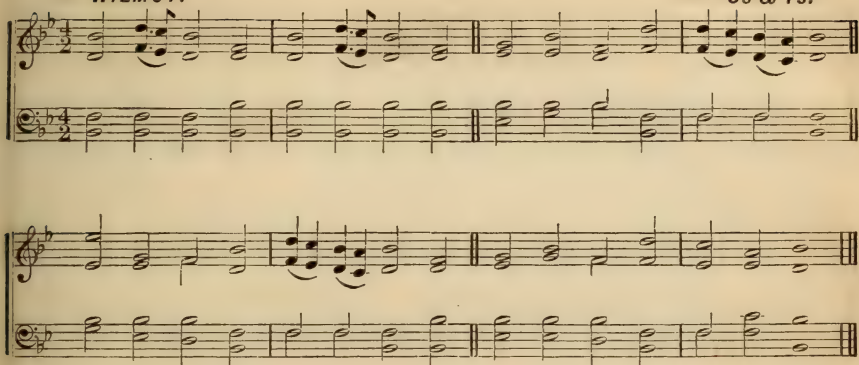
377

- 1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves! and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine;
Without his high behest
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations! bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs! wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

WILMOT.

8s & 7s.



378

1 CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed;

2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3 From the sword, at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence:

4 Fear not thou the deadly quiver
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver
Though ten thousand be laid low.

5 Since, with pure and warm affection
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above;

6 Thou shalt call on him in trouble:
He will hearken, he will save;
Here, for grief, reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

380

1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him,
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord! for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation
Laud and magnify his name.

171

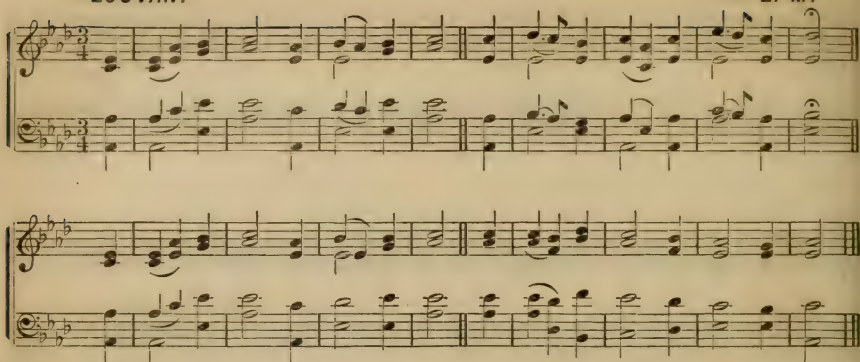
379

1 God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

GOD THE FATHER.

LOUVAN.

L. M.



381

- 1 O God! thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.
- 2 Oh, that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of thy grace.
- 3 Yet through this rough and thorny maze
I follow hard on thee, my God!
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where thou hast trod.
- 4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
- 5 Better than life itself thy love;
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above
Or what on earth compared with thee?

382

- 1 O LORD! how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth or on the sea.
- 2 To us remains nor place nor time;
Our country is in every clime;
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

- 3 While place we seek or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 4 Could we be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

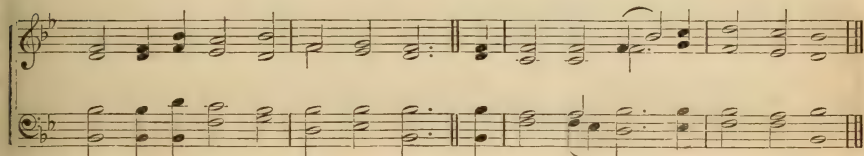
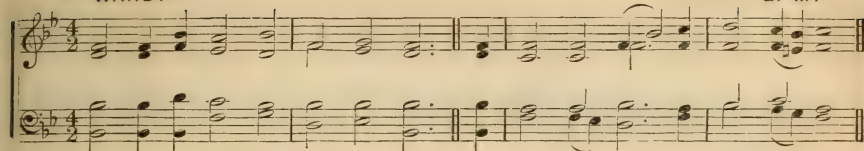
383

- 1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.
- 3 Whence, then, should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.
- 4 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own!
- 5 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

WARD.

L. M.



384

- 1 God is the refuge of his saints
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love and joy still gliding through
And watering our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth and armed with power.

385

- 1 LORD! I will bless thee all my days:
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.
- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

- 3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groanings reached his ears,
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
With heavenly joy their faces shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord;
Oh, fear and love him, all his saints!
Taste of his grace and trust his word.

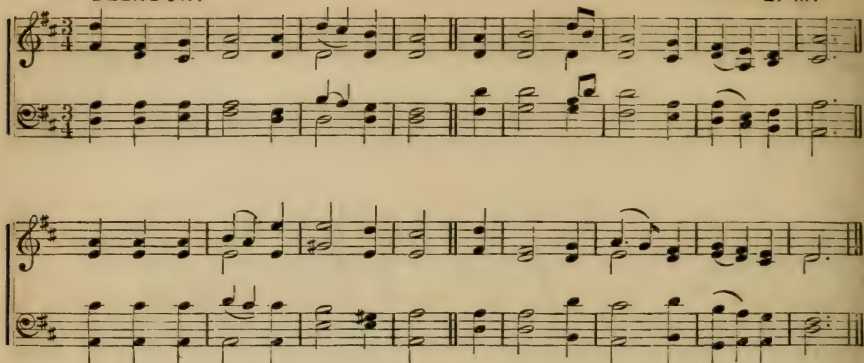
386

- 1 God will our strength and refuge prove,
In all distress a present aid;
And though the trembling earth remove,
We will not fear or be dismayed;
- 2 Though hills be cast amid the sea,
And angry billows round them break,
Though waters roar and troubled be,
And mountains, with their swelling, shake.
- 3 A river flows whose living streams
Make glad the city of our God,
The tents where heavenly glory beams,
Where God most high hath his abode.
- 4 God has in her his dwelling made,
And she shall nevermore be moved;
Her God shall early give her aid,
As he her help hath ever proved.

GOD THE FATHER.

BLENDON.

L. M.



387

- 1 No change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord! to thee,
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.
- 2 Thou my deliverer art, my God!
My trust is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.
- 3 To thee will I address my prayer
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I by thy watchful care
Be guarded safe from every foe.
- 4 Let the eternal Lord be praised,
The rock on whose defence I rest,
To highest heavens his name be raised,
Who me with his salvation blessed.
- 5 My God! to celebrate thy fame
My grateful voice to heaven I'll raise,
And nations, strangers to thy name,
Shall learn to sing thy glorious praise.

388

- 1 WART, O my soul! thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
And though his footsteps are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

174

- 3 In heaven and earth, in air and seas,
He executes his wise decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Then, O my soul! submissive wait,
With reverence bow before his seat;
And 'midst the terrors of his rod
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

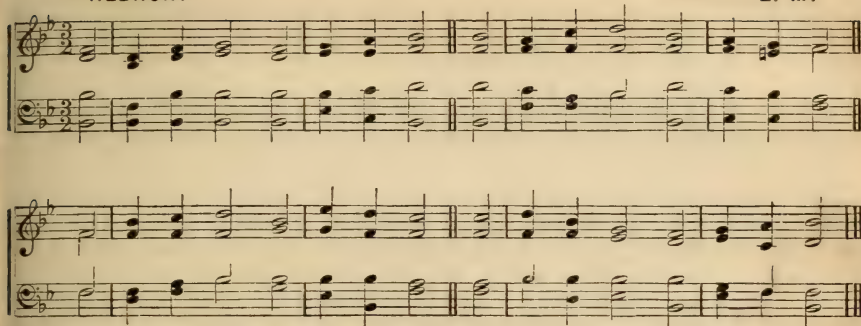
389

- 1 As pants the hart for water-brooks,
So pants my soul, O God! for thee;
For thee it thirsts, to thee it looks,
And longs the living God to see.
- 2 Oh, why art thou cast down, my soul?
And what should so disquiet thee?
Still hope in God, and him extol
Whose face brings saving health to me.
- 3 Deep calls to deep in thunders loud,
Thy waterspouts repeat the call,
Whilst o'er me roll the billows proud,
And all thy waves upon me fall.
- 4 Yet shall the Lord command by day
His loving-kindness, and his song
By night be with me; and I'll pray
To him who doth my life prolong.
- 5 Oh, why art thou cast down, my soul?
And what should so disquiet thee?
Still hope in God, and him extol
Whose face brings saving health to me.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

HEBRON.

L. M.



390

- 1 No more, my God! I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne,
But faith can answer thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

391

- 1 My God! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sov'reign word can draw me thence;

I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

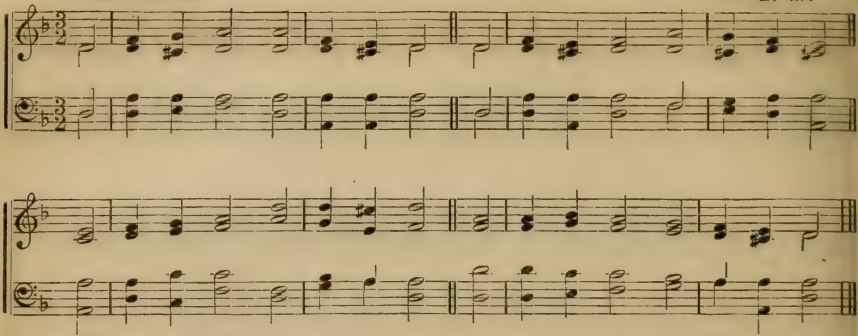
392

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away—
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And while I listened to your song
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord! I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now, to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes;
Oh, for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies!
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

GOD THE FATHER.

WINDHAM.

L. M.



393

- 1 Show pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord! should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

394

- 1 A BROKEN heart, my God! my King!
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;

Look down, O Lord! with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 4 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song,
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

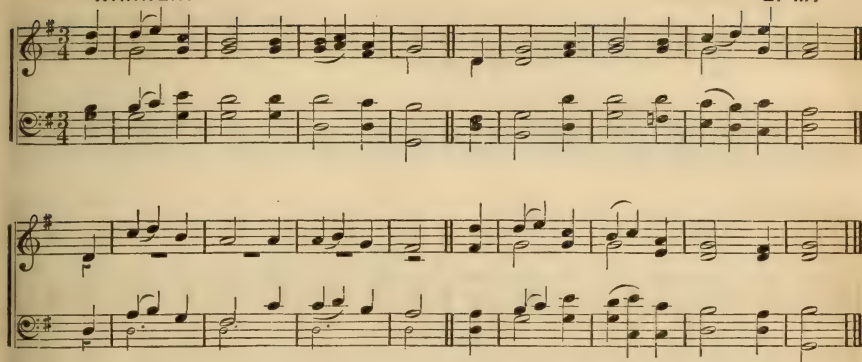
395

- 1 O THOU that hearest when sinners cry!
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God! restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord!
His help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

WARNER.

L. M.



396

- 1 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord! I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;
O God! be merciful to me!
- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea;
O God! be merciful to me!
- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see;
O God! be merciful to me!
- 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God! be merciful to me!

397

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart! return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 And thou, my God! whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 3 Through all the mazes of my heart
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart
Till all be searched and purified.

- 4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer,
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

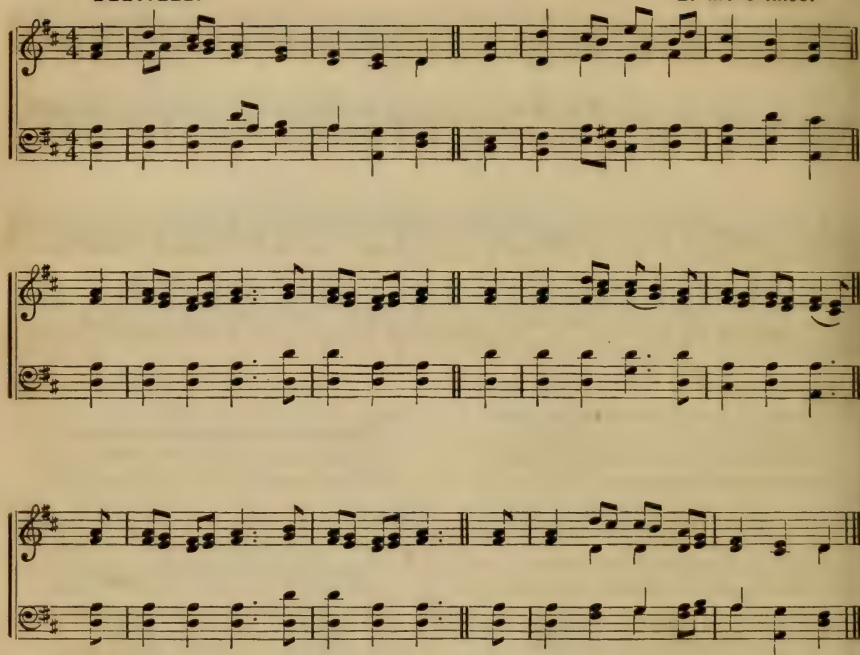
398

- 1 WHEN at thy footstool, Lord! I bend,
And plead with thee for mercy there,
Oh, think thou of the sinner's Friend,
And for his sake receive my prayer.
- 2 Oh, think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.
- 3 Think, Lord! how I am still thine own,
The trembling creature of thy hand;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.
- 4 Oh, think upon thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how thy glory is to spare.
- 5 Oh, think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with thy grace divine;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let his merits stand for mine.
- 6 Thine eye, thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here; my heart is full;
Behold, and spare and succor me!

GOD THE FATHER.

BELVILLE.

L. M. 6 lines.



399

- 1 My God! I leave to thee my ways;
I hope in thee, whate'er betide,
To find thee in the evil days
My all-sufficient Strength and Guide;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that naught can move.
- 2 What can our anxious cares avail,
Our never-ceasing groans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.
- 3 Help me my restless heart to still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er thy gracious will,
Thy all-discerning love, hath sent;

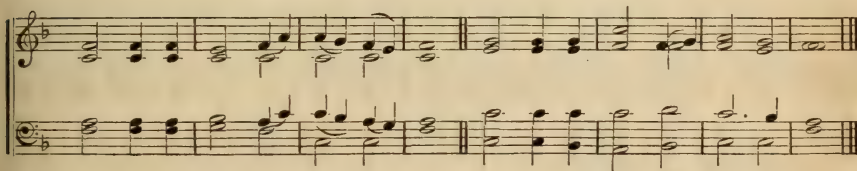
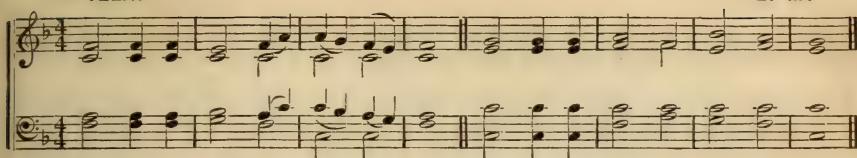
No doubt my inmost wants are known
To him who chose me for his own.

- 4 Thou know'st when joyful hours are best,
And send'st them as thou seest them meet;
When I have borne the fiery test,
And am made free from all deceit,
Thou comest to me all unaware,
And makest me own thy loving care.
- 5 Help me to swerve not from thy ways,
But do my own part faithfully,
And trust thy promises of grace,
That they may be fulfilled in me;
Thou never wilt forsake at need
The soul that trusts in thee indeed.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

ILLA.

L. M.



400

1 I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith and love and every grace,
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'T was he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answered prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favored hour
At once he'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining power
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe,
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds and laid me low.

6 "Lord! why is this?" I trembling cried:
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"T is in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 "These inward trials I employ
From self and pride to set thee free,
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayest seek thine all in me."

401

1 My spirit sinks within me, Lord!
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Yet will the Lord command his love
When I address his throne by day;
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

3 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, "My God, my heavenly Rock!
Why doth thy love so long forget
The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"

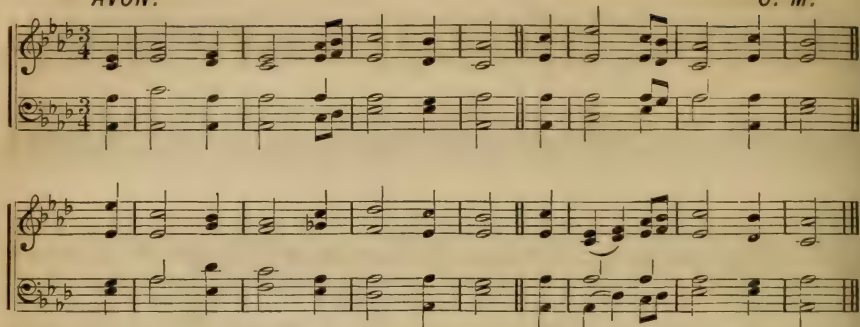
4 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

5 Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill,
My God! my most exceeding joy!

GOD THE FATHER.

AVON.

C. M.



402

- 1 O THOU whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said "Return"?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.
- 4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine,
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy divine.

403

- 1 O God of mercy! hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
180

The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

- 4 A soul oppressed with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

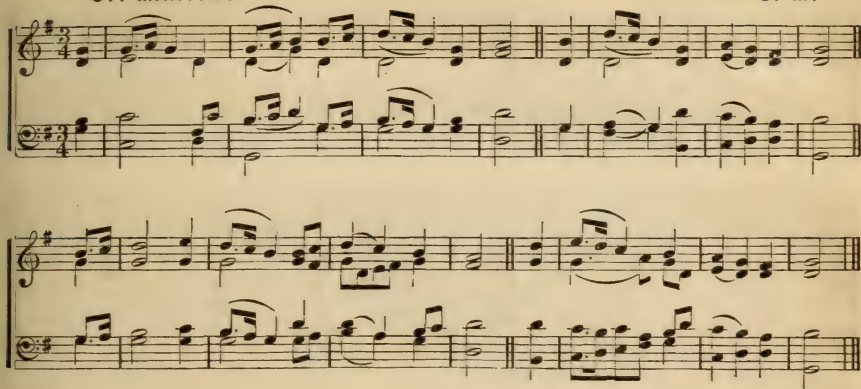
404

- 1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls "Return!"
Dear Lord! and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh, take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty grace! thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour! I adore;
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

ST. MARTINS.

C. M.



405

- 1 Our of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to reach thine ear.
- 2 Great God! should thy severer eye
And thine impartial hand
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.
- 3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son hath bought them with his blood
To draw us near to thee.
- 4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord!
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.
- 5 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes,
- 6 So waits my soul to see thy grace;
And more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.
- 7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous in his grace.

- 8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslaved;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be saved.

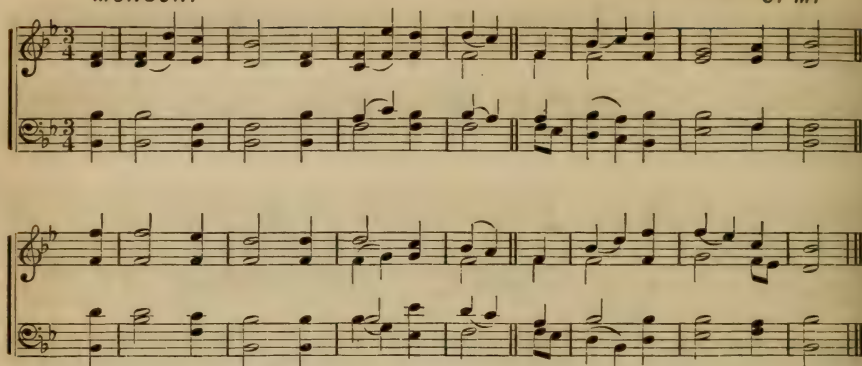
406

- 1 In thy great loving-kindness, Lord!
Be merciful to me;
In thy compassions great blot out
All my iniquity.
- 2 Do thou with hyssop sprinkle me,
And clean I then shall be;
I shall be whiter than the snow
When I am washed by thee.
- 3 Of gladness and of joyfulness
Make me to hear the voice,
That so these very bones which thou
Hast broken may rejoice.
- 4 All my iniquities blot out,
My sin hide from thy view;
Create a clean heart, Lord! in me,
A spirit right renew.
- 5 And from thy gracious presence, Lord!
Oh, cast me not away;
Thy Holy Spirit utterly
Take not from me, I pray.
- 6 The joy which thy salvation brings
Again to me restore;
With thy free Spirit, oh, do thou
Uphold me evermore.

GOD THE FATHER.

MONSON.

C. M.



407

- 1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,—
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where, mourning, long I lay,
And from my bonds released my feet—
Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear;
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.
- 5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord! how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

408

- 1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God!
My passion, pride and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure, there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false, as mine has been,
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

- 3 How long, dear Saviour! shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?
- 4 Break, sovereign grace! oh, break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, Almighty God! thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

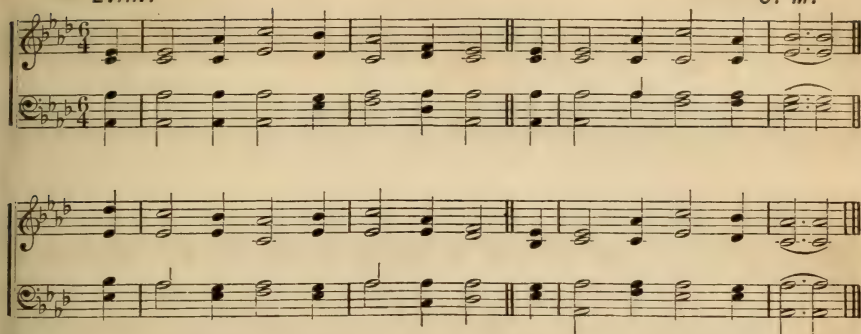
409

- 1 ALL that I was—my sin, my guilt,
My death—was all my own;
All that I am, I owe to thee,
My gracious God! alone.
- 2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is thine, and only thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life, in which I walk,
The liberty, is thine.
- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.
- 5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord! to thee.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

EVAN.

C. M.



410

- 1 OH, for a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me;
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord! of thine.

411

- 1 OH, greatly blessed the people are
The joyful sound that know;
In brightness of thy face, O Lord!
They ever on shall go.
- 2 They in thy name shall all the day
Rejoice exceedingly;
And in thy righteousness shall they
Exalted be on high;

- 3 Because the glory of their strength
Doth only stand in thee;
And in thy favor shall our horn
And pow'r exalted be.
- 4 For God is our defence; he will
To us salvation bring:
The holy One of Israel
Is our almighty King.

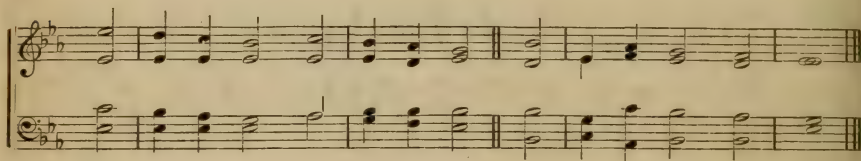
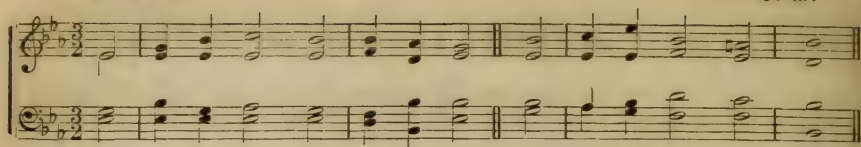
412

- 1 THERE is a safe and secret place,
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
Oh, be that refuge mine!
- 2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.
- 3 He feeds in pastures, large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God! O glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!
- 4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

GOD THE FATHER.

DOWN'S.

C. M.



413

- 1 THOU art my portion, O my God!
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.
- 4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine;
Oh, save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

414

- 1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
That leans, O Lord! on thee.
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground;
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

- 3 Deal gently, Lord! with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

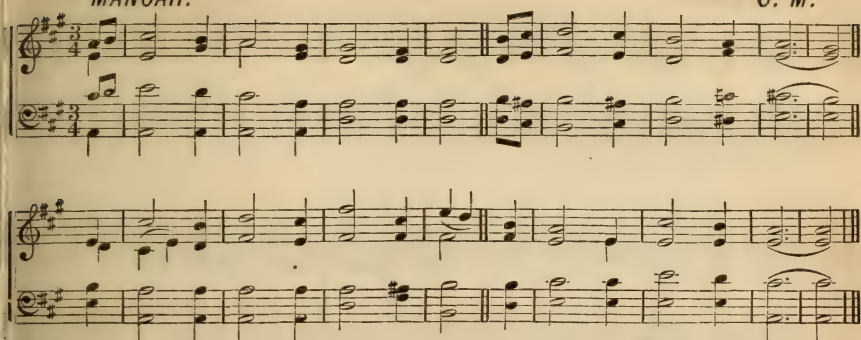
415

- 1 OH, that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
Oh, that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!
- 2 Oh, send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Or act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord!
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands—
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

MANOAH.

C. M.



416

- 1 My God! my Father! blissful name!
Oh, may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?
- 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?
- 3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign
For thou art just and good and wise;
Oh, bend my will to thine.
- 4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh, give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.
- 5 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?
- 6 My God! my Father! be thy name
My solace and my stay;
Oh, wilt thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away?

How beautiful thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

- 2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored.

- 3 How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power
And awful purity!

- 4 Oh, how I fear thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

- 5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord!
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

- 6 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

- 7 Father of Jesus, love's reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on thee!

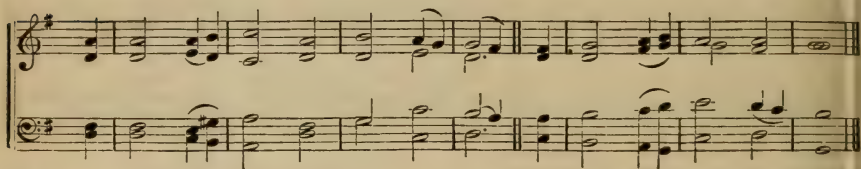
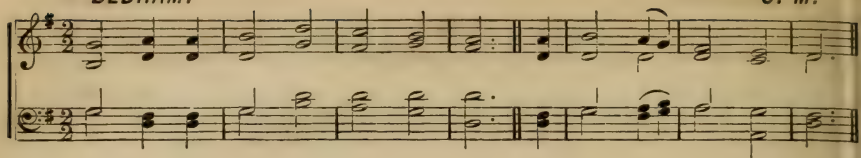
417

- 1 My God! how wonderful thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!

GOD THE FATHER.

DEDHAM.

C. M.



418

- 1 Soon as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children! seek my grace,"
My heart replied without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life! I fly to thee
In a distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief
Had not my soul believed,
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceived.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

419

- 1 Oh, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
Nor sin nor fear intrude.
- 2 Lord! I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

186

- 3 O Jesus! come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may nevermore depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death
My soul shall love thee more.

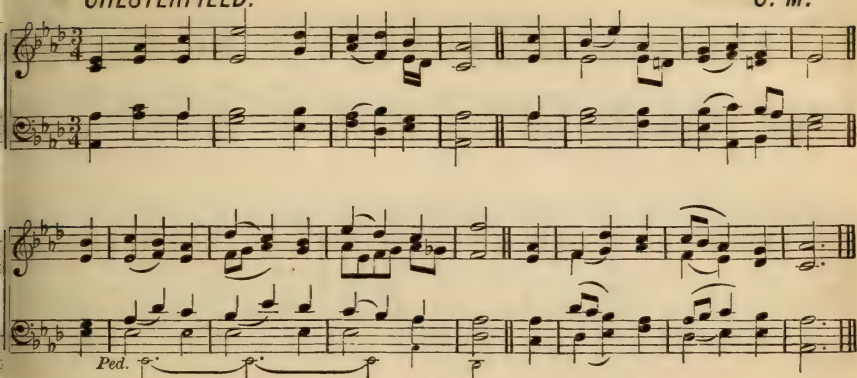
420

- 1 To heaven I lift my waiting eyes;
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord who built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 Israel! rejoice, and rest secure;
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.
- 4 No scorching sun nor sickly moon
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.
- 5 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

CHESTERFIELD.

C. M.



421

- 1 THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord!
On thee I fix my trust,
Encouraged by thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.
- 2 I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 't is enough the Saviour died—
The Saviour died for me.
- 3 Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body racked with pain;
- 4 Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this the witness in my breast
That Jesus died for me?
- 5 And when thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away,
- 6 Then, though it be in accents weak,
And faint and tremblingly,
Oh, give me strength in death to speak,
"My Saviour died for me."

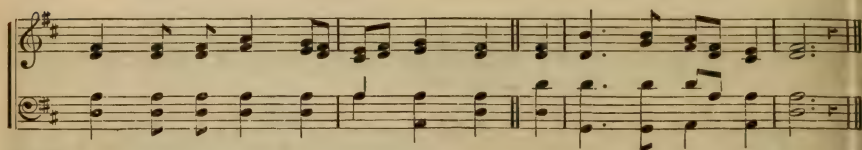
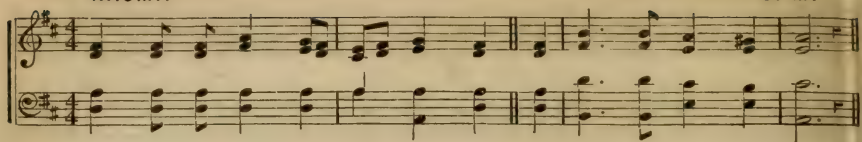
422

- 1 My God! thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed
But to renew thy praise?
- 2 Thine arm of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.
- 3 Calmly I bowed my fainting head
On thy dear faithful breast,
Pleased to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.
- 4 Into thy hands, my Saviour, God!
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.
- 5 Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come,
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.
- 6 Where thou appointest my abode
There would I choose to be,
For in thy presence, death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

GOD THE FATHER.

NAOMI.

C. M.



423

- 1 FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :
- 2 "Give us a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make us live to thee.
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that we are thine
Our life and death attend;
Thy presence through our journey shine,
And crown our journey's end."

424

- 1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.
- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For, lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.
- 4 By all its joys I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more,

188

But charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

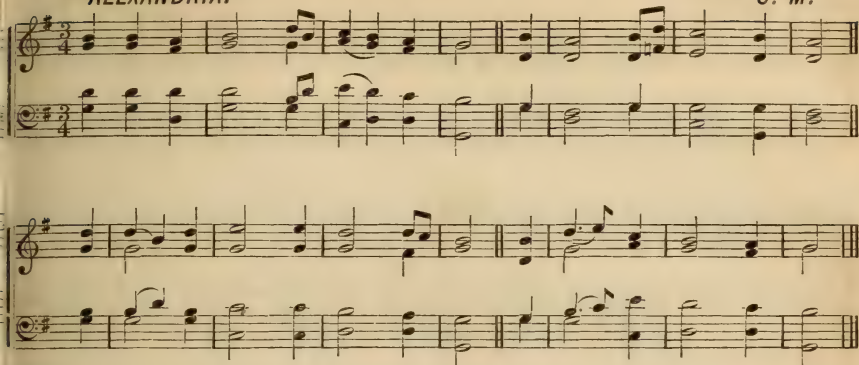
425

- 1 O LORD! my best desire fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No; let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
'ho never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favor all my journey through
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth.
- 6 But, ah! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

ALEXANDRIA.

C. M.



426

- 1 OH, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

427

- 1 My God! 'tis to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise,

- 2 My cheerful hope can never die
If thou, my God! art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high
And banish every fear.
- 3 My great Protector and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
And let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.
- 4 Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

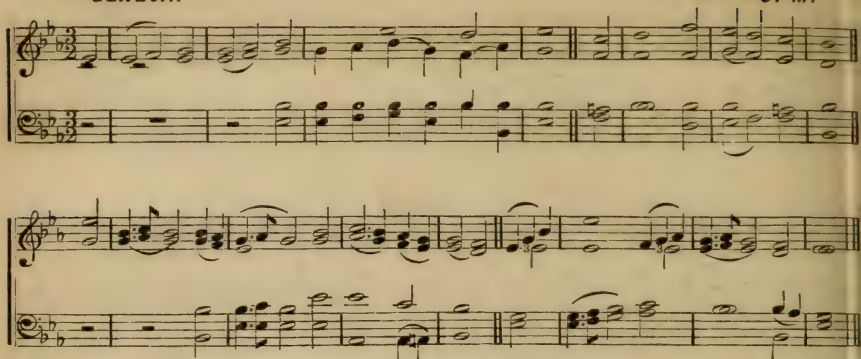
428

- 1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
I strive against my foes in vain,
I sink amid my fears.
- 3 O Lord! increase my faith and hope
When foes and fears prevail,
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 4 Oh keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee,
And never, never let me stray
From happiness and thee.

GOD THE FATHER.

GENEVA.

C. M.



429

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

430

LORD! when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

190

- 2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.
- 3 On me thy providence hath shone
With gentle, smiling rays;
Oh, let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.
- 4 All-bounteous Lord! thy grace impart;
Oh, teach me to improve
Thy gifts, with ever-grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

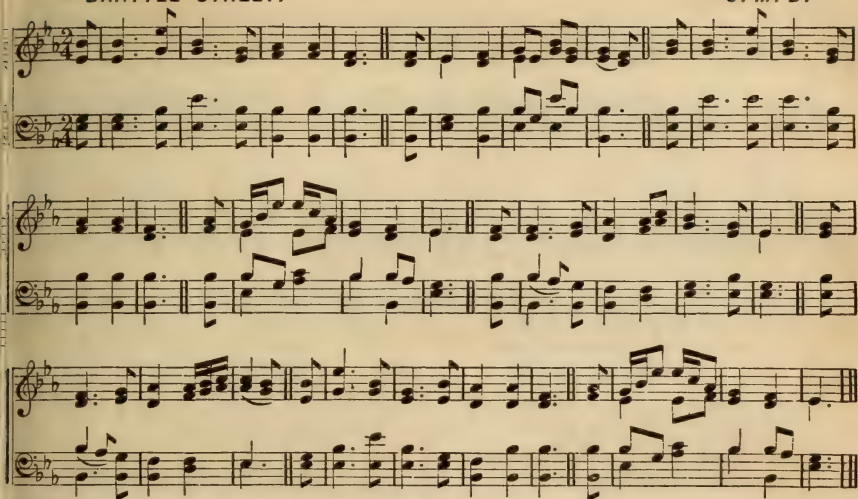
431

- 1 O THOU whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet!
I give thee thanks for every drop,
The bitter and the sweet.
- 2 I praise thee for the desert road,
And for the river-side,
For all thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all thy grace denied.
- 3 I thank thee both for smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
I praise thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.
- 4 I bless thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

BRATTLE STREET.

C. M. D.



432

1 WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye without a tear
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

2 For thee, my God, the living God!
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord! wast nigh,
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blessed than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find him still
Thy health's eternal spring.

434

1 MY God! the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure,
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home,

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant, in the darkest gloom,
Shall be my strength and stay,
Shall cheer my passage to the tomb,
And guide to endless day.

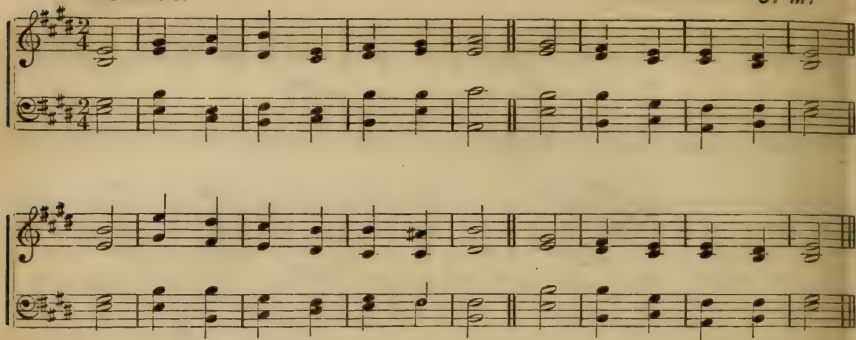
433

1 As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O Lord! for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

GOD THE FATHER.

DUNDEE.

C. M.



435

1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,

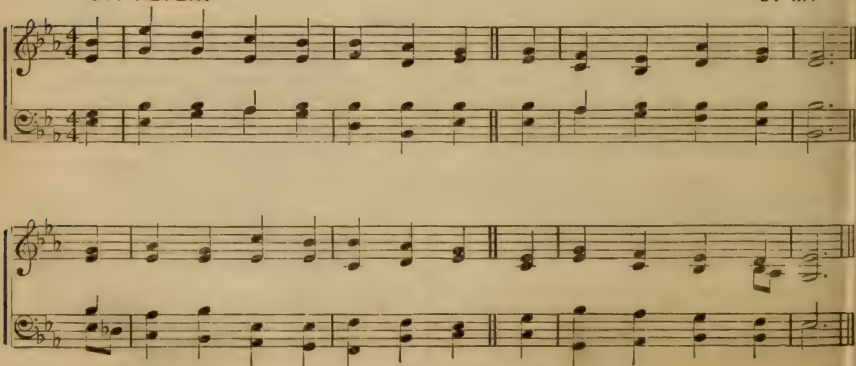
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Be thou our guard while troubles last
And our eternal home.

ST. PETER.

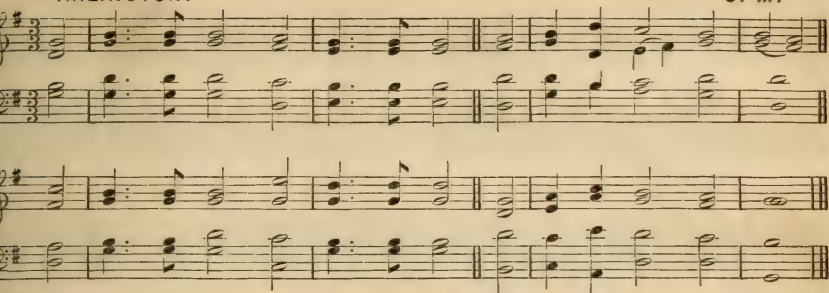
C. M.



AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

ARLINGTON.

C. M.



36

How are thy servants blessed, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.

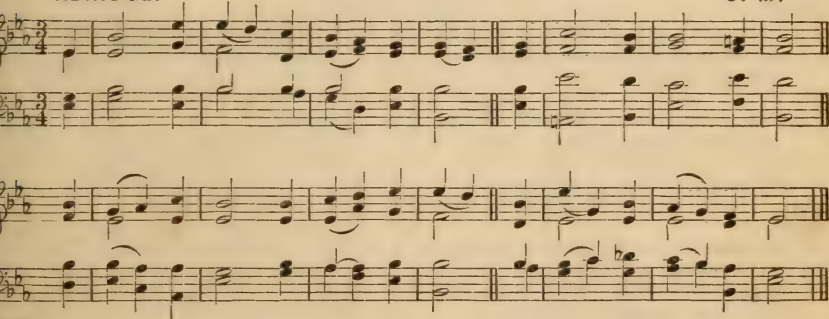
When, by the dreadful tempest borne
 High on the broken wave,

They know thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will;
 The sea, that roars at thy command,
 At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears and deaths
 Thy goodness we'll adore;
 We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

ABRIDGE.

C. M.



37

SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
 My God, my heavenly King!
 Let age to age thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.

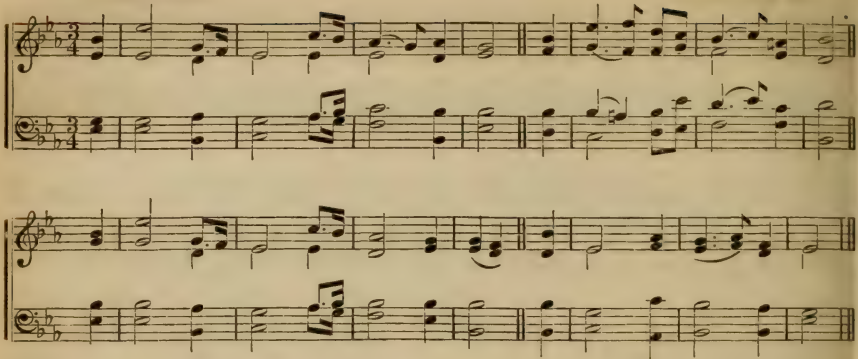
God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
 His goodness to the skies;
 Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
 And every want supplies.

- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
 On thee for daily food;
 Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
 And fills their mouth with good.
- 4 Creatures with all their endless race
 Thy power and praise proclaim;
 But saints who taste thy richer grace
 Delight to bless thy name.

GOD THE FATHER.

BRADFORD.

C. M.



438

- 1 God! my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord! shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness,
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'T would be no joy to me,
And while this earth is my abode
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

439

- 1 To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
Oh, let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to sing thy praise.
- 2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To thy amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.
- 3 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

194

- 4 Nay, should I walk through death's dark vale
With double horrors spread,
Thy rod would guide my doubtful steps
And guard my drooping head.
- 5 Lead on, dear Shepherd! led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

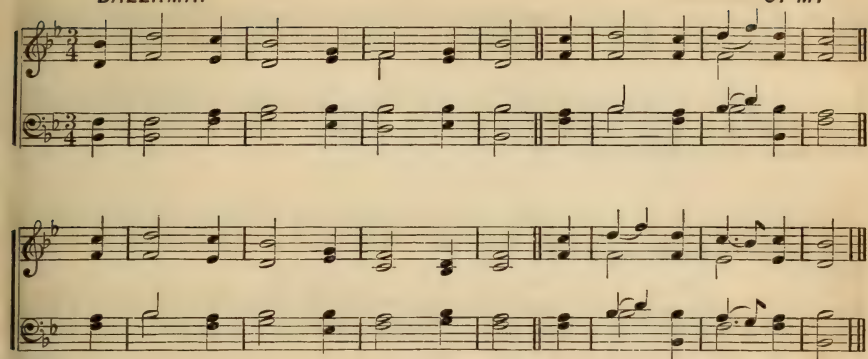
440

- 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul!
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God! where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust,
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

BALERMA.

C. M.



441

1 O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led,

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings, from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

442

1 THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

443

1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide,
The shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads to cooling shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And to his endless praise
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

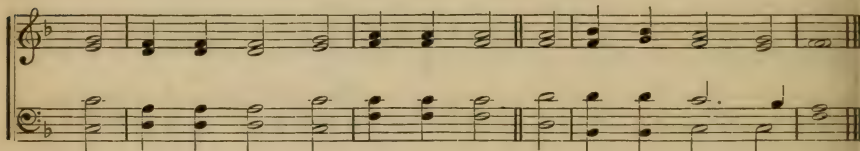
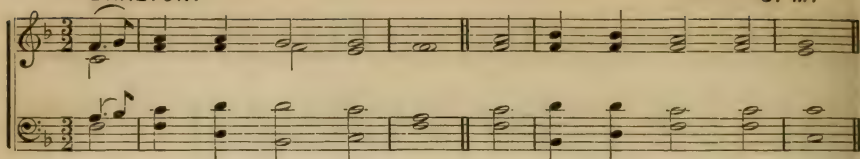
4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free,
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his service spend.

GOD THE FATHER.

BRALTON.

S. M.



444

1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh, lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord!
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

445

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death,
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light,
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

196

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

446

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

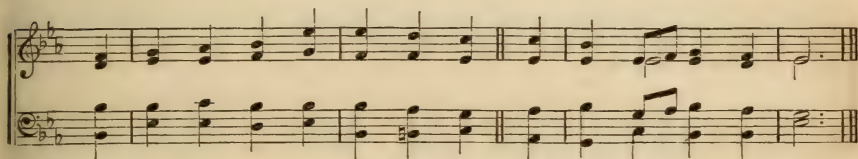
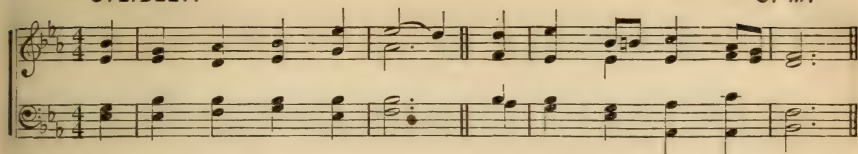
3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care be gone.

4 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne
And ruleth all things well.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

STEIBELT.

S. M.



447

- 1 HAVE mercy, Lord! on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.
- 2 Against thee, Lord! alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgressed, and though condemn'd
Must own thy judgment right.
- 3 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.
- 4 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.
- 5 The joy thy favor gives
Let me, O Lord! regain,
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

448

- 1 AND shall I sit alone,
Oppressed with grief and fear,
To God my Father make my moan,
And he refuse to hear?
- 2 If he my Father be,
His pity he will show,
From cruel bondage set me free,
And inward peace bestow.

- 3 If still he silence keep,
'Tis but my faith to try;
He knows and feels whene'er I weep,
And softens every sigh.
- 4 Then will I humbly wait,
Nor once indulge despair;
My sins are great, but not so great
As his compassions are.

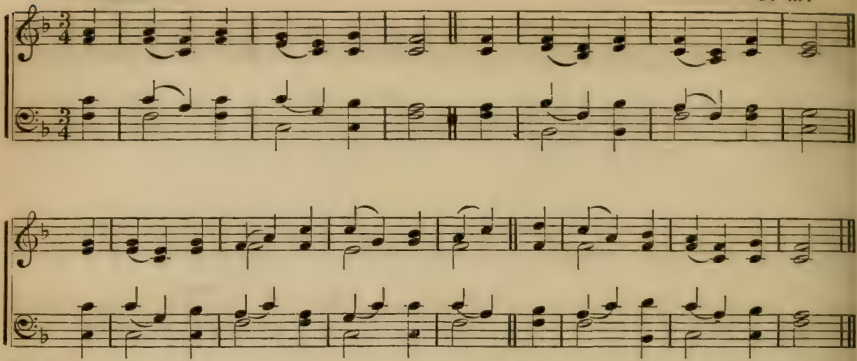
449

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely:
So safe shalt thou go on:
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause; his ear
Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand.

GOD THE FATHER.

DENNIS.

S. M.



450

- 1 My God, my life, my love!
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 4 Nor earth nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord!
- 5 Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

451

- 1 I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord! I wait
With ever-longing eyes.

198

- 3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.
- 4 The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.
- 5 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my Redeemer's name.

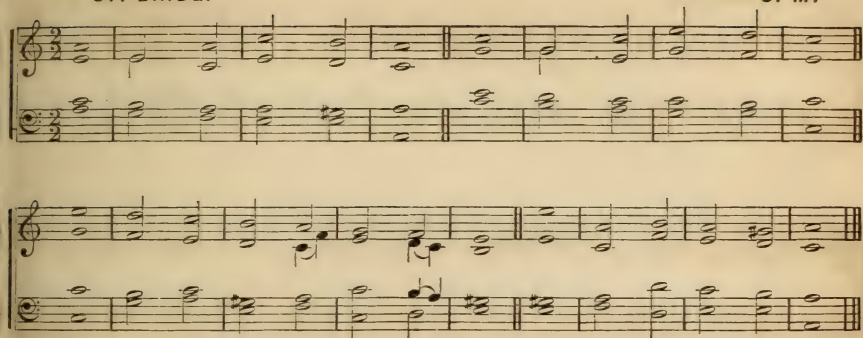
452

- 1 How gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
- 2 Beneath his powerful sway
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Will guide his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

ST. BRIDE.

S. M.



453

1 It is thy hand, my God!

My sorrow comes from thee;
I bow beneath thy chastening rod,
'Tis love that bruises me.

2 I would not murmur, Lord!

Before thee I am dumb;
Lest I should breathe one murmur'ing word,
To thee for help I come.

3 My God! thy name is Love;

A Father's hand is thine;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry, "Thy will be mine!"

4 I know thy will is right,

Though it may seem severe;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it may appear.

5 Jesus for me hath died;

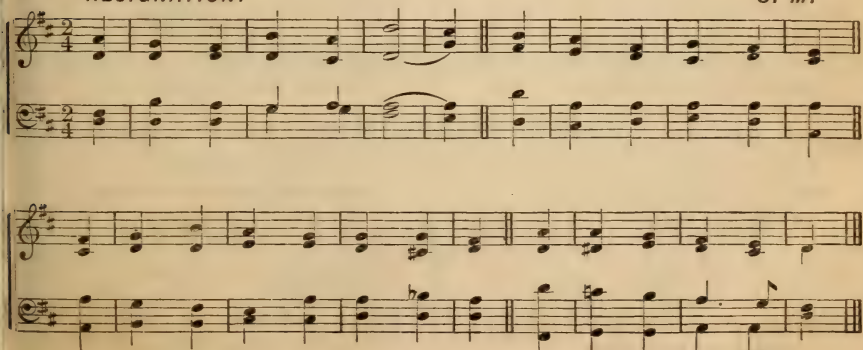
Thy Son thou didst not spare;
His piercèd hands, his bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

6 Here my poor heart can rest;

My God! it cleaves to thee;
Thy will is love; thine end is blest;
All work for good to me.

RESIGNATION.

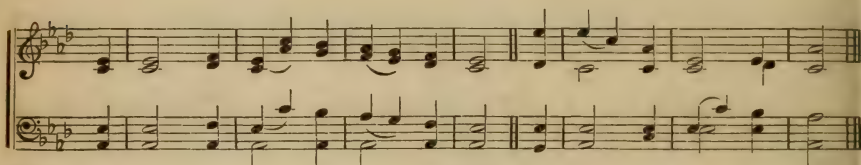
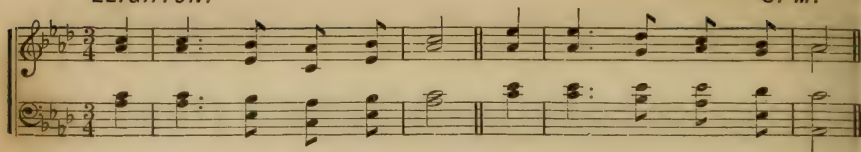
S. M.



GOD THE FATHER.

LEIGHTON.

S. M.



454

- 1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall "Abba, Father!" cry,
And thou the kindred own.

200

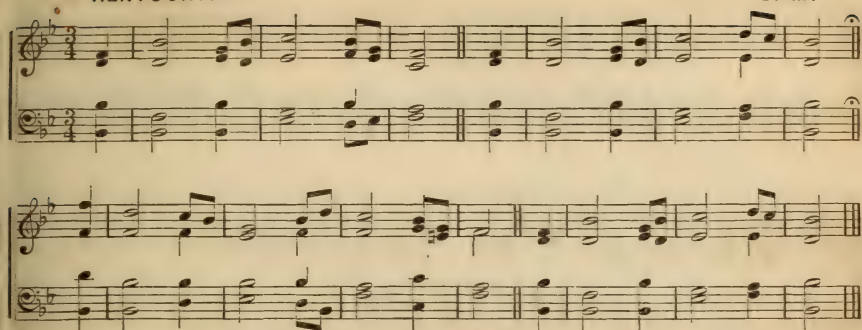
455

- 1 My God! permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine,
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travelers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.
- 3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 4 In wakeful hours at night
I call my God to mind;
I think, how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind!
- 5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

KENTUCKY.

S. M.



456

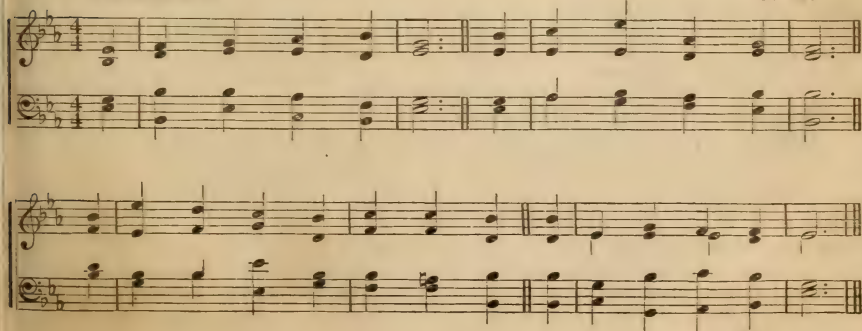
- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord! prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

457

- 1 Is this the kind return,
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!
- 3 Turn, turn us, mighty God!
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace! these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

FRANCONIA.

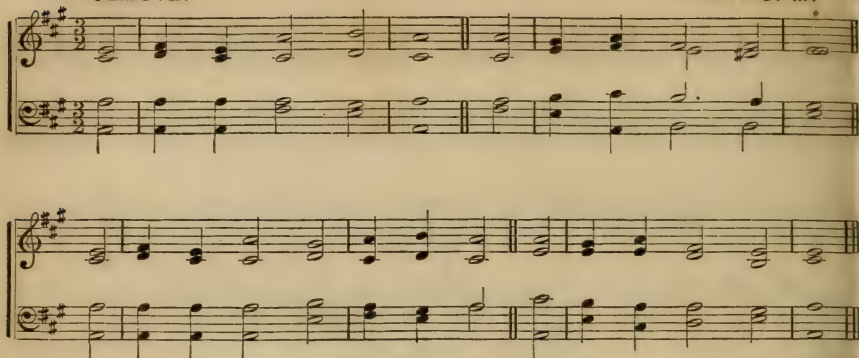
S. M.



GOD THE FATHER.

OLMUTZ.

S. M.



458

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things nor things to come
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God!
That stays himself on thee;
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord!
Shall thy salvation see.

459

- 1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises
And rest upon his word.

202

- 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?
- 3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?
- 4 Oh, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

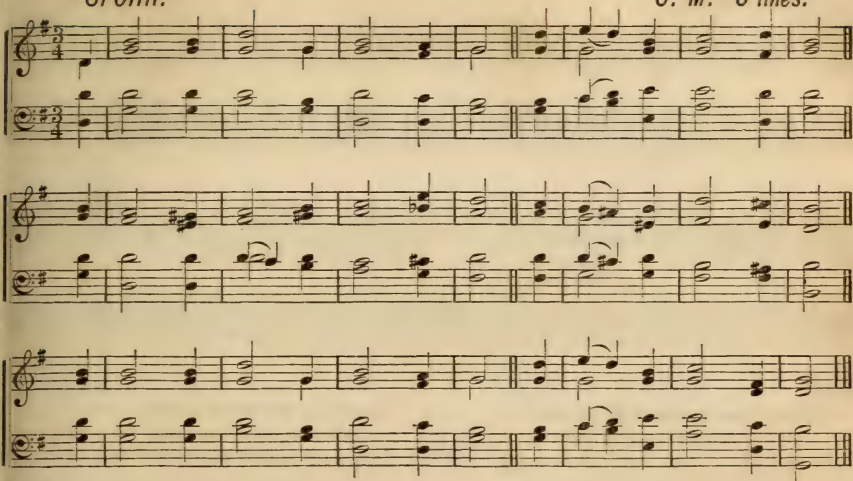
460

- 1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God! to thee I pray:
Oh, bring me now, while I am young,
To thee, the living way.
- 2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth
And flee from every snare.
- 3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
- 4 Oh, let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this through all my foll'wing days
My treasure and my joy.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

SPOHR.

C. M. 6 lines.



461

- 1 FATHER! I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see;
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.
- 2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I ask thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.
- 4 And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee;
More careful not to serve thee much,
But please thee perfectly.

- Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
Yet dear the awful thought to me
That thou, my God! art nigh—
- 2 Art nigh, and yet my lab'ring mind
Feels after thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find
Or to thy seat attain;
Thy messenger, the stormy wind,
Thy path, the trackless main.
- 3 These speak of thee with loud acclaim;
They thunder forth thy praise,
The glorious honor of thy name,
The wonders of thy ways;
But thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in the solar blaze.
- 4 We hear thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wild fields of air;
The waves obey thy dread control;
Yet still thou art not there;
Where shall I find him, O my soul!
Who yet is everywhere?
- 5 Oh, not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does his Spirit rest;
Oh, come, thou Presence infinite!
And make thy creature blest.

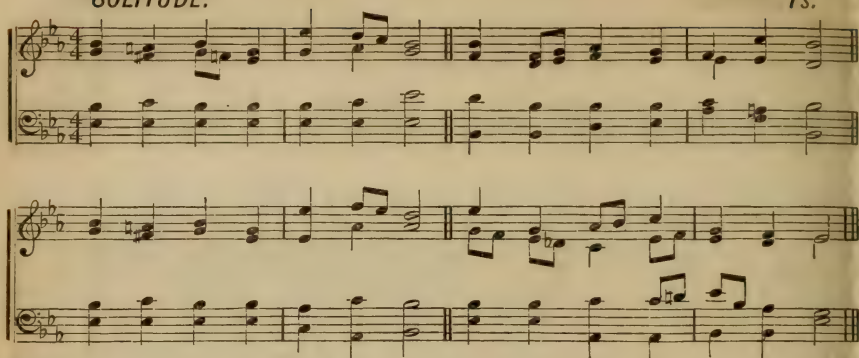
462

- 1 BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,

GOD THE FATHER.

SOLITUDE.

7s.



463

1 GENTLY, gently, lay thy rod
On my sinful head, O God!
Stay thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink before its sway.

2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for thy grace I seek;
This my only plea I make,
Heal me for thy mercy's sake.

3 Who, within the silent grave,
Shall proclaim thy power to save?
Lord! my sinking soul relieve;
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

4 Lo! he comes, he heeds my plea;
Lo! he comes, the shadows flee;
Glory round me dawns once more;
Rise, my spirit, and adore.

464

1 LORD! for ever at thy side,
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride;
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the prophecy were sealed.

3 Quiet as a weaned child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtlety beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

4 Saints! rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him in all his ways adore,
Wise and wonderful and just.

465

1 FATHER of eternal grace!
Glorify thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face
May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on thee alone.

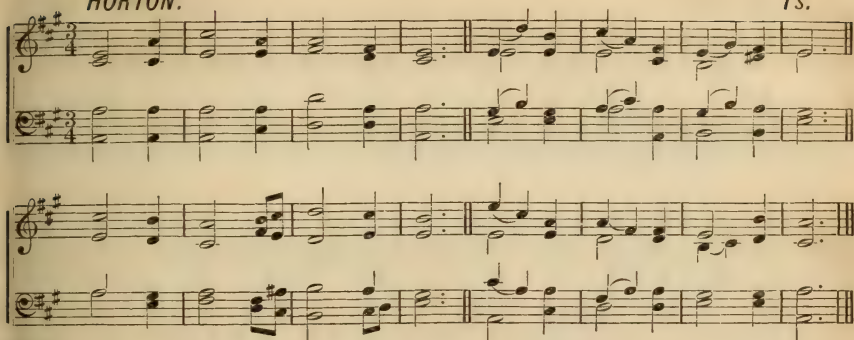
Humble, holy, all resigned
To thy will—thy will be done!
Give me, Lord! the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise, with him, to thee, my God!

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

HORTON.

7s.



466

- 1 HEAVENLY Father! to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray,
Let thy counsels guide my way.
- 2 Lord! uphold me day by day,
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares,
Care for me in all my cares.
- 3 All I ask for is enough;
Only when the way is rough
Let thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.
- 4 Should thy wisdom, Lord! decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father! glorify thy name.
- 5 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that thou art near;

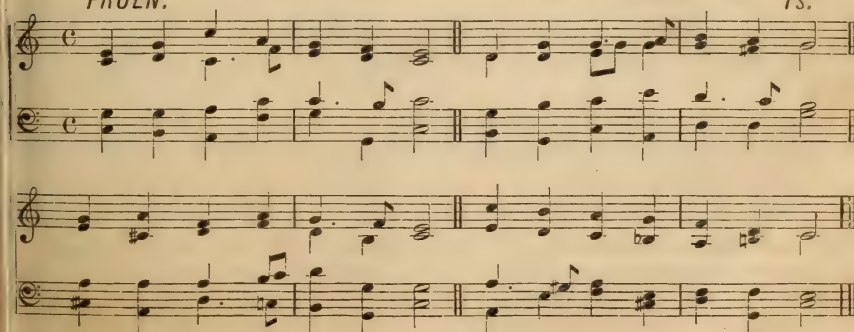
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to thee, my God!

467

- 1 LORD! I cannot let thee go
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord! that mercy came to me.
- 3 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?
- 4 No; I must maintain my hold;
'T is thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

PRUEN.

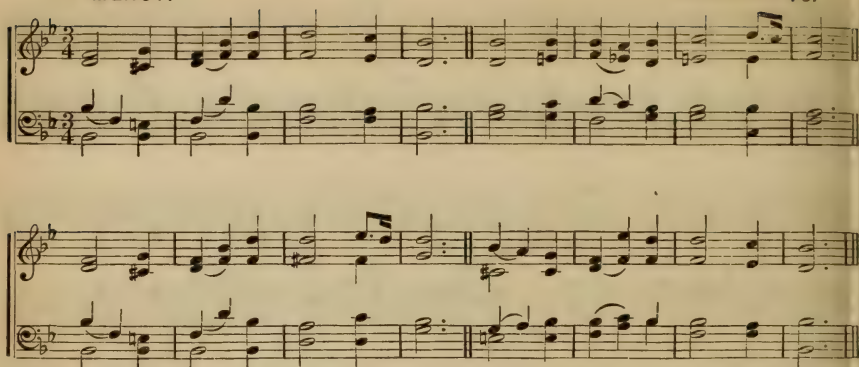
7s.



GOD THE FATHER.

MERCY.

7s.



468

1 CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

2 He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those whom Jesus once hath loved
From his grace are never moved.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfill
All the pleasure of his will.

4 Jesus! Guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant Rock;
Make us, by thy powerful hand,
Strong as Sion's mountain stand.

469

1 To thy pastures, fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd! lead thy charge;
And my couch with tenderest care
'Midst the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

206

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread;
By thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard, and that my guide.

4 Constant, to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend,
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

470

1 PRAISE the Lord, his glories show,
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his throne above,
All that see and share his love!

2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

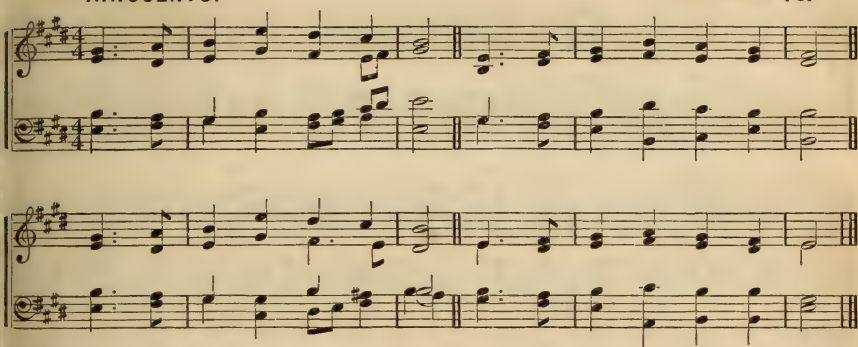
3 Praise the Lord, his mercies trace;
Praise his providence and grace—
All that he for man hath done,
All he sends us through his Son.

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore;
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

INNOCENTS.

7s.



471

1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

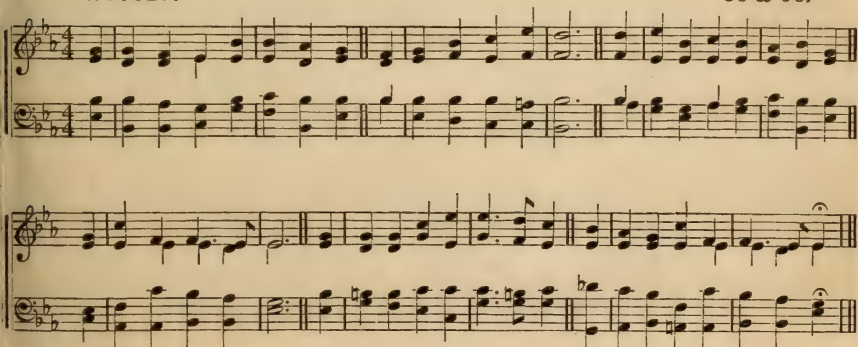
2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayest see;
This is still thy sweet relief:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of ages! I'm secure,
With thy promise, full and free,
Ever faithful, ever sure:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

WESSET.

8s & 6s.



472

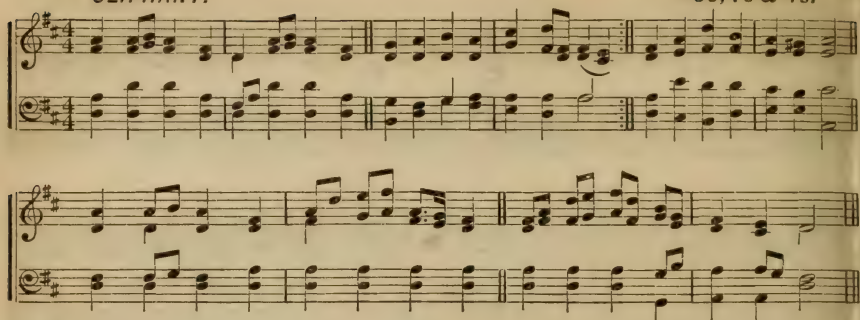
1 WHEN I can trust my all with God
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all-resigned, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power,
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 Then blessed be the hand that gave;
Still blessed when it takes;
Blessed be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks;
Perfect and true are all his ways
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

GOD THE FATHER.

OLIPHANT.

8s, 7s & 4s.



473

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

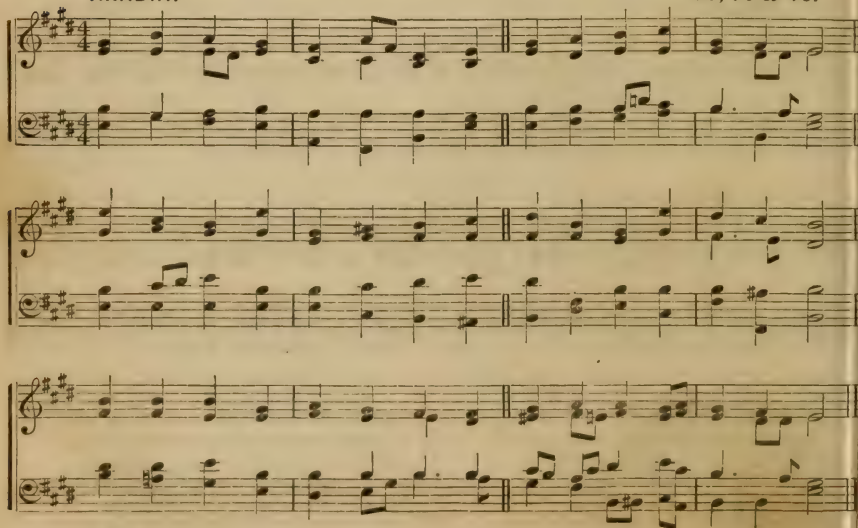
2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;

Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

ARABIA.

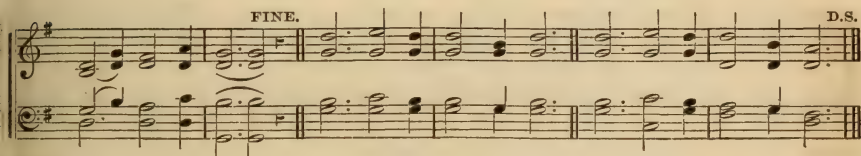
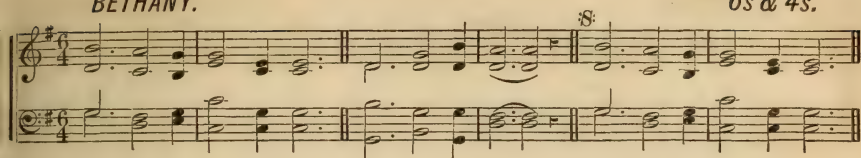
8s, 7s & 4s.



AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

BETHANY.

6s & 4s.



474

1 NEARER, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;

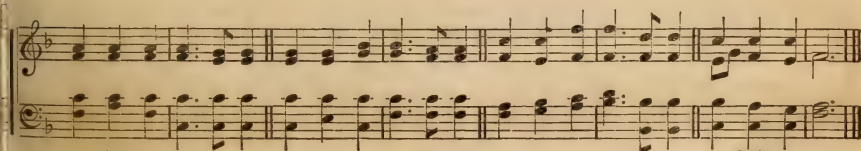
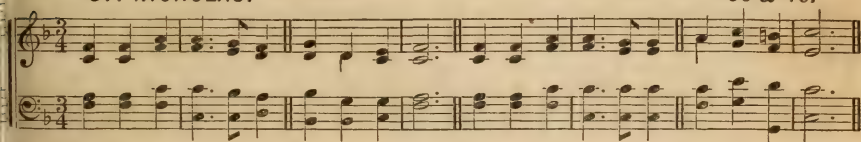
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

ST. NICHOLAS.

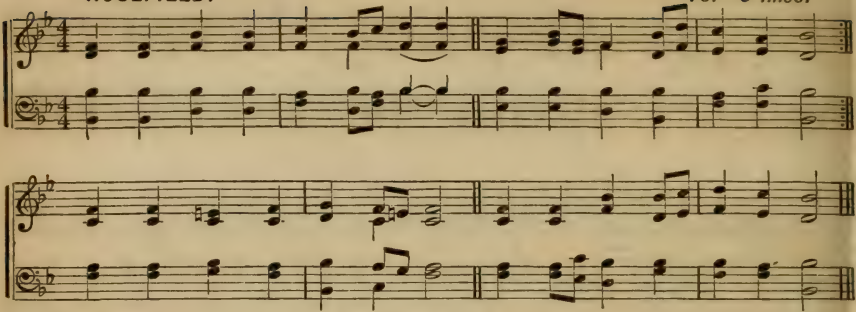
6s & 4s.



GOD THE FATHER.

ROSEFIELD.

7s. 6 lines.



475

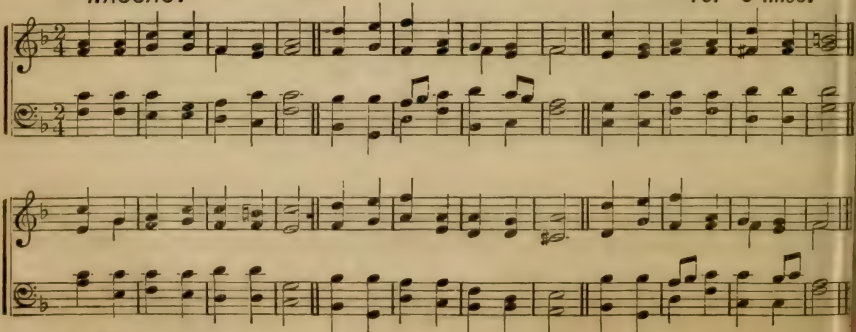
- 1 BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have;
With them numbered may we be
Here and in eternity.
- 2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day;
With them numbered may we be
Here and in eternity.
- 3 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun;
With them numbered may we be
Here and in eternity.

476

- QUIET, Lord! my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to move a step alone,
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard and Guide,

NASSAU.

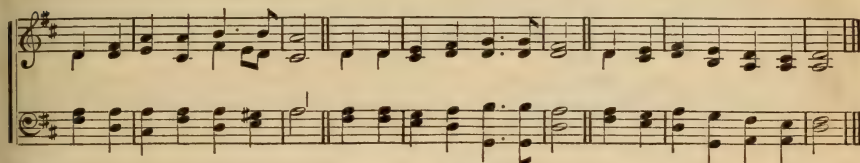
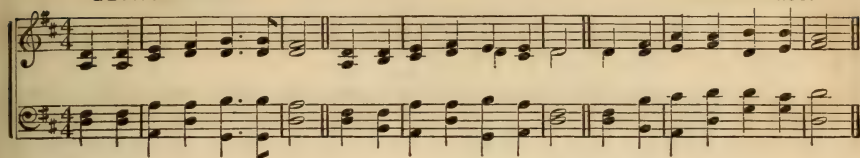
7s. 6 lines.



AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

GETHSEMANE.

7s. 6 lines.



477

1 CHOSEN not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord! on earth to show
By my love how much I owe.

2 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
But when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light;
Blessed Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

3 Oft the nights of sorrow reign,
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
But a night thine anger burns,
Morning comes, and joy returns;
God of comforts! bid me show
To thy poor how much I owe.

4 When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led;
Oft I fall, but still arise,
Jesus comes, the tempter flies;
Blessèd Jesus! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

478

1 WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glorious sun,
When, from off the mount of God,
We review the path we've trod,
Then, Lord! shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

2 When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall,
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge brink,
Then, Lord! shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

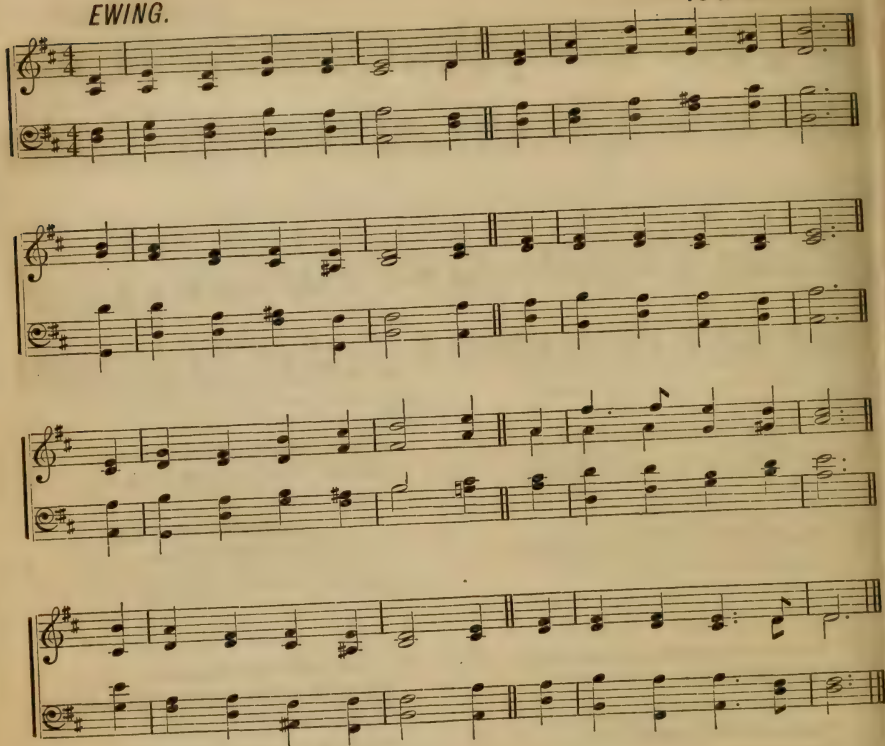
3 When I stand before the throne
Clothed in beauty not my own,
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord! shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

4 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harps' melodious voice,
Then, Lord! shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

GOD THE FATHER.

EWING.

7s & 6s. D.



479

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may,
212

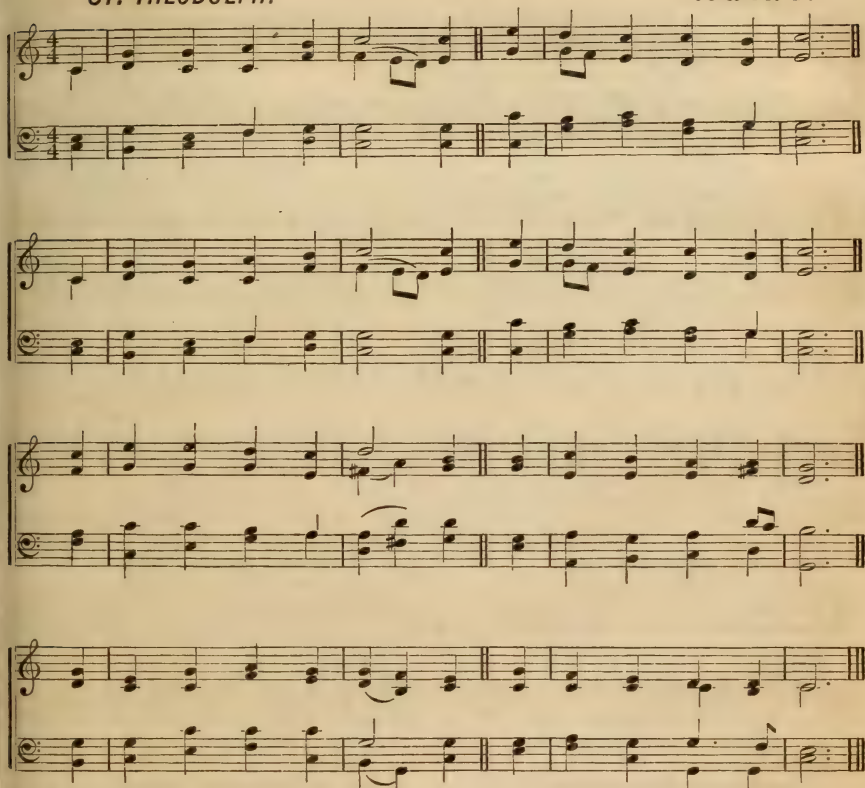
3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding
I cannot but rejoice.

AFFECTIONS AND DUTIES.

ST. THEODULPH.

7s & 6s. D.



480

1 I know no life divided,
O Lord of life! from thee;
In thee is life provided
For all mankind, for me;
I know no death, O Jesus!
Because I live in thee;
Thy death it is which frees us
From death eternally.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me;

If thou, my God and Teacher!
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 Lord! with this truth impress me,
And write it on my heart,
To comfort, cheer and bless me,
That thou my Saviour art;
Without thy love to guide me
I should be wholly lost;
The floods would quickly hide me,
On life's wide ocean tost.

GOD THE FATHER.

VERNON.

8s. D. FINE.

481

1 ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine;
Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 If sometimes I strive as I mourn
My hold on thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep;

O'erwhelmed and cast out from thy sight,
The tempter suggests in that hour
The Lord has forgotten me quite,
My God will be gracious no more.

3 Shine, Lord! and my terrors shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The Rock that is higher than I.
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower;
Oh, gladden my desolate heart;
Let this be the day of thy power.

ELLIOTT.

8s & 4s.

482

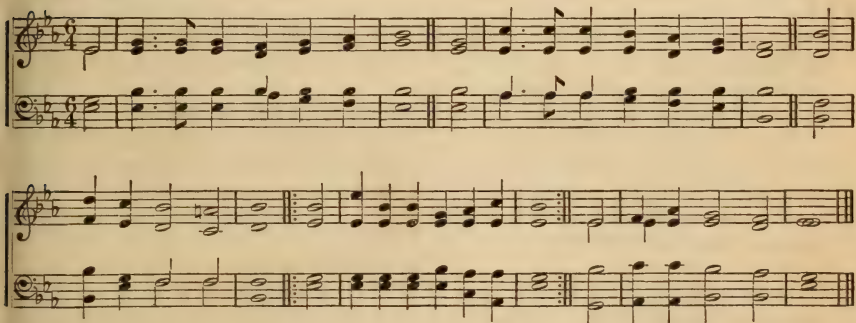
- 1 My God, my Father! while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!
- 2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh?
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done!
- 3 Though thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine;
I have but yielded what was thine;
Thy will be done!
- 4 Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,

My Father! still I strive to say,
Thy will be done!

- 5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest:
My God! to thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done!
- 6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!
- 7 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

MERIBAH.

C. P. M.



483

- 1 Lo! on a narrow neck of land
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 2 O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late,
Wake me to righteousness.
- 3 Before me place in bright array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come

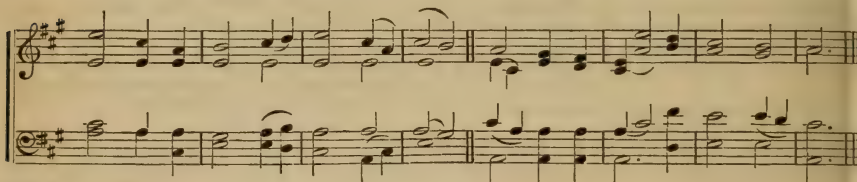
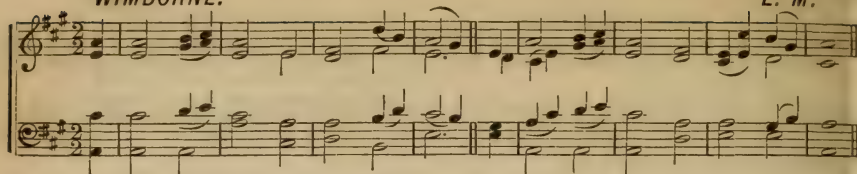
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord! shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

- 4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
- 5 Then, Saviour! then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

WIMBORNE.

L. M.



484

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God, the Father, and the Son.
- 2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin,
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

By him alone may I be taught,
And all my works in him be wrought.

- 3 Oh, let thy Holy Spirit come
And make my heart his constant home;
There his abundant grace display,
And lead me in a perfect way.

486

- 1 SURE the blest Comforter is nigh;
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.
- 2 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine
That animates these strong desires?
- 3 And when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God and taste his grace,
Lord! is it not thy blissful ray
That brings this dawn of sacred peace?
- 4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

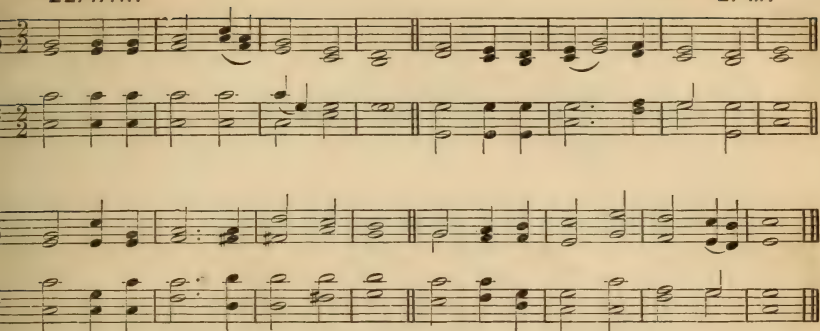
485

- 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love!
Send down thy Spirit from above;
Let me his sacred influence feel,
To quicken, purify and heal.
- 2 He is the source of every grace,
Of light and life and holiness;

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

ZEPHYR.

L. M.



7
Come, sacred Spirit! from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Often to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy Godlike power be known.

Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
All floods of pious sorrow rise,
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

A, let a holy flock await
Numerous around thy temple gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
Living sacrifice to thee.

Answer to our fervent cries
Give us to see thy church arise;
If that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

488

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit! stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

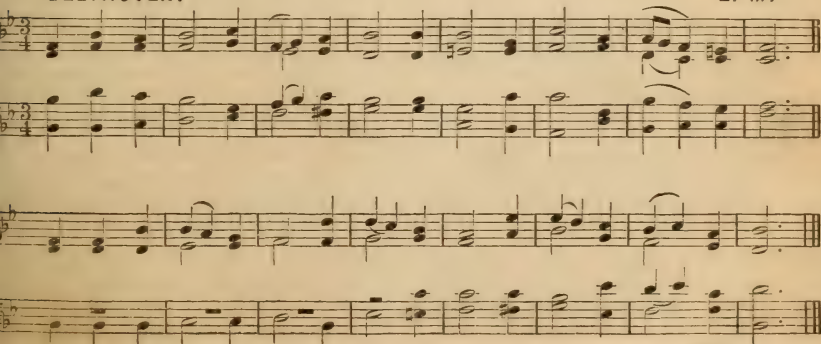
2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved,

3 Yet oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 Now, Lord! my weary soul release,
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

BEETHOVEN.

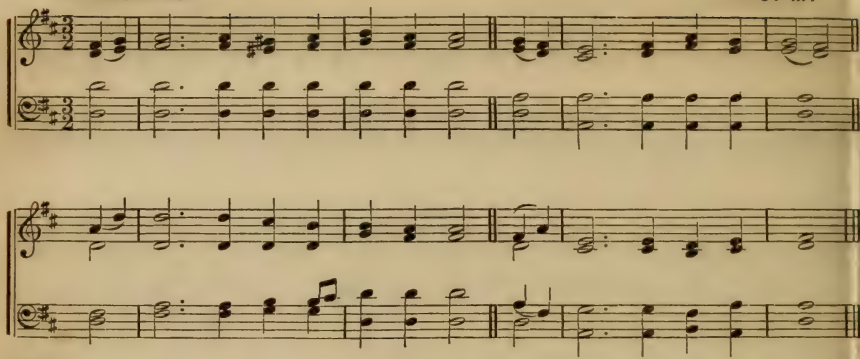
L. M.



THE HOLY SPIRIT.

COOLING.

C. M.



489

- 1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit! thine,
To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;
- 4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 5 Oh, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord! be thine.

490

- 1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints
And show my sins forgiven?

218

- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove!
Will safe convey me home.

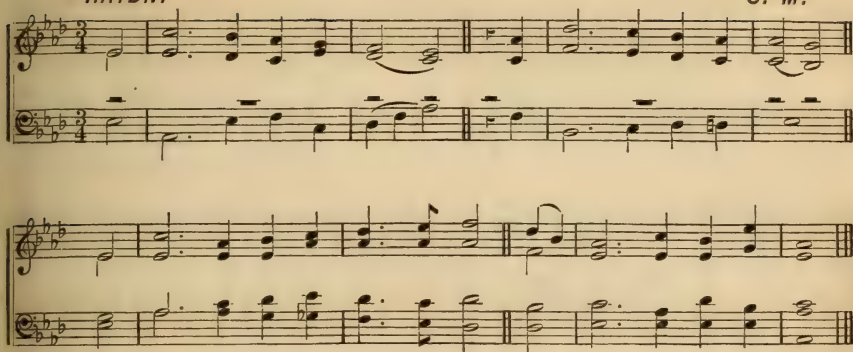
491

- 1 ENTHRONED on high, almighty Lord!
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.
- 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour! what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.
- 3 Spirit of life and light and love!
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ that we may live.
- 4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.
- 5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well,
Till God in us and we in God
In love eternal dwell.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HAYDN.

S. M.



492

1 BLEST Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above;

2 Draw with thy "still small voice"
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay;

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Thou who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,
Blest Comforter! to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

493

1 O HOLY Spirit! come,
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh, tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

2 Our unbelief remove
By thine almighty breath;
Oh, work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

4 We know thou hast the power;
Oh, let that power be shown;
We know that this is mercy's hour;
Oh, make thy mercy known.

5 Thy sceptre, Lord! extend,
Pity our deep distress;
Thou art the contrite sinner's Friend,
Thy waiting servants bless.

6 We bless thee for thy grace
And thine almighty power;
We wait the promise of thy holy place
And this accepted hour.

494

1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

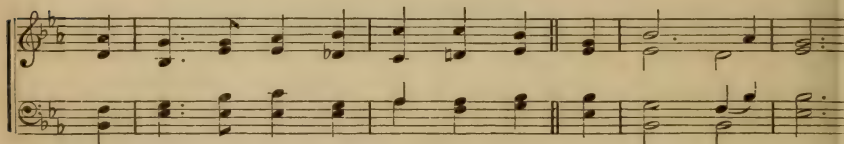
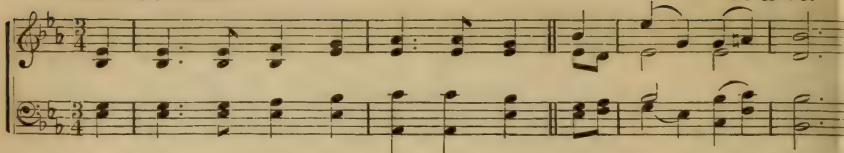
3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling, breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray and praise and love.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

ST. CUTHBERT.

8s & 4s.



495

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

3 He comes his graces to impart,
A willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

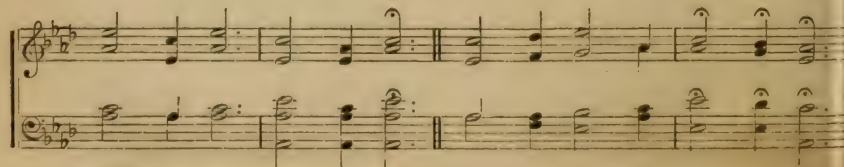
4 He breathes that gentle voice we hear
As breeze of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear
And speaks of heaven.

5 And all the good that we possess,
His gift we own;
Yea, every thought of holiness,
And victory won.

6 Spirit of purity and grace!
Our weakness see;
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee!

EVEN ME.

8s, 7s & 6s.



THE HOLY SPIRIT.

496

1 LORD! I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me,
Even me, even me!
Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st pass me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
Even me, etc.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
When thou comest, call for me,
Even me, etc.

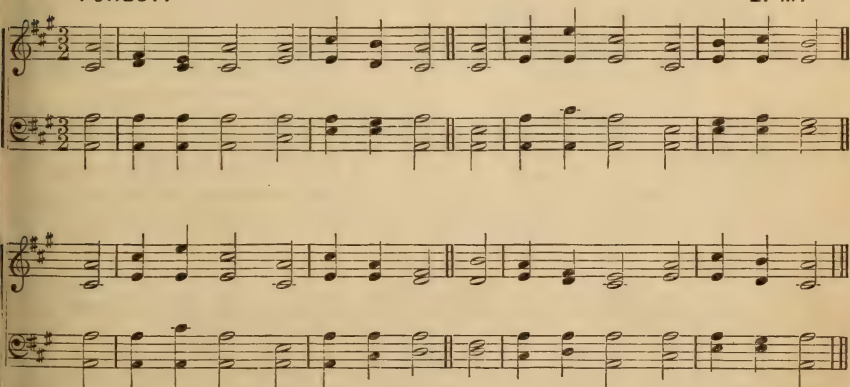
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me, etc.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me,
Even me, etc.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of God, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me, etc.

FOREST.

L. M.



497

1 O LORD! thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;

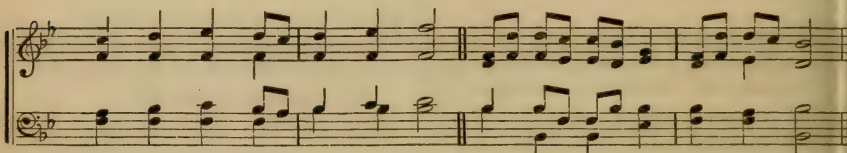
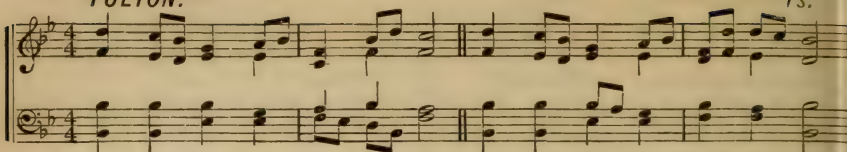
That silent, secret thought shall be
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be
That all I want I find in thee.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

FULTON.

7s.



498

1 GRACIOUS Spirit! Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord! for ever thine.

499

1 HOLY Ghost! with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

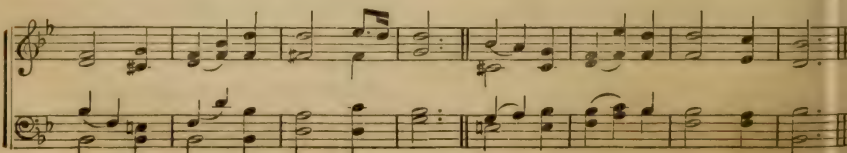
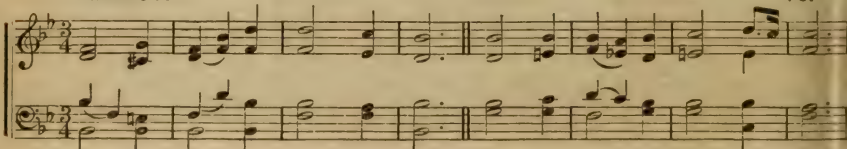
2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit! all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

MERCY.

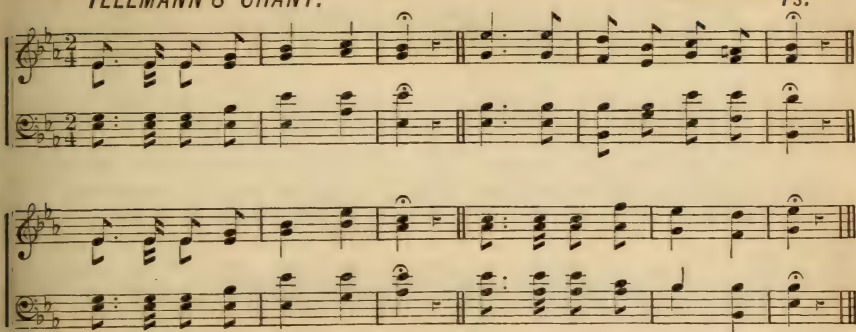
7s.



GIFTS AND GRACES.

TELEMANN'S CHANT.

7s.



500

1 *Off* in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christian, onward go!
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christian, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe;
Will you flee in danger's hour?
Know you not your Captain's power?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;

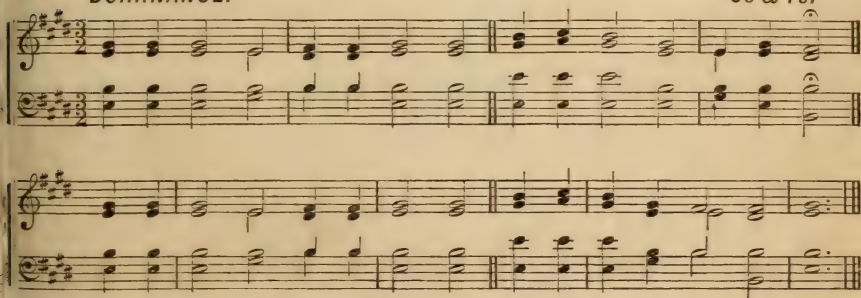
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your strength if great your need.

5 Onward, then, to battle move!
More than conquerors you shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

DORRANCE.

8s & 7s.



501

1 *Humble*, Lord! my haughty spirit,
Bid my swelling thoughts subside;
Strip me of my fancied merit;
What have I to do with pride?

2 Was my Saviour meek and lowly?
And shall such a worm as I,
Weak and earthly and unholy,
Dare to lift my head on high?

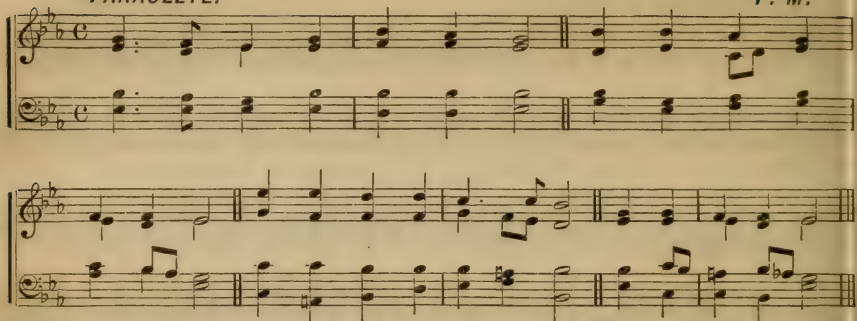
3 Teach me, Lord! my true condition;
Bring me childlike to thy knee;
Stripped of every low ambition,
Willing to be led by thee.

4 Guide me by thy Holy Spirit;
Feed me from thy blessed word;
All my wisdom, all my merit,
Borrowed from thyself, O Lord!

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

PARACLETE.

P. M.



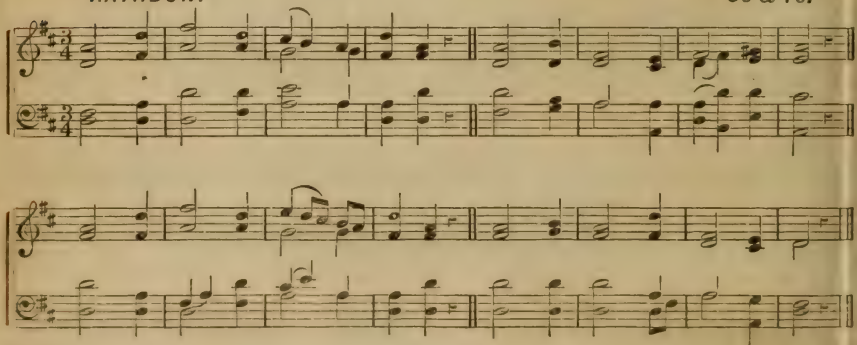
502

- 1 HOLY Ghost, the Infinite!
Shine upon our nature's night
With thy bless'd inward light,
Comforter divine!
- 2 We are sinful; cleanse us, Lord!
We are faint; thy strength afford;
Lost, until by thee restored,
Comforter divine!
- 3 Like the dew thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine!

- 4 In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine!
- 5 In us "Abba, Father!" cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine!
- 6 Search for us the depths of God,
Bear us up the starry road
To the height of thine abode,
Comforter divine!

RATHBUN.

8s & 7s.



503

- 1 HOLY Ghost! dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, thou source of joy and gladness!
Breathe thy life and spread thy light.

224

- 2 Come, thou best of all donations
God doth give when men implore!
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more.

GIFTS AND GRACES.

3 Author of the new creation!

Let us now thine influence prove;
Make our hearts thy habitation,
Shed abroad a Saviour's love.

4 From that height that knows no measure

As a gracious rain descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
We can ask or God can send.

5 Manifest thy love for ever,

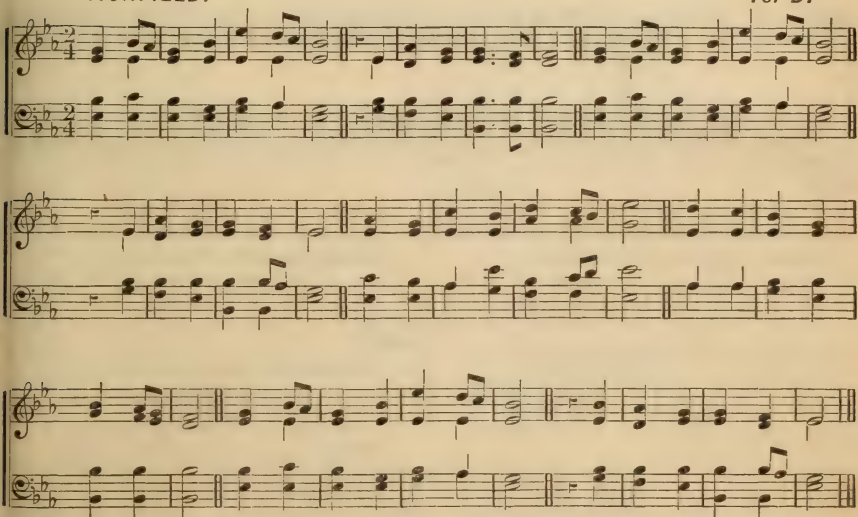
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our Reliever,
Guard and teach, support and guide.

6 Hear, oh hear our supplication,

Blessed Spirit! God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation
With the fullness of thy grace.

TICHFIELD.

7s. D.



504

1 SAVIOUR! I thy word believe,

My unbelief remove;
Now thy quickening Spirit give,
The unction from above.
Show me, Lord! how good thou art;
Now thy gracious word fulfill;
Send the witness in my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

2 Blesséd Comforter! come down,

And live and move in me;
Make my every deed thine own,
In all things led by thee;

Bid my sin and fear depart,
And within oh deign to dwell;
Faithful Witness! in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.

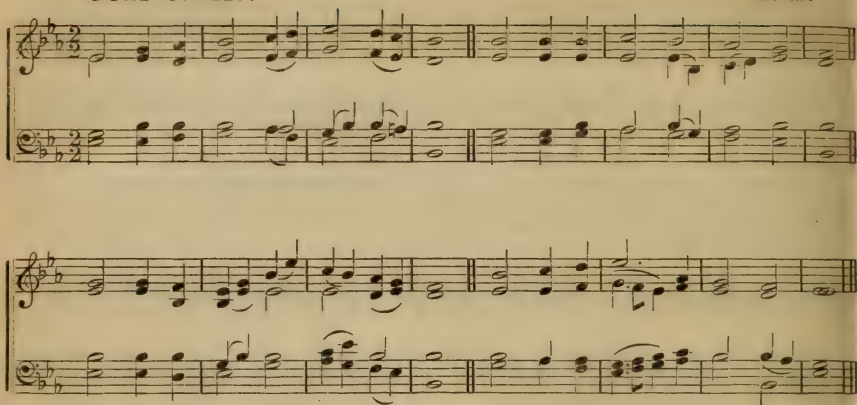
3 Whom the world cannot receive,

O Lord! reveal in me;
Son of God! I cease to live,
Unless I live to thee:
Make me choose the better part;
Oh, do thou my pardon seal;
Send the witness to my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

DUKE STREET.

L. M.



505

1 FAITH is a living power from heaven
Which grasps the promise God has given,
A trust that cannot be o'erthrown,
Securely fixed on Christ alone.

2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need
To save and strengthen, guide and feed;
Strong in his grace, it joys to share
His cross, in hope his crown to wear.

3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace,
And bids the mourner's sighing cease;
By faith the children's right we claim,
And call upon our Father's name.

4 Faith feels the Spirit's kindling breath
In love and hope that conquer death;
Faith brings us to delight in God,
And blesses e'en his smiting rod.

5 Such faith in us, O God! implant,
And to our prayers thy favor grant
In Jesus Christ, thy saving Son,
Who is our fount of health alone.

226

6 In him may every trusting soul
Press onward to the heavenly goal,
The blessedness no foes destroy,
Eternal love and light and joy.

506

1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

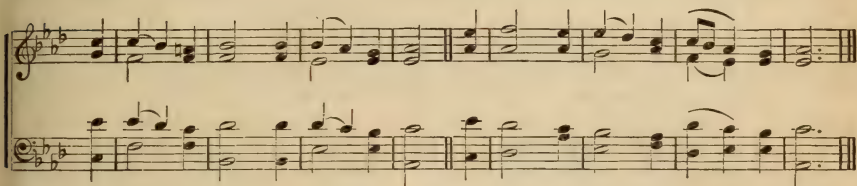
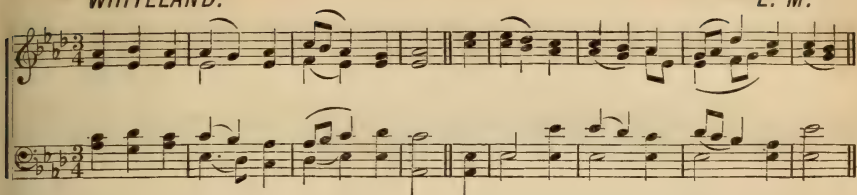
3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abram, by divine command,
Left his own home to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

GIFTS AND GRACES.

WHITELAND.

L. M.



507

- 1 AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame!
Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same,
- 2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfill.
- 3 By faith we know thee strong to save;
Save us, a present Saviour thou!
Whate'er we hope by faith we have;
Future and past subsisting now.
- 4 To him that in thy name believes
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon and holiness and heaven.
- 5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,
With strong commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.
- 6 Faith lends its realizing light;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
Th' Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

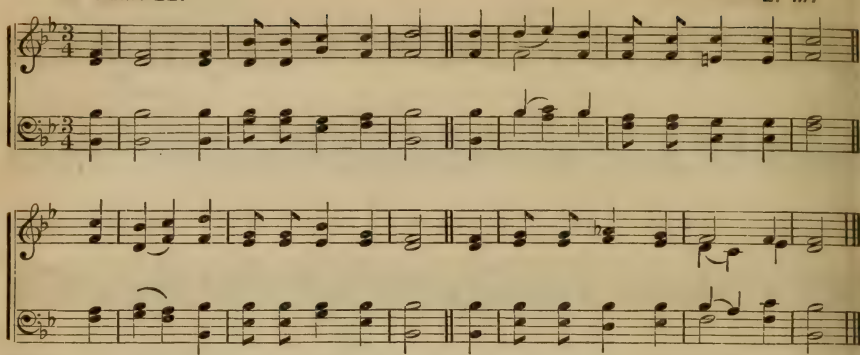
508

- 1 BY faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.
- 2 Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his almighty hand.
- 3 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares,
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.
- 4 With him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as he is, I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.
- 5 Some cordial from his word he brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.
- 6 I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord! to walk [Friend.
With thee, my Guide, my Guard, my

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

TEMPLE.

L. M.



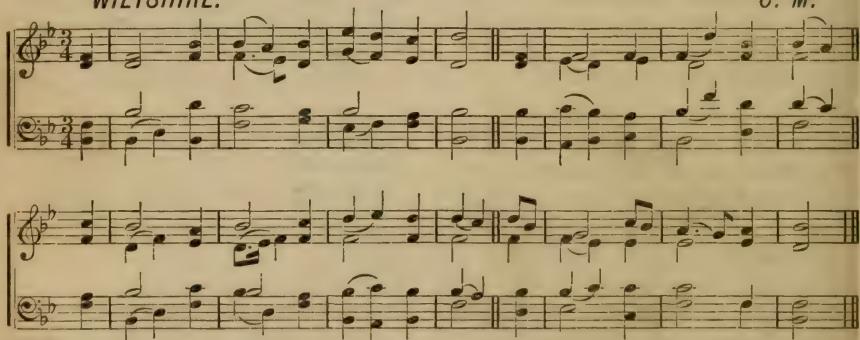
509

- 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name,
- 4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

WILTSHIRE.

C. M.



510

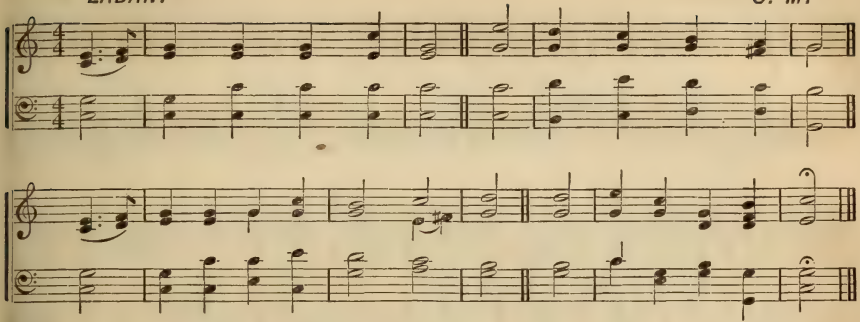
- 1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 't is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
If love be absent there.

- 3 'T is love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'T is this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

GIFTS AND GRACES.

LABAN.

S. M.



511

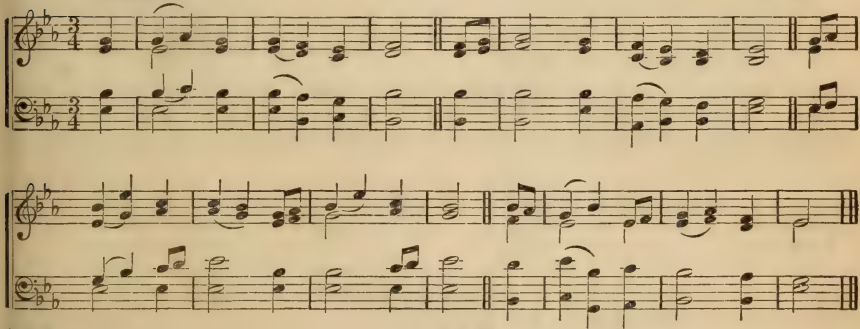
- 1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sins are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch and fight and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;

Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

TUCKER.

S. M.



512

- 1 In true and patient hope,
My soul, on God attend,
And calmly, confidently, look
Till he salvation send.
- 2 I shall his goodness see,
While on his name I call;
He will defend and strengthen me,
And I shall never fall.
- 3 Jesus! to thee I fly,
My refuge and my tower,
Upon thy faithful love rely,
And find thy saving power.

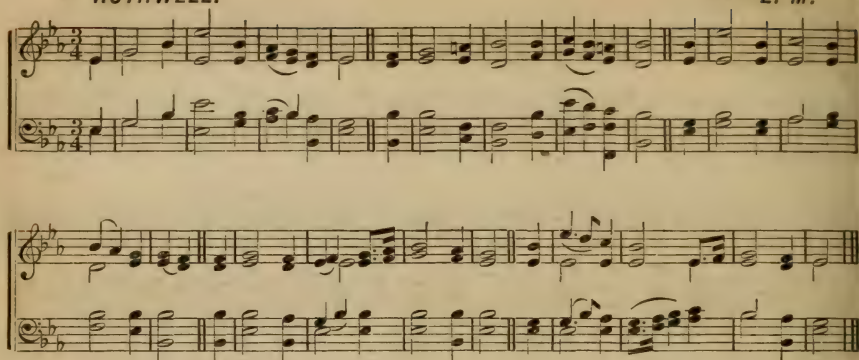
513

- 1 BLESSED are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.
- 2 He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart,
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.
- 3 Lord! we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

ROTHWELL.

L. M.



514

- 1 AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint—
- 3 Thee, mighty God! whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away and droop and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

515

- 1 STAND up, my soul! shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

230

- 3 What though thy inward lusts rebel?
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.
- 4 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.
- 5 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

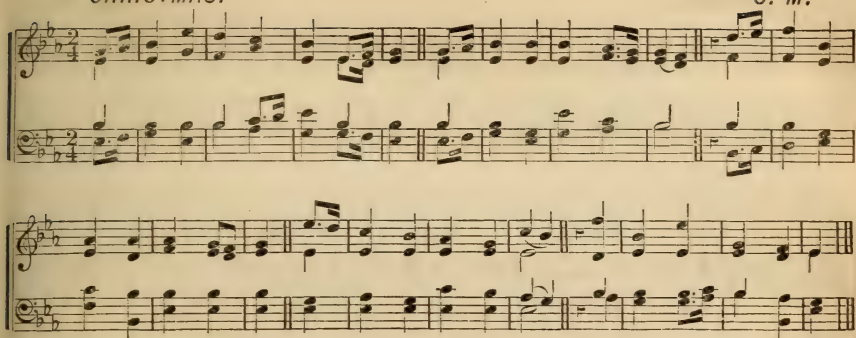
516

- 1 Who shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ, who suffered in their stead,
And the salvation to fulfill
Behold him rising from the dead.
- 3 He lives! he lives, and reigns above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?
- 4 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

GIFTS AND GRACES.

CHRISTMAS.

C. M.



517

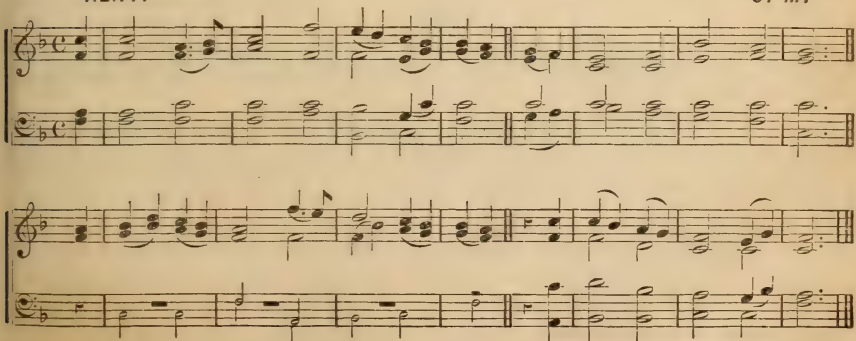
- 1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my laurels down.

518

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this dark world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

KENT.

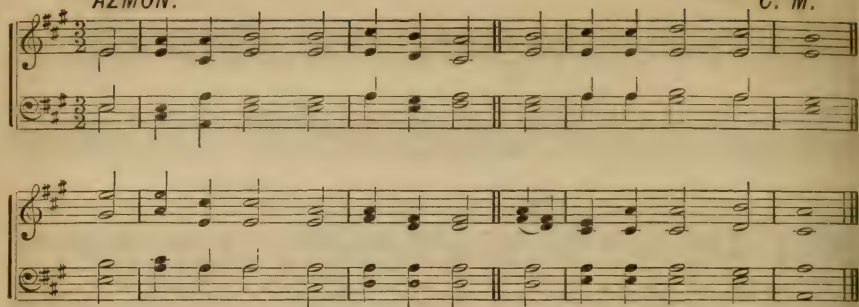
C. M.



THE HOLY SPIRIT.

AZMON.

C. M.



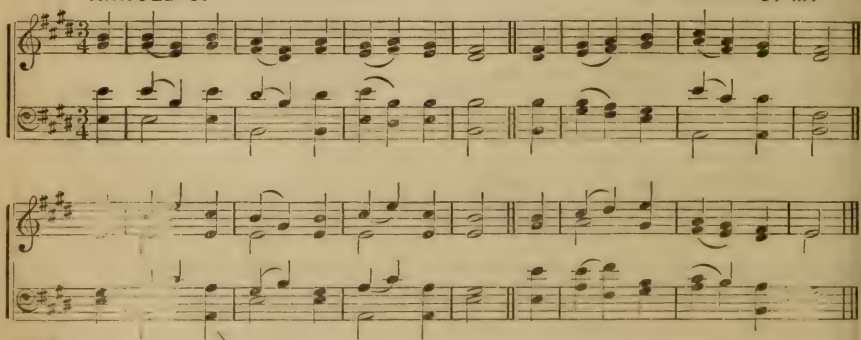
519

- 1 AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come;

- Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.
- 5 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

ARNOLD'S.

C. M.



520

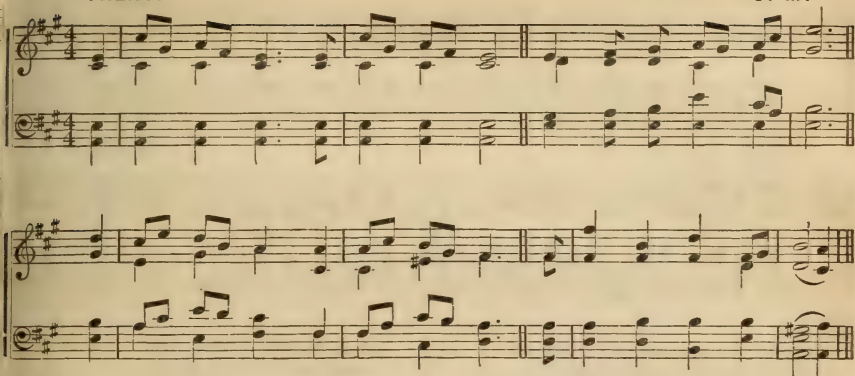
- 1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust!
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;

- All that his heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

GIFTS AND GRACES.

TRENT.

C. M.



521

- 1 LORD! when I all things would possess,
I crave but to be thine;
Oh, lowly is the loftiness
Of these desires divine.
- 2 Each gift but helps my soul to learn
How boundless is thy store;
I go from strength to strength, and yearn
For thee, my Helper, more.
- 3 How can my soul divinely soar,
How keep the shining way,
And not more tremblingly adore,
And not more humbly pray?
- 4 The more I triumph in thy gifts,
The more I wait on thee;
The grace that mightily uplifts
Most sweetly humbleth me.
- 5 The heaven where I would stand complete
My lowly love shall see,
And stronger grow the yearning sweet,
My holy One! for thee.

- 2 Come, Holy Spirit! still my heart
With gentleness divine;
Indwelling peace thou canst impart;
Oh, make that blessing mine!
- 3 Above these scenes of storm and strife
There spreads a region fair;
Give me to live that higher life,
And breathe that heavenly air.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit! breathe that peace,
That victory make me win!
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
And find a heaven within.

523

522

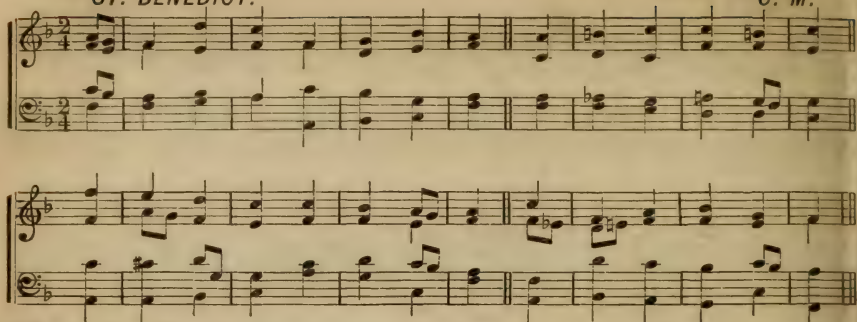
- 1 OH, for a heart of calm repose
Amid the world's loud roar,
A life that like a river flows
Along a peaceful shore!

- 1 THY home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are the blest;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.
- 2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for thee.
- 3 Who made this breathing heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest.

HOLY TRINITY.

ST. BENEDICT.

C. M.



524

1 To God be glory, peace on earth,
To all mankind good will;
We bless, we praise, we worship thee,
And glorify thee still.

2 And thanks for thy great glory give
That fills our souls with light;
O Lord our heavenly King, the God
And Father of all might!

3 And thou, begotten Son of God
Before all time begun,
O Jesus Christ, thou Lamb of God,
The Father's only Son!

4 Thou who the sins of all the world
Dost fully take away,
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind!
And hear us when we pray.

5 O thou who sitt'st at God's right hand,
Upon the Father's throne,
Have mercy on us, thou, O Christ!
Who art the Holy One!

6 Thou only, with the Holy Ghost,
Whom earth and heaven adore,

In glory of the Father art,
Most high for ever more.

525

1 Most ancient of all mysteries!
Before thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most Holy Trinity!

2 When heaven and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
Thou in thy bliss and majesty
Didst live and love alone.

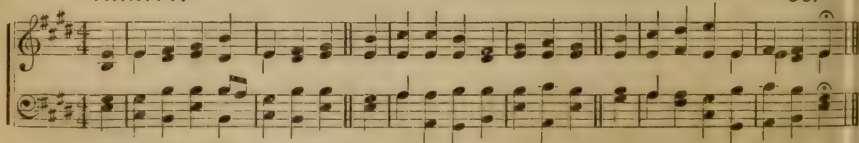
3 Thou wert not born, there was no fount
From which thy being flowed;
There is no end which thou canst reach,
But thou art simply God.

4 How wonderful creation is,
The work that thou didst bless!
And oh, what then must thou be like
Eternal loveliness?

5 Most ancient of all mysteries,
Still at thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most Holy Trinity!

TRINITY.

8s.



526

1 O God of life, whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine!
Accept our praise, for we are thine.

HOLY TRINITY.

2 O Father, uncreated Lord!
Be thou in every land adored,
Be thou by all with faith implored.

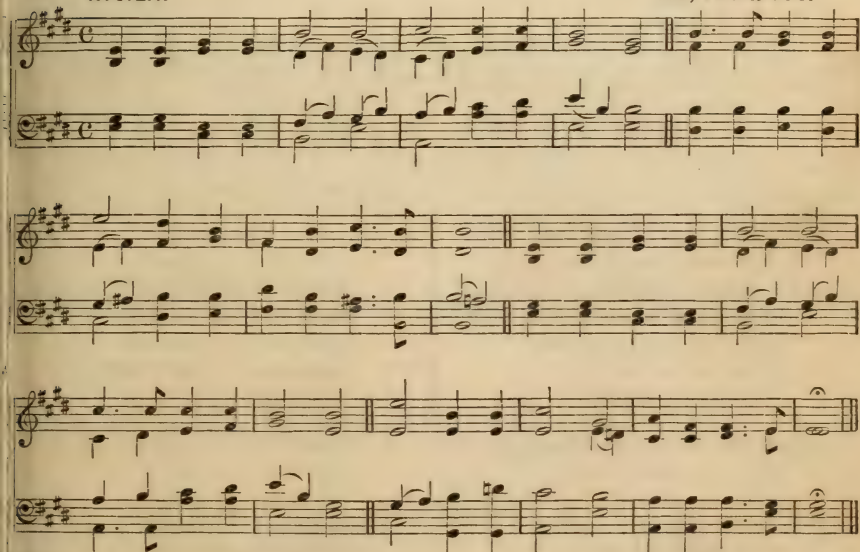
3 O Son of God! for sinners slain,
We bless thee, Lord! whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

4 O Holy Ghost! whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in thy communion share.

5 O holy blessed Trinity!
With faith we sinners bow to thee;
In us, O God! exalted be.

NICÆA.

11s, 12s & 10s.



527

1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,

God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,

Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,

Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;

Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,

Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!

All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;

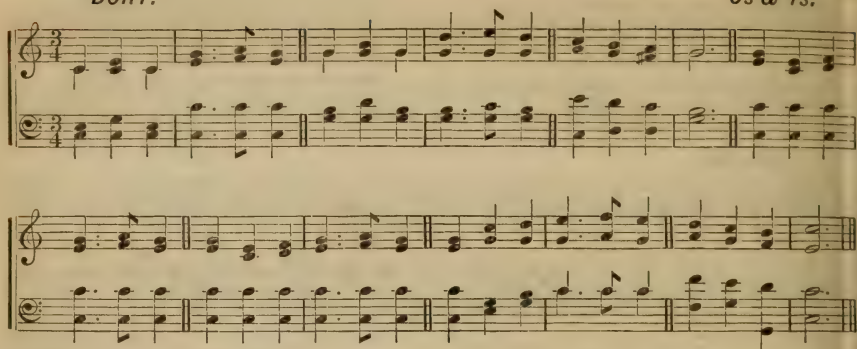
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty;

God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

HOLY TRINITY.

DORT.

6s & 4s.



528

1 THOU whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight!
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray
"Let there be light!"

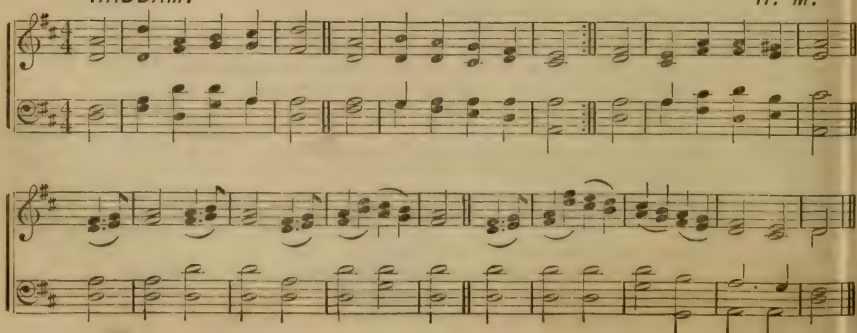
2 THOU who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind!
Oh, now to all mankind
"Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove!
Speed forth thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light!"

4 Blessed and holy three,
All-glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, love, might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride
Through the world, far and wide,
"Let there be light!"

HADDAM.

H. M.



HOLY TRINITY.

529

1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love
For all my comforts here
And better hopes above;
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

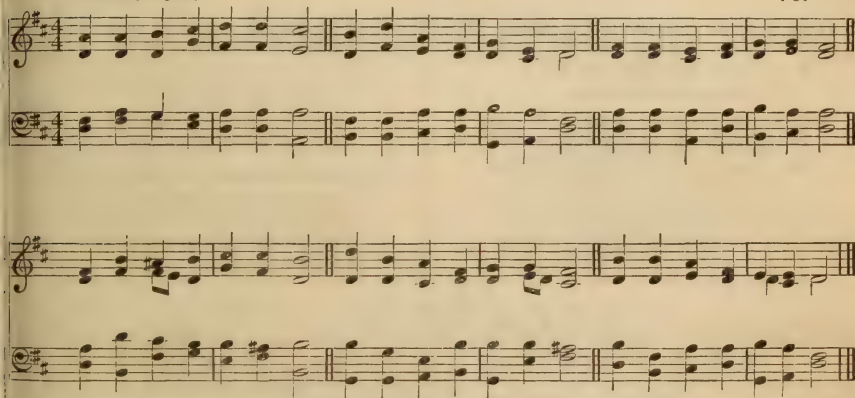
2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe;
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided three,
And the mysterious One!
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

RATISBON.

7s.



530

1 HOLY, holy, holy! Lord,
God of hosts, eternal King!
By the heavens and earth adored,
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

2 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before thy throne,
Speeding thence at thy command;
And when thy command is done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

3 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,

While they sing eternally
To the blessed Trinity.

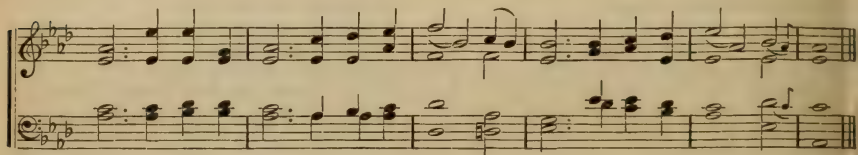
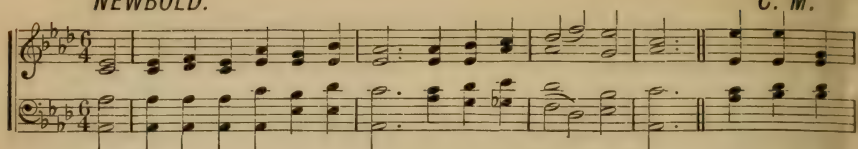
4 Thee, apostles, prophets, thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee;
Thee the church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

5 Alleluia, Lord! to thee,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Three in one, and one in three!
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

THE WORD OF THE LORD.

NEWBOLD.

C. M.



531

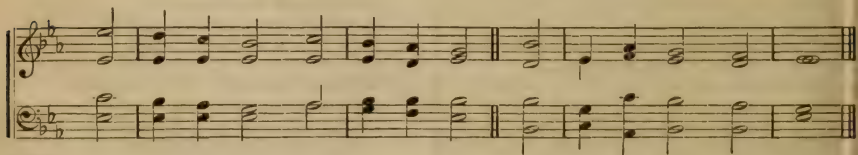
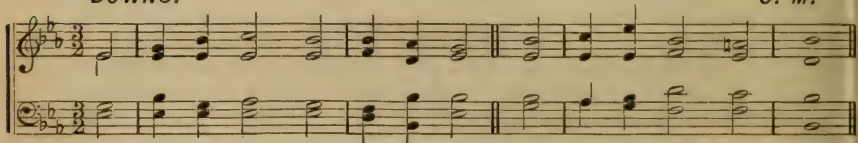
- 1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find—
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,

And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

- 4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

DOWNES.

C. M.



532

- 1 BLESSED are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean,
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.
- 2 Blest are the men who keep thy word,
And practice thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands,

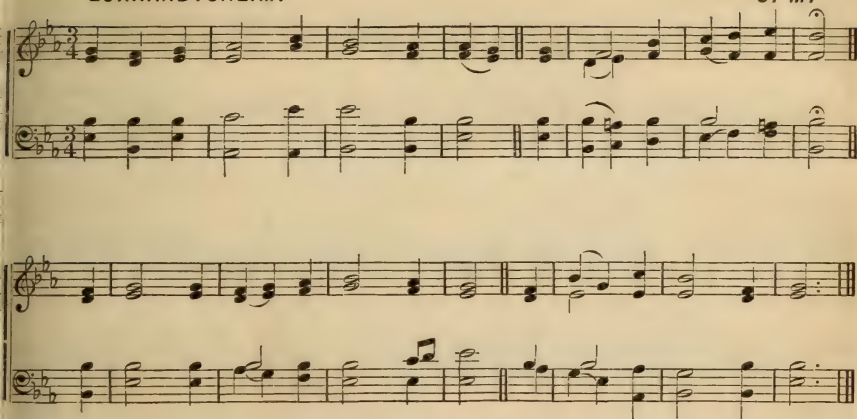
3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

- 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honor all thy name.

THE WORD OF THE LORD.

ECKHARDTSHEIM.

C. M.



533

- 1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord!
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.
- 2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promised quickening grace?
Does not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.
- 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
Oh, bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail
That dare reproach my hope.
- 4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear;
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

534

- 1 Oh, that thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.
- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord!
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word;
Thy word is all my joy.
- 3 How would I run in thy commands
If thou my heart discharge

From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

- 4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name; [hear,
I'll speak thy word, though kings should
Nor yield to sinful shame.

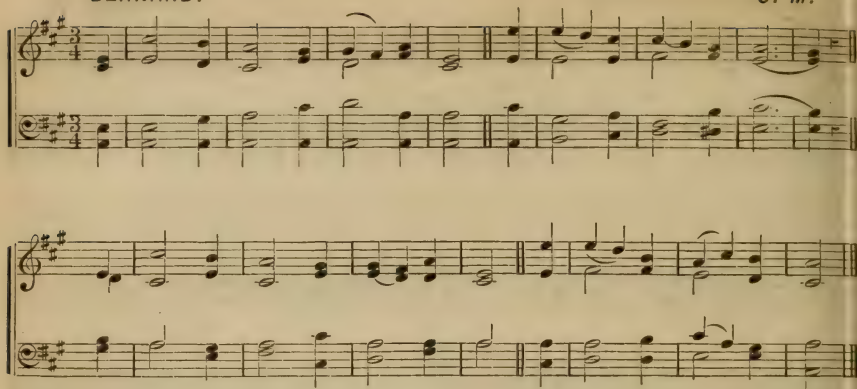
535

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

THE WORD OF THE LORD.

BERNARD.

C. M.



536

- 1 BLESSED are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel! thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

537

- 1 LORD! I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever-fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;

Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

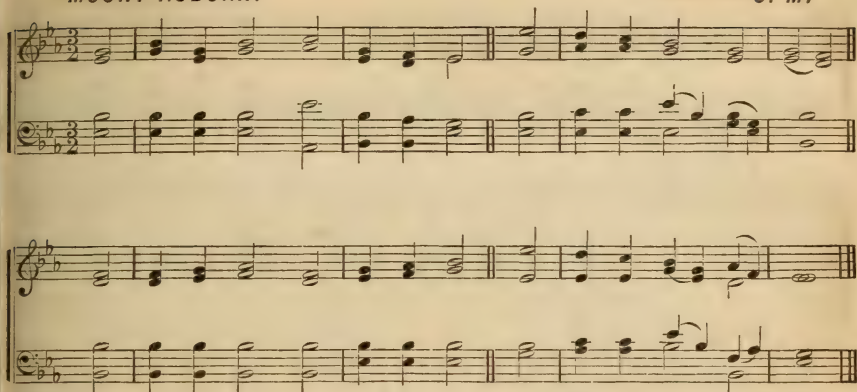
538

- 1 OH, how I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord!
- 3 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.
- 4 Am I a stranger or at home?
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.
- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind,
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.
- 6 When nature sinks and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

THE WORD OF THE LORD.

MOUNT AUBURN.

C. M.



539

- 1 How precious is the book divine
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

540

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;

16

I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God!

- 5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth
And well support our age.

541

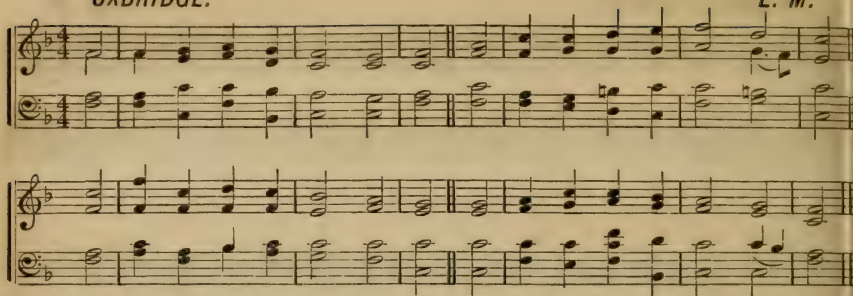
- 1 LADEN with guilt and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord!
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.
- 3 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows;
No danger dwells therein.
- 4 This is the judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 5 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command,
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

241

THE GOSPEL.

UXBRIDGE.

L. M.



542

- 1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name,
May read in characters of blood
The wisdom, power and grace of God.
- 3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.
- 4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.
- 5 Oh, grant us grace, almighty Lord!
To read and mark thy holy word;

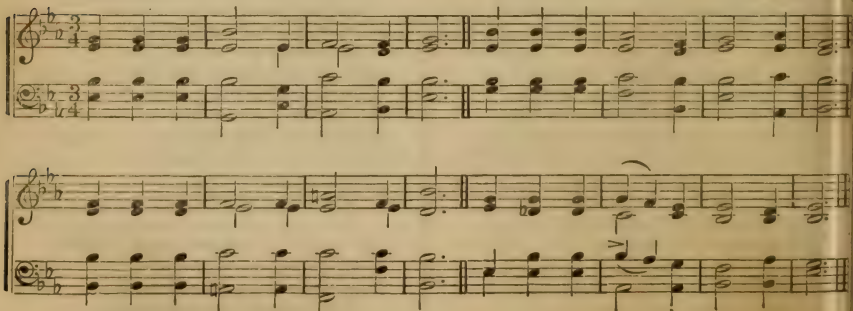
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

543

- 1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord!
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.
- 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks
Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope, our comfort stands!
- 4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

QUEBEC.

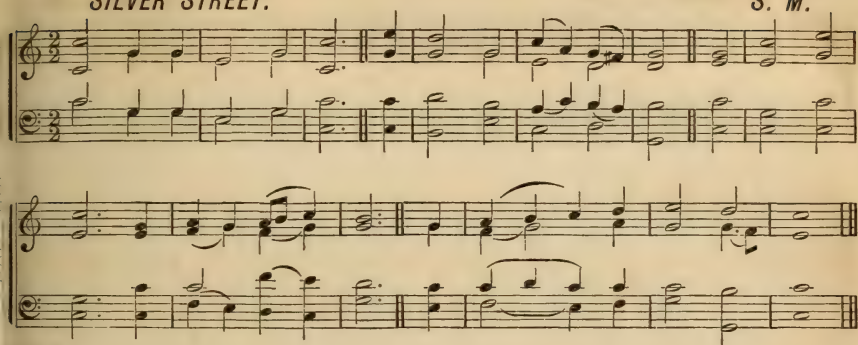
L. M.



THE WORD OF THE LORD.

SILVER STREET.

S. M.



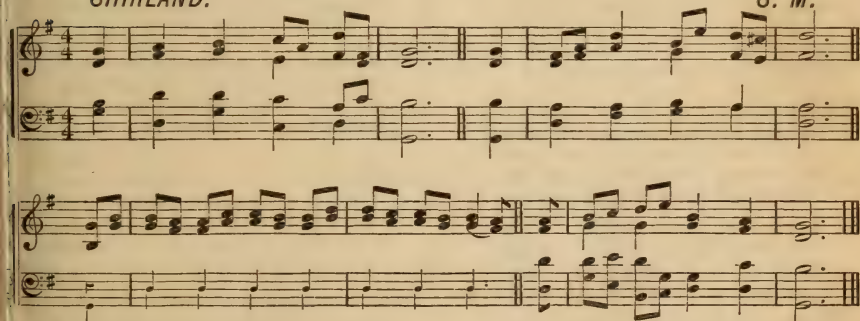
544

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

- 3 Grace led my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

SHIRLAND.

S. M.



545

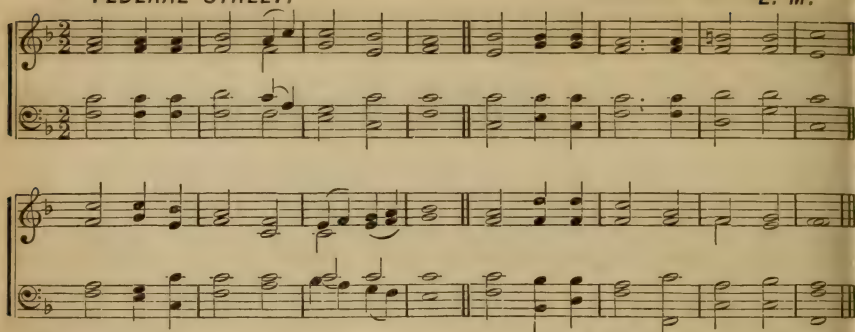
- 1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just!

- For ever sure thy promise, Lord!
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God! how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.
 - 5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

THE WORD OF THE LORD.

FEDERAL STREET.

L. M.



546

1 Ho, every one that thirsts! draw nigh;
'Tis God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine and milk and gospel grace.

2 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have and are behind;
Freely the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

3 Come to the living waters, come;
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace is free for all.

547

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

548

1 COME, weary souls with sin distressed,
The Saviour offers heavenly rest;
244

The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon and life and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

3 Lord! we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come, with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

4 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
Oh, sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

549

1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While in the various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain?

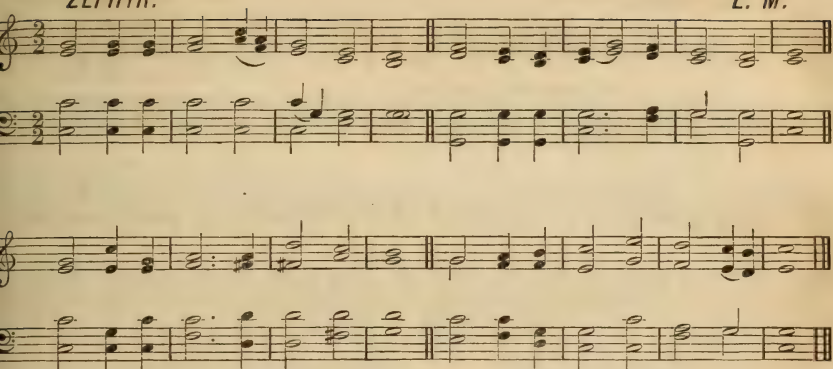
3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

INVITATION.

ZEPHYR.

L. M.



50

1 COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Blessed is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus! we come at thy command,
With faith and hope and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

51

1 BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need—
The Friend of sinners; yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul destroying monster sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him ere his anger burn,
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour 's at hand
When at his door denied you'll stand.

552

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' ensure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God hath given
T' escape from hell and fly to heaven,
The day of grace; and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

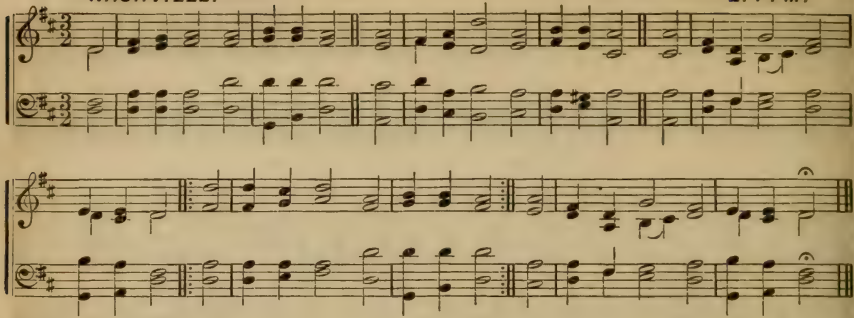
4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste,
But darkness, death and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

THE WORD OF THE LORD.

NASHVILLE.

L. P. M.



553

1 I LOVE the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

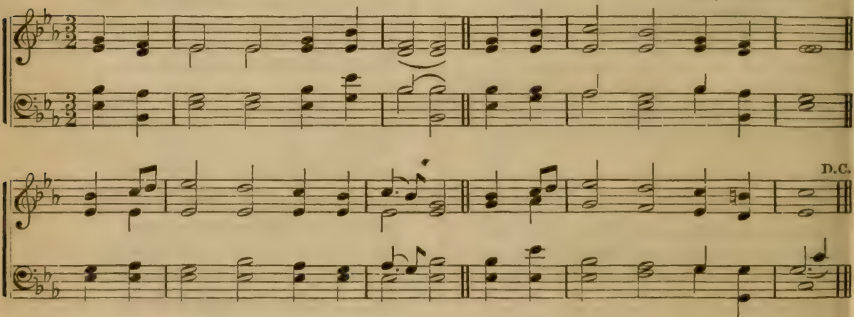
2 From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace passed
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies,
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord!
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God! forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

NETTLETON.

8s, 7s & 4s.



554

1 SINNERS! will ye scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, oh how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim
To each rebel sinner: "Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name;"
How important!—
Free forgiveness in his name.

INVITATION.

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor,
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
 And with news of consolation
 Chase away the falling tears;
 Tender heralds!—
 Chase away the falling tears.

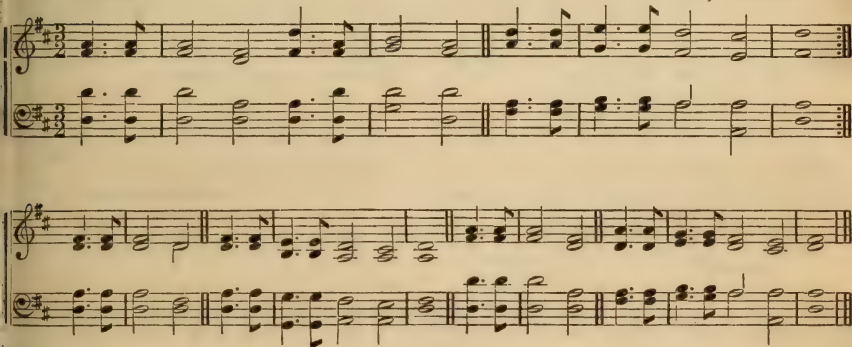
4 False professors, groveling worldlings,
 Callous hearers of the word,
 While the messengers address you,

Take the warnings they afford;
 We entreat you—
 Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our reports believèd?
 Who received the joyful word?
 Who embraced the news of pardon
 Offered to you by the Lord?
 Can you slight it—
 Offered to you by the Lord?

ZION.

8s, 7s & 4s.



555

1 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him;
 This he gives you;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 View him prostrate in the garden,
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold him;
 Hear him cry, before he dies:
 "It is finished!"
 Sinner, will not this suffice?

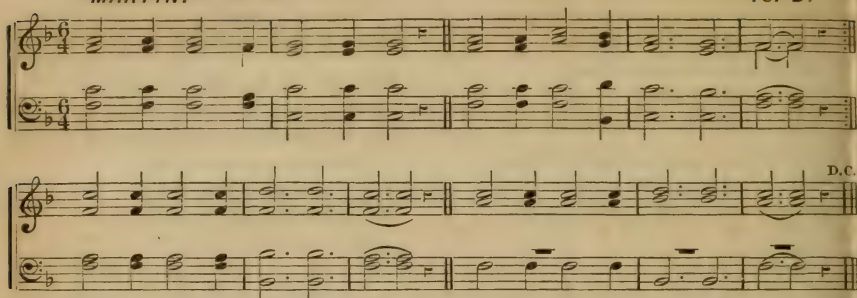
5 Lo! the incarnate God ascended
 Pleads the merits of his blood;
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels joined in concert
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name;
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may sing the same.

THE WORD OF THE LORD.

MARTYN.

7s. D.



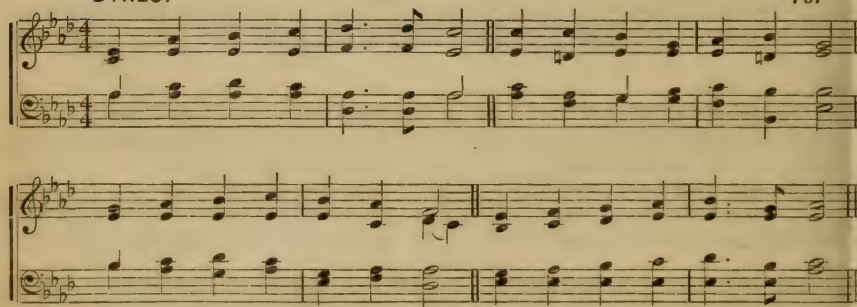
556

- 1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if thou still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blessed,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

DYKES.

7s.



557

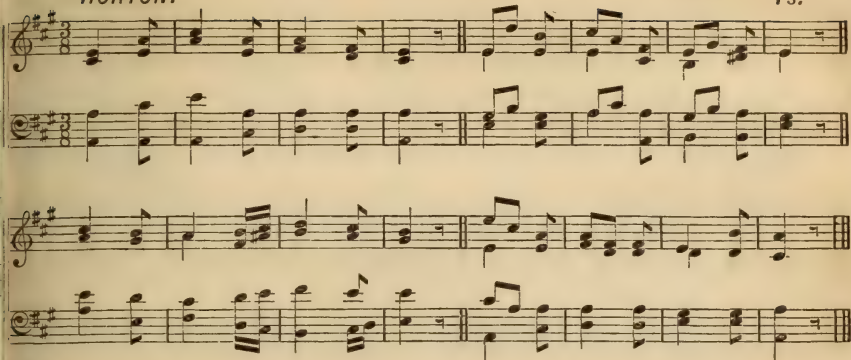
- 1 SINNERS, turn; why will you die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.
- 2 Sinners, turn; why will you die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that you might live.
- 3 Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?

- Why, you ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight his grace, and die?
- 4 Sinners, turn; why will you die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
He who all your lives has strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.
 - 5 Will you not the grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Oh, you long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God to die?

INVITATION.

HORTON.

7s.



558

- 1 COME, says Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
- 2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,

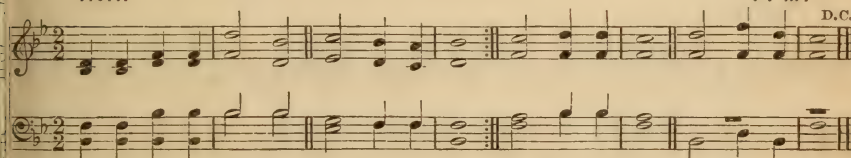
Long hast roamed this barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

- 3 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

AVA.

P. M.

D.C.



559

- 1 CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day;
Heaven bids thee come
While yet there's room.
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.
- 2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high;

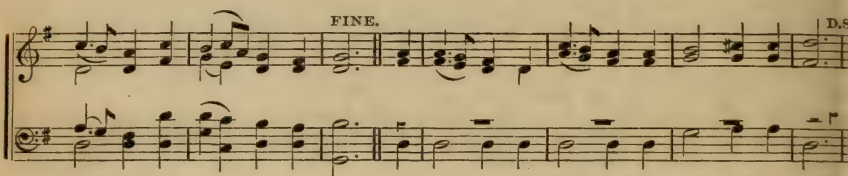
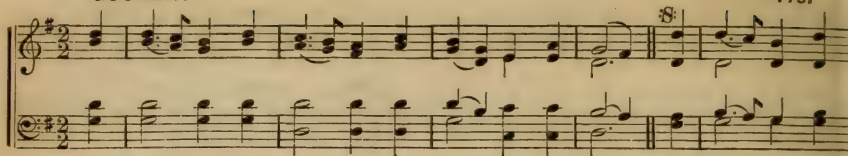
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

- 3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Thy moments glide
Like the flitting arrow
Or the rushing tide;
Ere time is o'er
Heaven's grace implore;
Child of sin and sorrow,
In Christ confide.

THE WORD OF THE LORD.

GOSHEN.

71s.



560

1 DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;

No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?

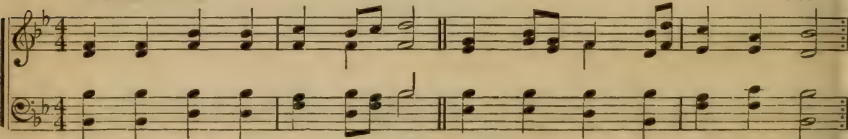
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sacred flight,

And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

ROSEFIELD.

7s.



561

1 FROM the cross uplifted high
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear!
Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

250

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee and kiss the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

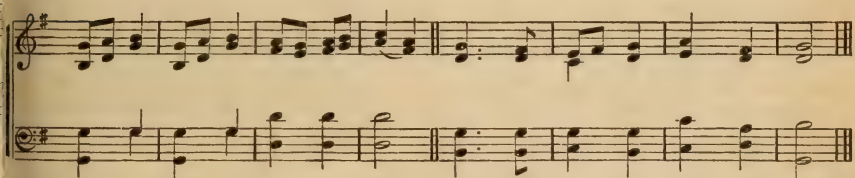
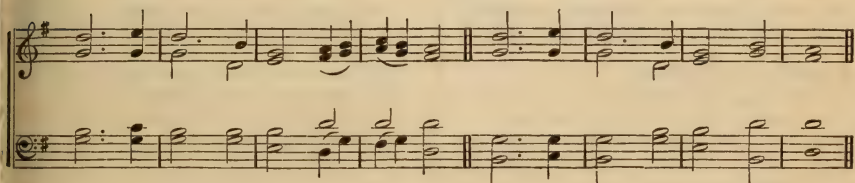
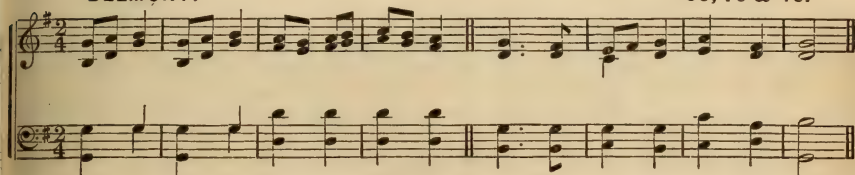
INVITATION.

3 Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day;
Up to my eternal home,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

BELMONT.

8s, 7s & 4s.



562

1 COME to Calv'ry's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent and blind;
Here the guilty free remission,
Here the troubled peace, may find;

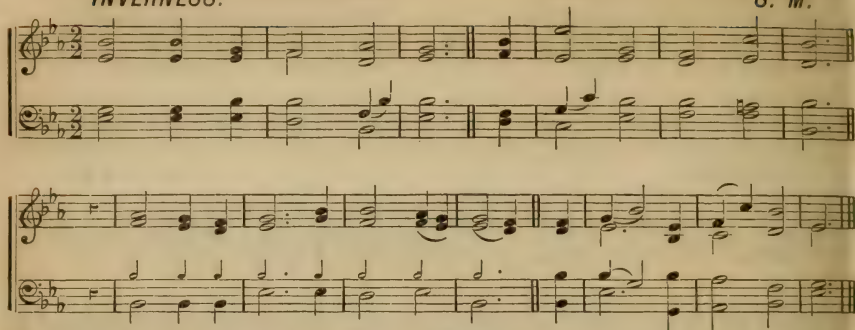
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more;

3 He that drinks shall live for ever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood;
God is faithful; God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

THE WORD OF THE LORD.

INVERNESS.

S. M.



563

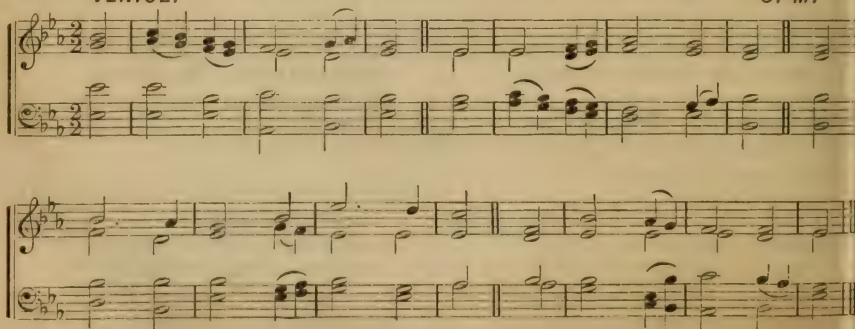
- 1 THE Spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims,
To all his children, "Come!"
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord! even so; I wait thine hour;
Jesus, my Saviour! come.

564

- 1 LIKE Noah's weary dove
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found,
- 2 Oh, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.

VENICE.

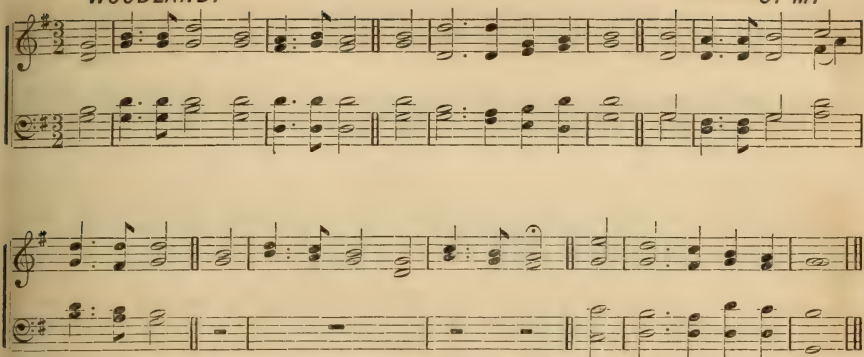
S. M.



INVITATION.

WOODLAND.

C. M.



565

566

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts; I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room—

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

4 Oh, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love,
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.

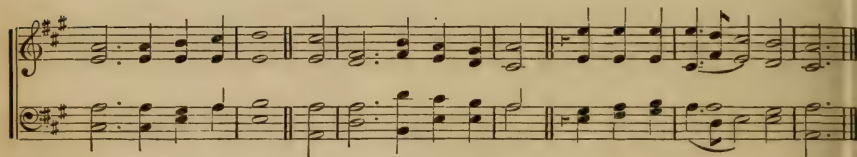
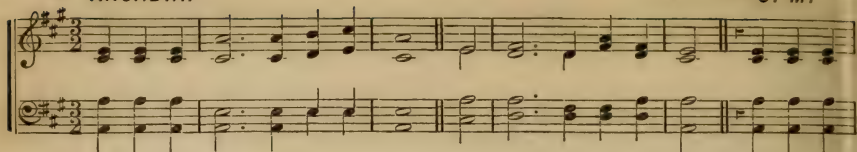
6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

THE CHURCH.

ARCADIA.

C. M.



567

- 1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord! for thee;
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.
- 2 Lord! our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us power and skill,
To conquer every sin.
- 3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thy house
To feast upon thy grace.
- 4 In answering what thy church requests
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfill thy kind design.
- 5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just,
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

568

- 1 ARISE, O King of grace! arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blest.
- 2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

254

- 3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain
With love and power divine.
- 5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

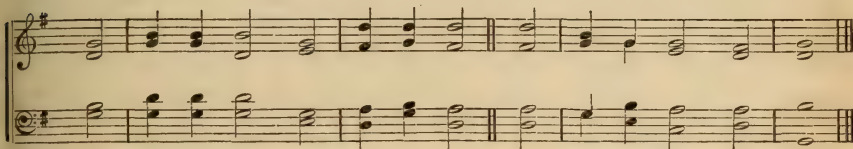
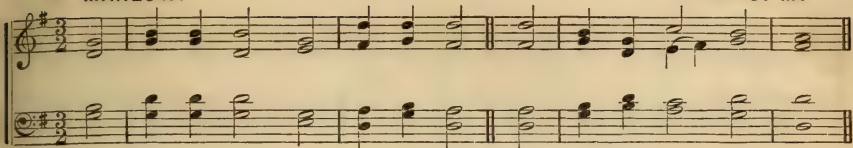
569

- 1 Oh, where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord! thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.
- 2 We mark her goodly battlements
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.
- 3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening
her
And tempests are abroad.
- 4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

THE CHURCH.

MARLOW.

C. M.



570

- 1 O LORD of hosts! how lovely is
The place where thou dost dwell!
The tabernacles of thy grace
In pleasantness excel.
- 2 My soul doth long, yea, even faint,
Jehovah's courts to see;
My heart and flesh are crying out,
O living God! for thee.
- 3 Blest all who dwell within thy house;
They ever give thee praise;
And blest the man whose strength thou art,
In whose heart are thy ways;
- 4 Who, passing on through Baca's vale,
Do make of it a well;
And copious rains descending there
The pools with water fill.

- 5 So they from strength unwearied go
Still forward unto strength;
And they in Zion shall appear
Before the Lord at length.

571

- 1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires;
Oh, grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still,
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

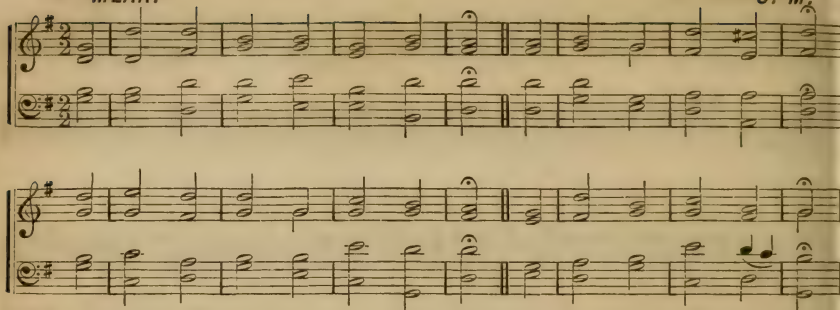
572

- 1 My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God! thy words declare
The secrets of thy will,
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

THE CHURCH.

MEAR.

C. M.



573

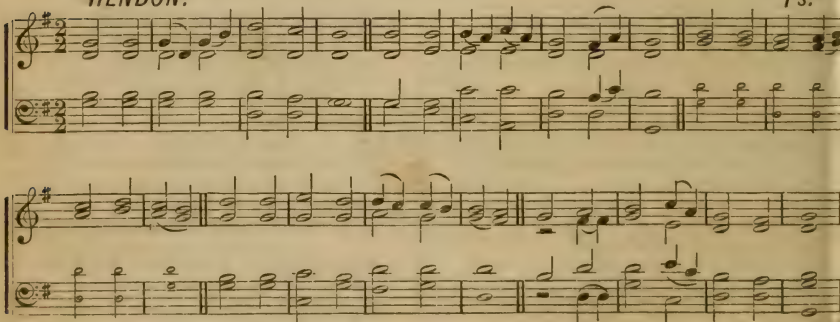
- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day"!
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road,
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;

The Son of David holds his throne
And sits in judgment there.

- 4 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.
- 5 My soul shall pray for Zion still
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

HENDON.

7s.



574

- 1 To thy temple I repair;
Lord! I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.
- 2 While thy glorious praise is sung
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.

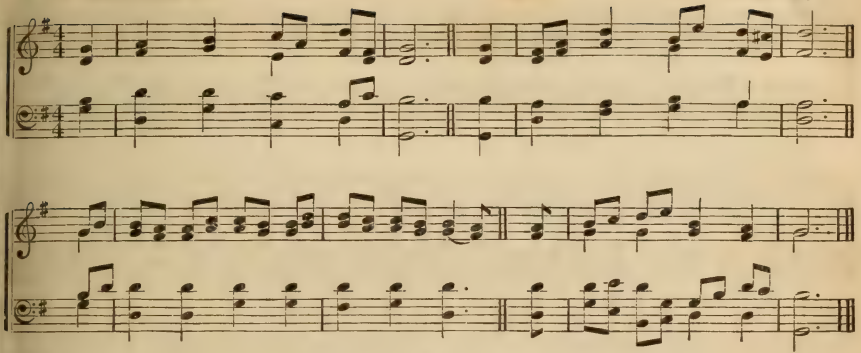
256

- 3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love! to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While I hearken to thy law
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

THE CHURCH.

SHIRLAND.

S. M.



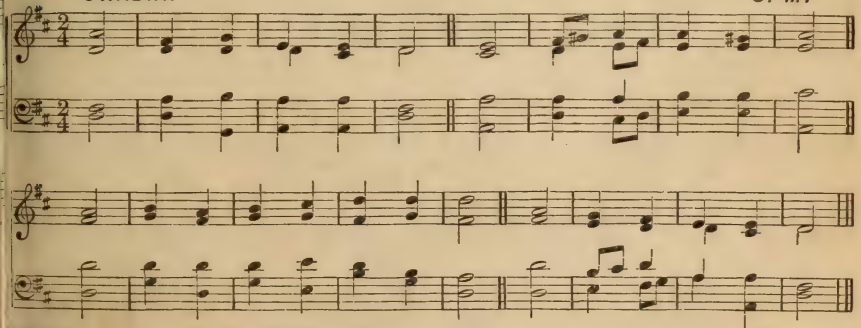
575

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord!
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

- 4 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 5 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

SWABIA.

S. M.



576

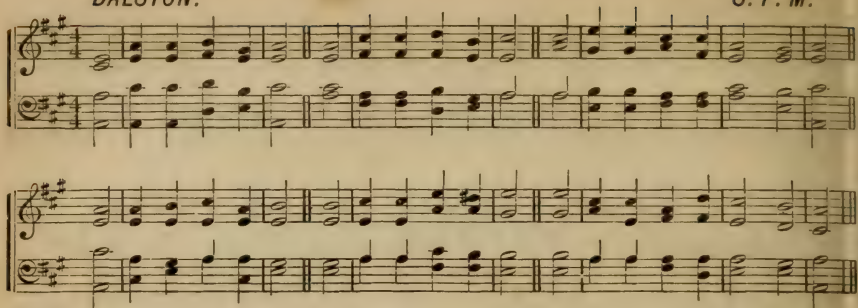
- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

- 2 In Zion is his throne;
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

THE CHURCH.

DALSTON.

S. P. M.



577

1 How pleased and blessed was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day."
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We'll haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion! thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, to praise and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there;

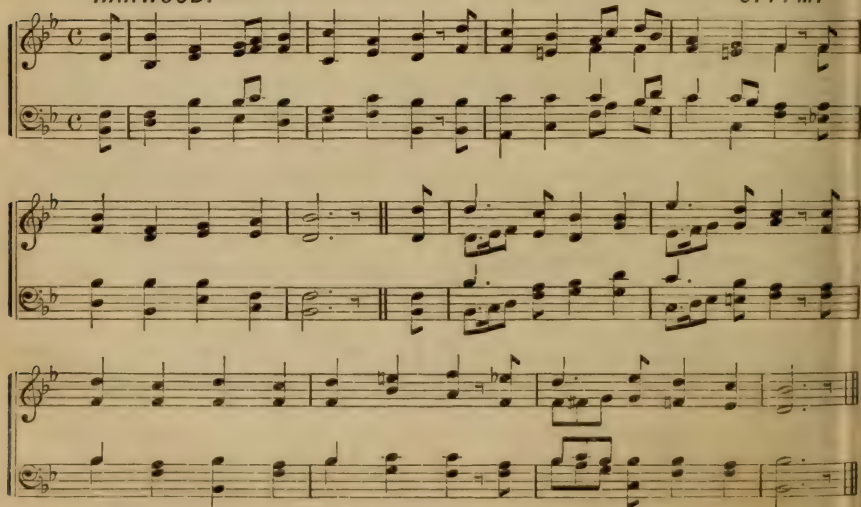
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows:
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

HARWOOD.

C. P. M.



THE CHURCH.

578

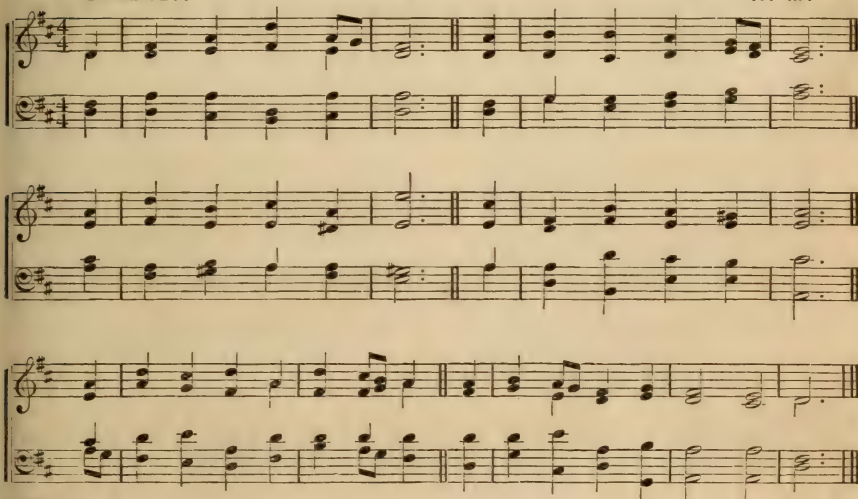
- 1 BEFORE thee, Lord! a people waits
To praise thy name in Zion's gates;
To thee shall vows be paid,
Thou Hearer of the suppliant's prayer!
All flesh shall unto thee repair
To seek thy gracious aid.
- 2 How great my trespasses appear!
But from all guilt thou wilt me clear,
And my transgressions hide.

How blest thy chosen, who by grace
Are brought within thy dwelling-place,
That they may there abide!

- 3 The goodness of thy house, O Lord!
The joys thy holy courts afford,
Our souls shall satisfy.
By fearful deeds, in justice wrought,
The Lord will grant us what we sought,
Our Saviour, God most high.

BEVERLY.

H. M.



579

- 1 LORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.
- 2 Oh, happy souls who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears;

Oh, glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

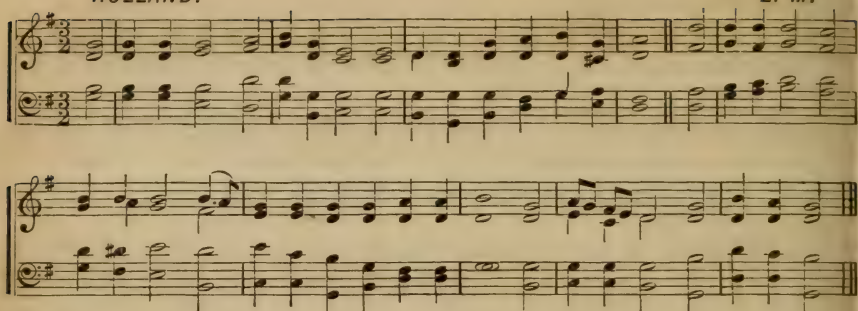
580

- 1 RISE, gracious God! and shine
In all thy saving might,
And prosper each design
To spread thy glorious light;
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know.
- 2 Put forth thy glorious power;
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store
In converts born of thee;
God, our own God, his church will bless,
And earth shall yield her full increase.

THE CHURCH.

ROLLAND.

L. M.



581

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts! thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high
Around thy throne of majesty;

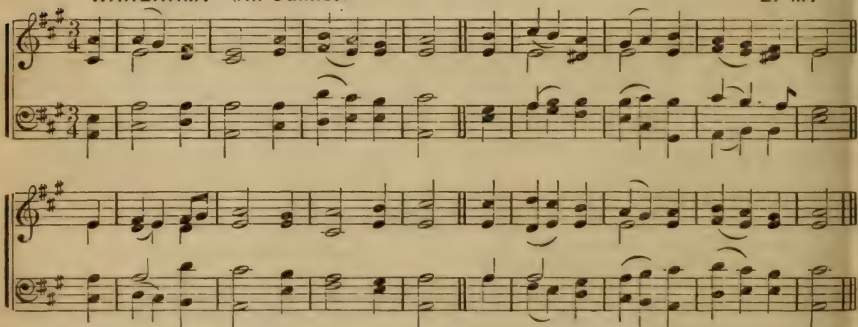
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

WAREHAM. (All Saints.)

L. M.



582

1 Lo! God is here; let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face.

2 Lo! God is here; him day and night
United choirs of angels sing;

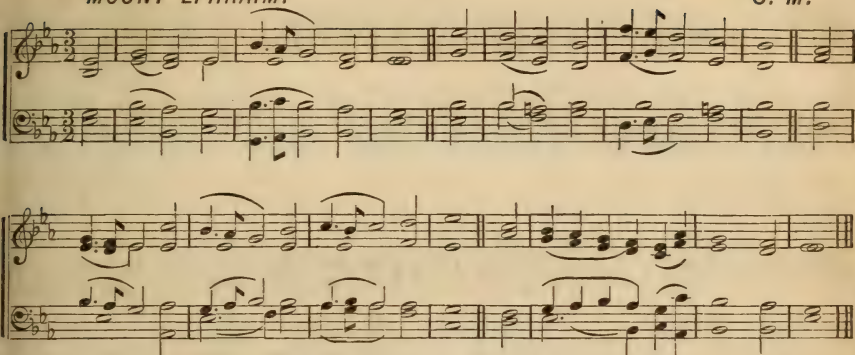
To him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.

3 Lord God of hosts! oh, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

THE MINISTRY.

MOUNT EPHRAIM.

S. M.



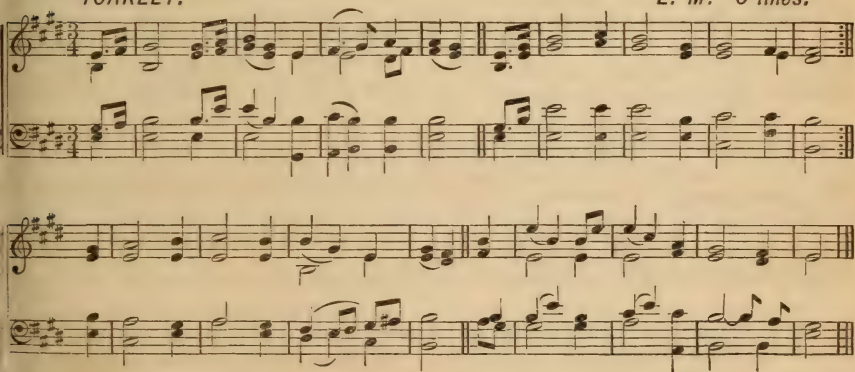
583

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion! behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let all the nations now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

YOAKLEY.

L. M. 6 lines.



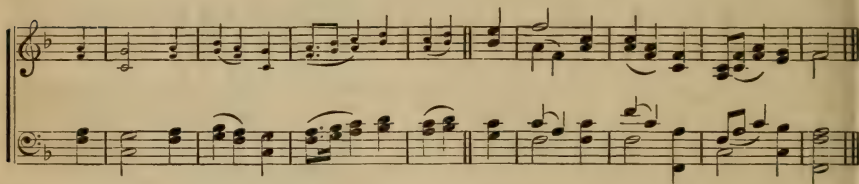
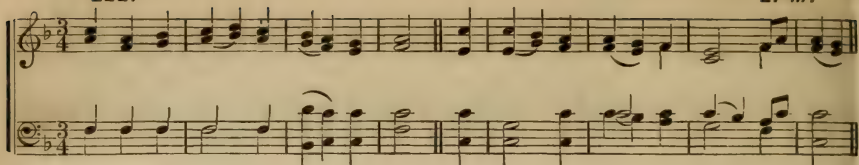
584

LORD of the gospel harvest! send
More laborers forth into thy field;
More pastors teach thy flock to tend;
More workmen raise thy house to build;
His work and place to each assign,
And clothe their word with power divine.

THE CHURCH.

LEE.

L. M.



585

- 1 GREAT Lord of all thy churches! hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;
Perfumed by thee, oh may it rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies.
- 2 May every pastor from above
Be new inspired with zeal and love
To watch thy flock, thy flock to feed,
And sow with care the precious seed.
- 3 Revive thy churches with thy grace;
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.
- 4 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.
- 5 May aged saints matured with grace
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.
- 6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And, weeping, sow the seed of praise,

262

In humble hope that thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

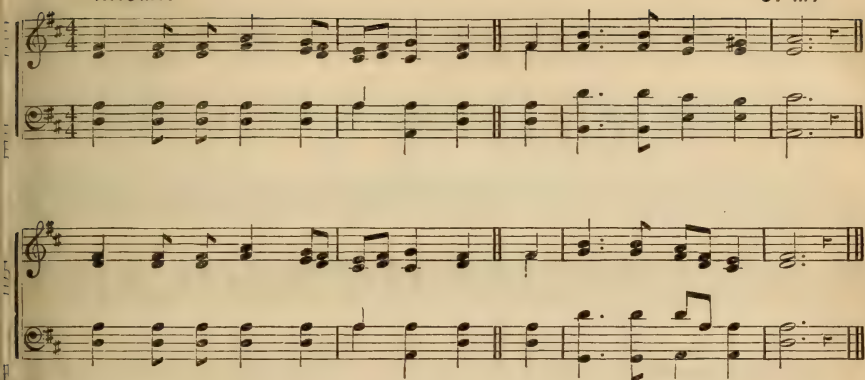
586

- 1 LORD! pour thy spirit from on high,
And thine ordainèd servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within thy temple when they stand
To teach the truth as taught by thee,
Saviour! like stars in thy right hand
Let all thy church's pastors be.
- 3 Wisdom and zeal and love impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love;
- 4 To love and pray and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, form the saint,
To feed thy lambs and tend thy sheep.
- 5 So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.

THE MINISTRY.

NAOMI.

C. M.



587

1 WHAT though the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue,

3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

4 "Lo, I am with you!" saith the Lord;
Thy church shall safe abide,
For thou wilt ne'er forsake thine own
Whose souls in thee confide.

5 Through every scene of life and death
This promise is our trust,
And this shall be our children's song
When we are cold in dust.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath,
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

589

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake
And take th' alarm they give,
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'T is not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego—
For souls that must for ever live
In rapture or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord! how should we appear?

5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see,
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

588

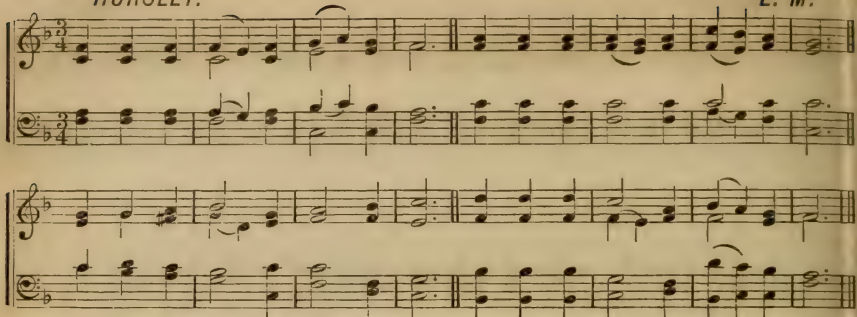
1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power and love
Shine in their dying Lord.

THE CHURCH.

HURSLEY.

L. M.



590

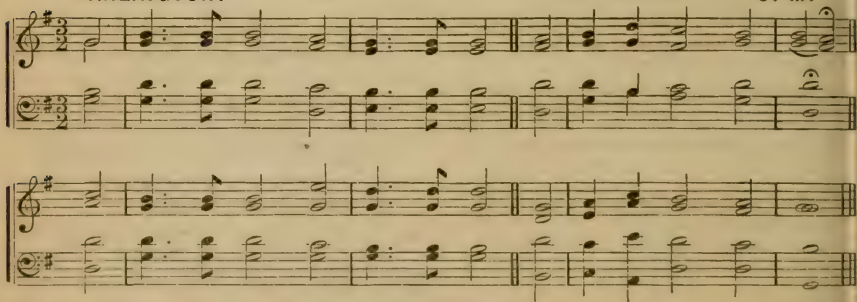
- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are
one!
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!
- 3 Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;

Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

- 4 Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong, their raptures
swell
There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

ARLINGTON.

C. M.



591

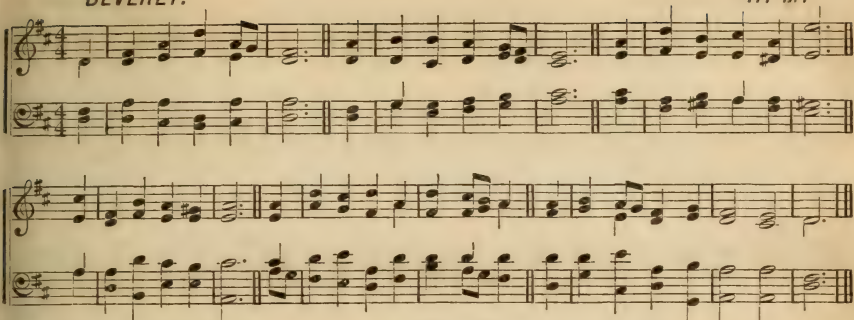
- 1 RISE, O my soul! pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.
- 2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear
And in example live;
Their faith and hope and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

- 3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious
They conquered every foe, [blood
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns of life they owe.
- 4 Lord! may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed path
Which led them safe to heaven.

FELLOWSHIP.

BEVERLY.

H. M.



592

1 ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword, love;
From diff'rent temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

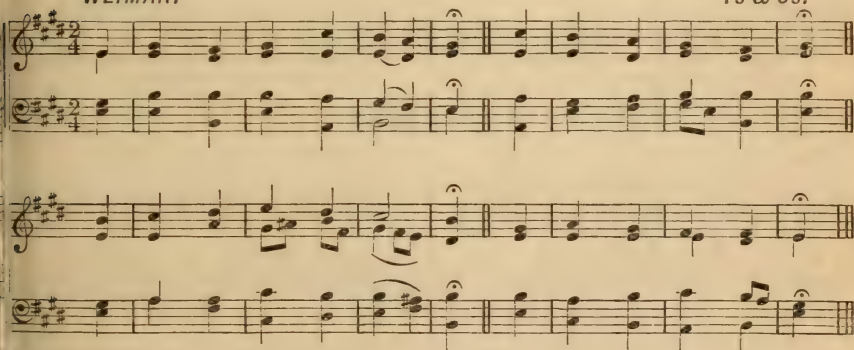
2 Our sacrifice is one,
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone;

And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of thy church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew;
Then shall thy perfect will be done
When Christians love and live as one.

WEIMAR.

7s & 6s.



593

1 BEHOLD, how good and pleasant,
And how becoming well,
Where brethren all united
In peace together dwell!

2 'Tis like the precious ointment
That on the head did flow,

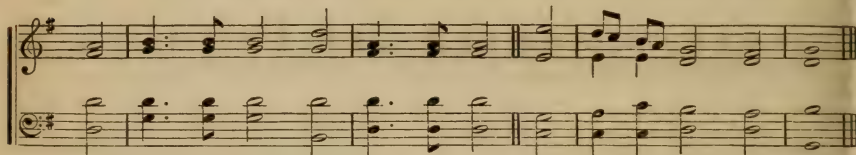
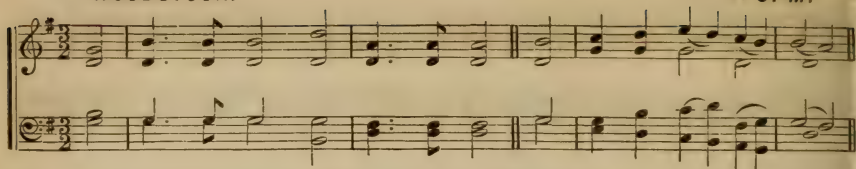
Which down the beard of Aaron
Did o'er his vesture go.

3 Like dews which on Mount Hermon
And Zion hills descend;
There God commands the blessing,
Life that shall never end.

THE CHURCH.

WOODSTOCK.

C. M.



594

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.
- 3 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
- 6 Oh, that we now might grasp our Guide!
Oh, that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts! the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

595

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part,
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows,
When union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glows.
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above,
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

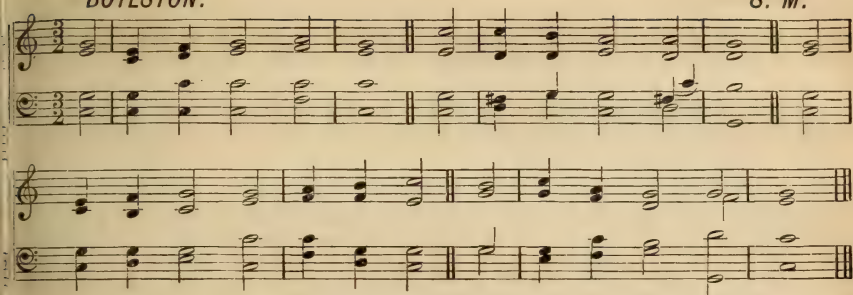
596

- 1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all thy ways, we find
Our heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace;
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in thy statutes treads
Shall meet thee in the skies.

FELLOWSHIP.

BOYLSTON.

S. M.



597

1 BLESSED be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

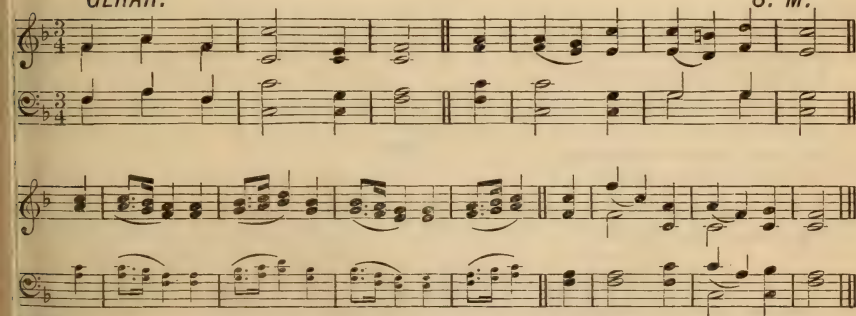
4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

GERAR.

S. M.



598

1 BLESSED are the sons of peace
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blessed is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

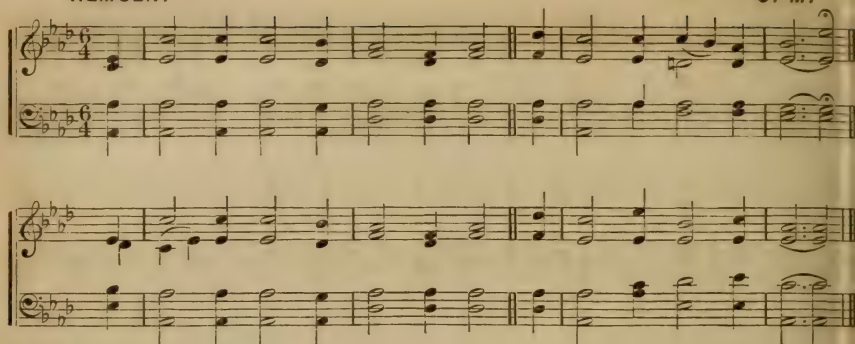
3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distills,
And all the air is love.

THE CHURCH.

REMSSEN.

C. M.



599

1 FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men
When throned above the skies,
And midst the embraces of his God
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

600

1 JESUS, our Lord! how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

268

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine:
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed
And visited and cheered,
And in their accents of distress
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

601

1 OH, still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word:
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord."

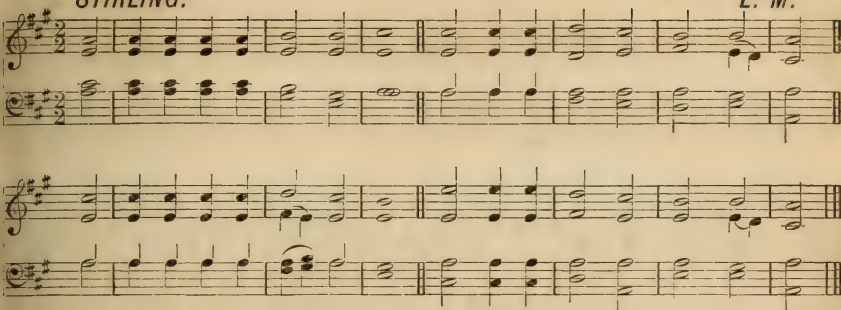
2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

3 Where prophets' word and martyrs' blood
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

STIRLING.

L. M.



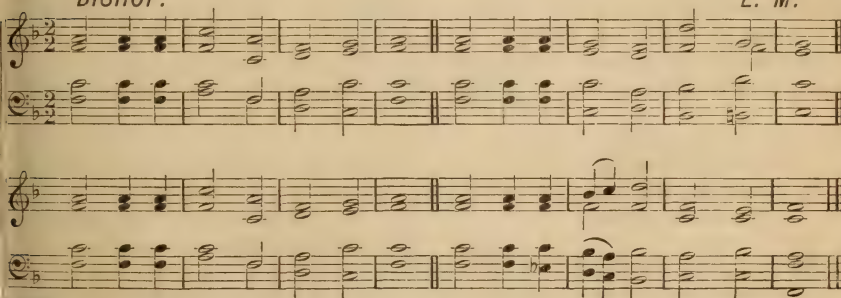
602

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.

- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

BISHOP.

L. M.



603

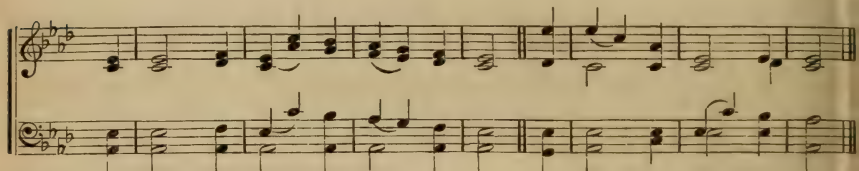
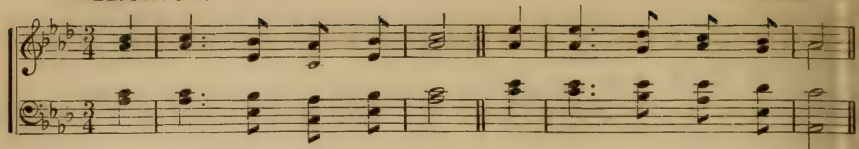
- Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?
- Go, labor on; 't is not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises—what are men?

- 3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for him shall be in vain.
- 4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

THE CHURCH.

LEIGHTON.

S. M.



604

- 1 O LORD! thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.
- 2 Oh, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.
- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.
- 4 Now lend thy gracious ear,
Now listen to our cry;
Oh, come and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

605

- 1 TEACH me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see;
And what I do in anything
To do it as for thee;
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way,
In all, be thou the end.

270

- 3 All may of thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil if this the cause;
The meanest work, divine.

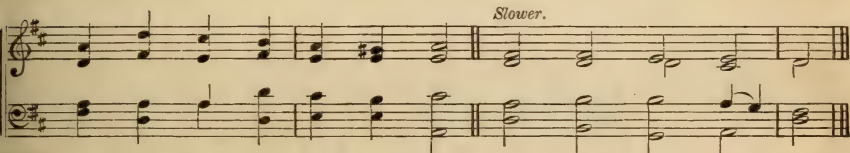
606

- 1 LABORERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.
- 2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore,
And where the sons of sorrow pine
Dispense your hallowed store.
- 3 Be faith which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.
- 4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

CAPTOWN.

7s & 5s.



607

1 CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes,
Therefore watch and pray.

2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Near thee lurks the evil one,
Therefore watch and pray.

3 Listen to thy sorrowing Lord
Him thou lovest to obey;

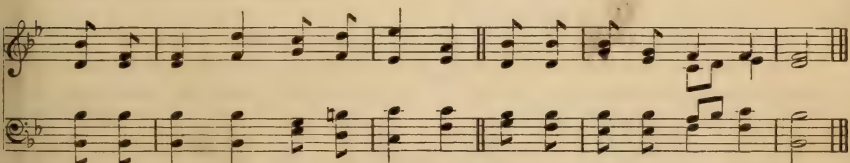
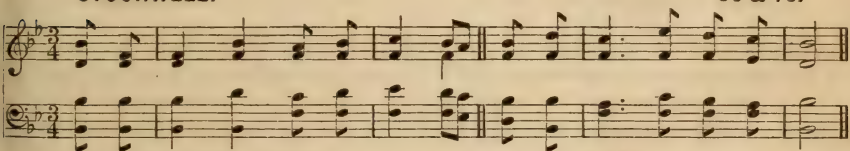
It is he who speaks the word,
Therefore watch and pray.

4 'T was by watching and by prayer
Holy men of olden day
Won the palms and crowns they wear,
Therefore watch and pray.

5 Watch, for thou thy guard must keep;
Pray, for God must speed thy way;
Narrow is the road and steep,
Therefore watch and pray.

STOCKWELL.

8s & 7s.



608

1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given
Through an influence all divine.

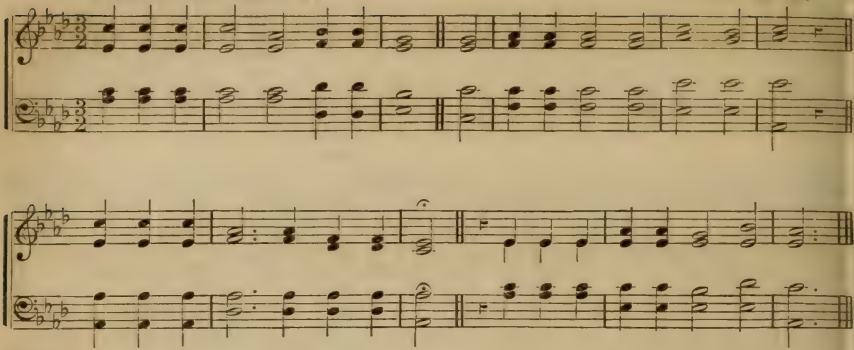
3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary.
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy,

4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again; the fields are whitening,
For the harvest-time is near.

THE CHURCH.

MISSIONARY CHANT.

L. M.



609

- 1 YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Emmanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more—
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

610

- 1 O ISRAEL! to thy tents repair;
Why thus secure on hostile ground?
Thy King commands thee to beware,
For many foes thy camp surround.
- 2 The trumpet gives a martial strain;
O Israel! gird thee for the fight;
Arise, the combat to maintain,
And put thine enemies to flight.
- 3 Thou shouldst not sleep as others do;
Awake, be vigilant, be brave;
The coward, and the sluggard too,
Must wear the fetters of the slave.

- 4 A nobler lot is cast for thee,
A kingdom waits thee in the skies;
With such a hope, shall Israel flee,
Or yield, through weariness, the prize?
- 5 No; let a careless world repose
And slumber on through life's short day,
While Israel to the conflict goes,
And bears the glorious prize away.

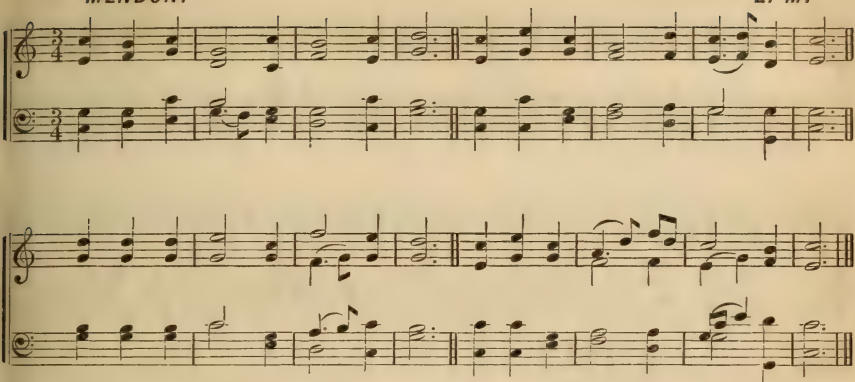
611

- 1 DISOWNED of heaven, by man oppressed,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground,
Oh, why should Israel's sons, once blessed,
Still roam the scorning world around?
- 2 Lord! visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light,
The severed olive branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.
- 4 Hail, glorious day, expected long, [pour,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

MENDON.

L. M.



612

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust and darkness and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

613

1 ASCEND thy throne, almighty King!
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners see thy face;
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 Oh, let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

614

1 "Go, preach my gospel!" saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved that trusts my word;
He shall be lost that won't believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted to my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
They to the farthest nation spread
The grace of their ascended God.

615

1 SOON may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies,
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

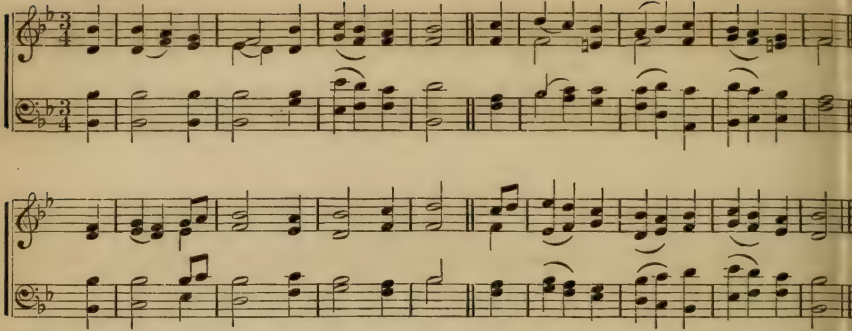
2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God! to thee;
And over land and stream and main
Wave thou the sceptre of thy reign.

3 Oh, that the anthem now might swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

THE CHURCH.

ALL SAINTS.

L. M.



616

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light,
Confusion order in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
A sinful world their God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

617

- 1 JESUS! thy church with longing eyes
For thine expected coming waits;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?
- 2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,

- Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.
- 3 Oh, come and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.
- 4 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for the appointed hour,
And fit us by thy grace to share
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

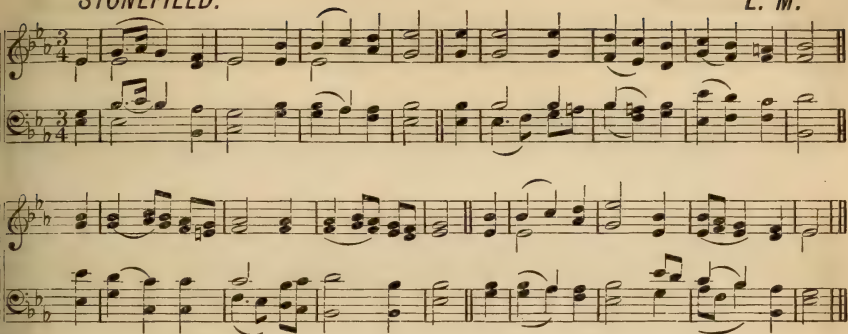
618

- 1 THY people, Lord! who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.
- 2 Hast thou not sworn to give thy Son
To be a light to Gentile lands,
To open the benighted eyes,
And loose the wretched pris'ners' bands?
- 3 Hast thou not said from sea to sea
His vast dominion shall extend?
That every tongue shall call him Lord,
And every knee before him bend?
- 4 Now let the happy time appear—
The time to favor Zion come;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
And call thy banished children home.

MISSIONS.

STONEFIELD.

L. M.



619

- 1 GREAT God! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last
Till hours and years and time be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distills
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace like a river from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

620

- 1 SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power,
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;

Oh, bid the morning star arise,
Oh, point the heathen to the skies.

- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On western wilds and eastern plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known,
Make thou the universe thine own.
- 3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice,
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;
Dispel the gloom of heathen night,
Bid every nation hail the light.

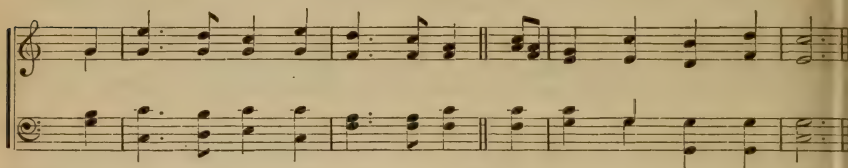
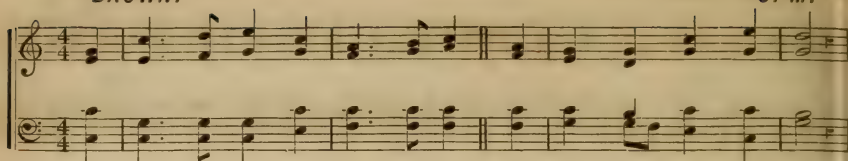
621

- 1 ARM of the Lord! awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone;"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt,
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.
- 4 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,
In every land declare thy name,
Till adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

THE CHURCH.

BROWN.

C. M.



622

- 1 GREAT God! the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine,
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord! thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.
- 3 Lord! when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?
- 4 Smile, Lord! on each sincere attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temple of thy praise.

623

- 1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his house, we'll go."
- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;

The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

- 4 No longer hosts encountering hosts
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

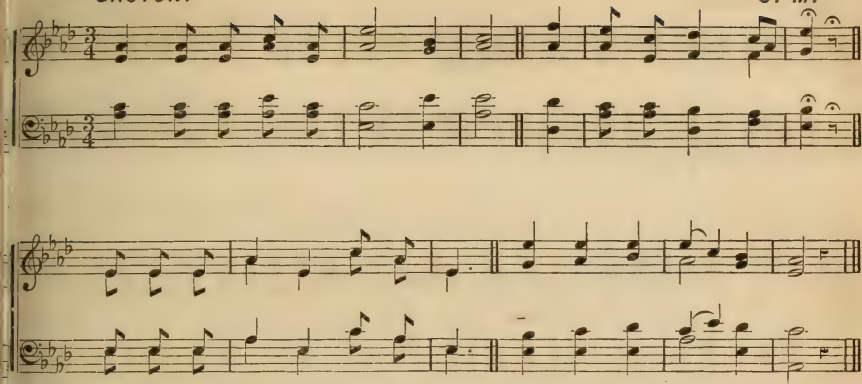
624

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the South, "Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North!"
- 4 They come, they come; thine exiled band
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

MISSIONS.

GROTON.

C. M.



625

- 1 JESUS, immortal King! arise,
Rise and assert thy sway,
Till earth, subdued, its tribute bring,
And distant lands obey.
- 2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror! ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.
- 3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.
- 4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored,
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

- 4 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
In wisdom rules the worlds he made,
And bids them taste his love.

627

626

- 1 SHINE, mighty God! on Zion shine
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.
- 2 When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?
- 3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands!
Sing loud with solemn voice;

- 1 LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

- 2 Come, blessed Lord! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy
In memory of thy love.

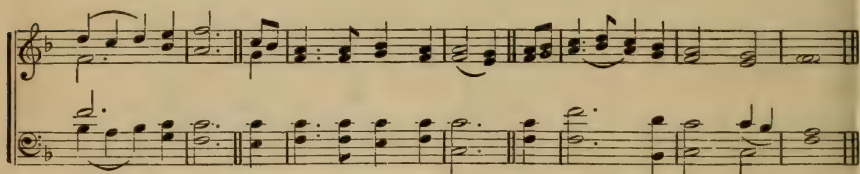
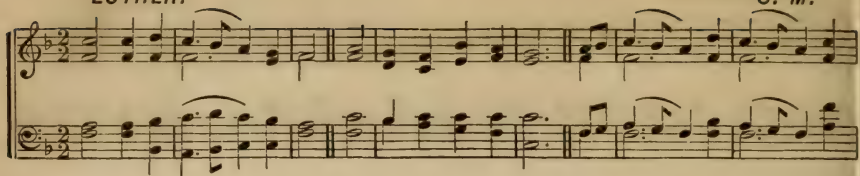
- 4 Jesus! thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

- 5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine.

THE CHURCH.

LUTHER.

S. M.



628

- 1 O LORD our God! arise,
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of life! arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost! arise,
Expand thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.
- 4 All on the earth arise,
To God the Saviour sing,
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

629

- 1 THE Lord to my Lord said,
At my right hand sit thou,
Until I make thy enemies
Beneath thy feet to bow.
- 2 Thy rod of strength the Lord
Shall out of Zion send,
And over all thy enemies
Do thou thy power extend.
- 3 And in the day when thou
Dost thy great power take,

278

Thy people shall themselves to thee
A freewill offering make.

- 4 In beauteous, holy robes
Arrayed they come to thee;
As dew-drops from the morning womb,
Thy youth shall ever be.
- 5 The Lord an oath hath sworn,
An oath he will not break:
For ever like Melchisedec's
Thy priesthood I will make.

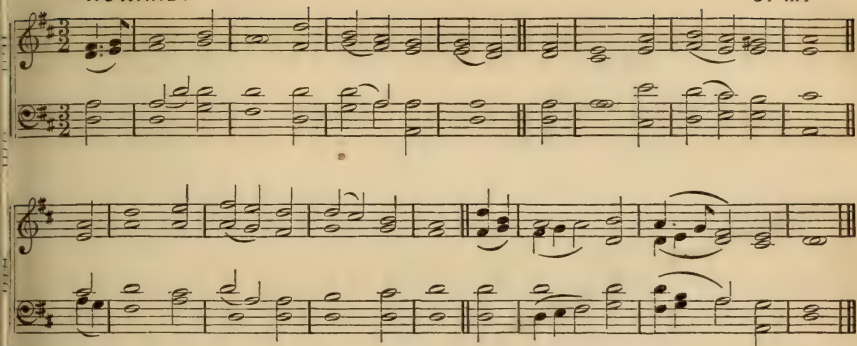
630

- 1 YE messengers of Christ!
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go—
- 3 Go, spread the Saviour's fame;
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.
- 4 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

MISSIONS.

HOWARD.

C. M.



631

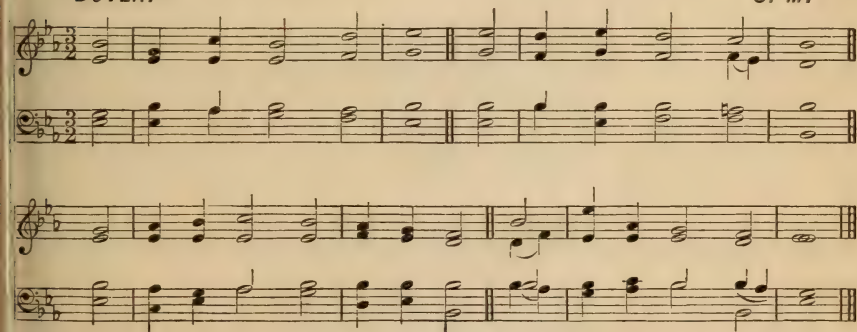
- 1 To our almighty Maker, God,
New honors be addressed;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blessed.
- 2 He spake the word to Abraham first;
His truth fulfills the grace;

The Gentiles make his name their trust
And learn his righteousness.

- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her different tongues,
And spread the honors of his name
In melody and songs.

DOVER.

S. M.



632

- 1 O God of sovereign grace!
We bow before thy throne,
And plead for all the human race
The merits of thy Son.
- 2 Spread through the earth, O Lord!
The knowledge of thy ways,
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise.

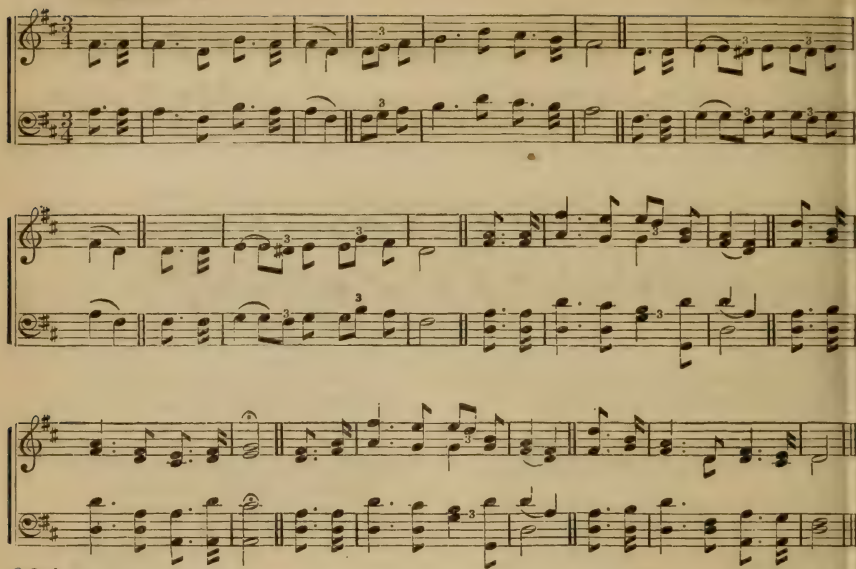
633

- 1 THY name, almighty Lord!
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

THE CHURCH.

HOLBROOK.

7s. D.



634

1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler, yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

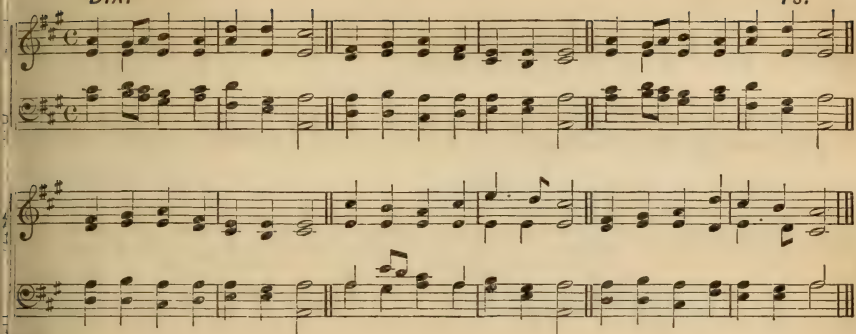
2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come!

MISSIONS.

DIX.

7s.



635

1 God of mercy, God of grace!
Show the brightness of thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour! shine;
Fill thy church with light divine,
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

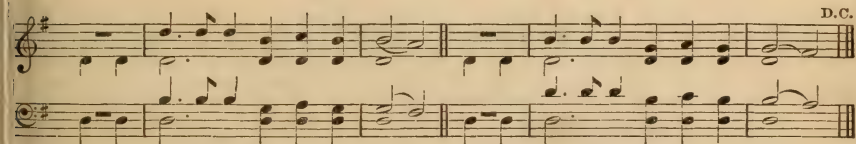
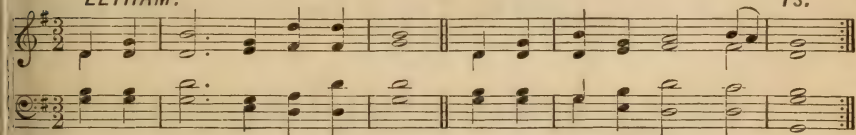
2 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;

At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man his blessing give;
Man to God devoted live;
All below and all above
One in joy, in light, in love.

ELTHAM.

7s.



D.C.

636

1 HASTEN, Lord! the glorious time
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel's call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record;
All his wondrous love proclaim.

THE CHURCH.

SCOTLAND.

12s. 4 lines.

Musical score for 'The Church' in 3/4 time, featuring a melody and accompaniment in G major. The score consists of five systems of two staves each. The first system includes a key signature change from one flat to no flats. The fourth system is labeled 'CHORUS.'

637

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation."
Hallelujah to the Lamb who hath purchased our pardon!
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.</p> | <p>2 Ye souls that are wounded, repair to the Saviour;
He calls you in mercy, 't is infinite favor;
Your sins are increased as high as a mountain;
His blood can remove them; it flows from the fountain.
Hallelujah to the Lamb who hath purchased our pardon!
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.</p> |
|--|--|

MISSIONS.

3 Now Jesus our King reigns triumphantly
glorious;
O'er sin, death and hell he is more than vic-
torious;
With shouting proclaim it, oh, trust in his
passion;
He saves us most freely, oh, glorious salva-
tion!
Hallelujah, etc.

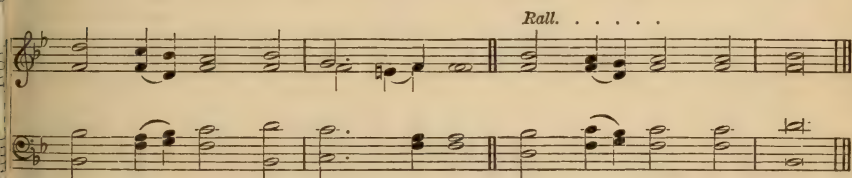
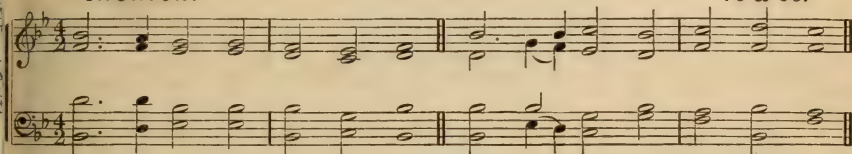
4 Our Jesus his name now proclaims all victo-
rious,
He reigns over all and his kingdom is glo-
rious;

To Jesus we'll join with the great congrega-
tion
In triumph ascribing to him our salvation.
Hallelujah, etc.

5 With joy shall we stand when escaped to
the shore;
With harps in our hands we will praise him
the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks
of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever.
Hallelujah to the Lamb who hath purchased
our pardon!
We'll praise him again when we pass over
Jordan.

CHURTON.

7s & 5s.



638

1 God of grace! oh let thy light
Bless our dim and blinded sight;
Like the day-spring on the night
Bid thy grace to shine.

2 To the nations led astray
Thine eternal love display;
Let thy truth direct their way
Till the world be thine.

3 Praise to thee, the faithful Lord;
Let all tongues in glad accord
Learn the good thanksgiving word,
Ever praising thee.

4 Let them, moved to gladness, sing,
Owning thee their Judge and King;

Righteous truth shall bloom and spring
Where thy rule shall be.

5 Praise to thee, all-faithful Lord!
Let all tongues in glad accord
Speak the good thanksgiving word,
Heart-rejoicing praise.

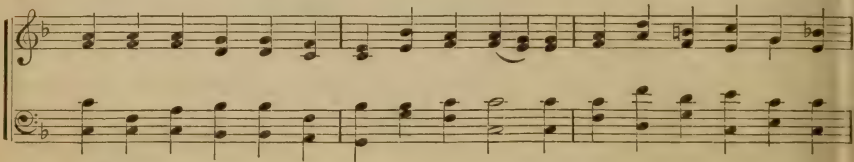
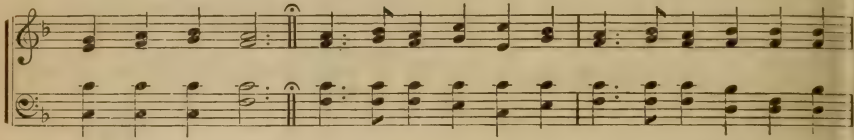
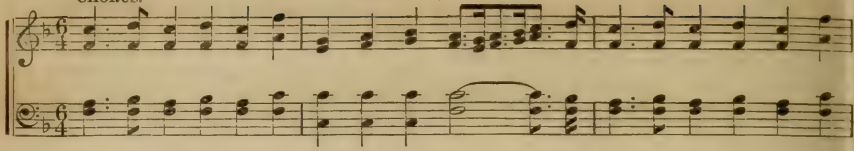
6 So the fruitful earth's increase,
Bounty of the God of peace,
Never in its course shall cease
Through the length of days.

7 While his grace our life shall cheer,
Farthest lands shall own his fear,
Brought to him in worship near,
Taught his mercy's ways.

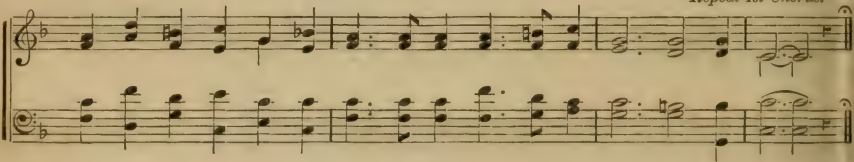
THE CHURCH.

AVISON.
CHORUS.

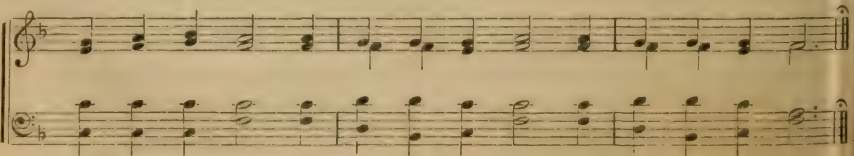
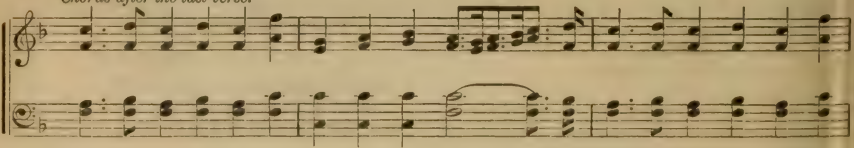
P. M.



Repeat 1st Chorus.



Chorus after the last verse.



MISSIONS.

639

Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

- 1 Zion, the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth;
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.
Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

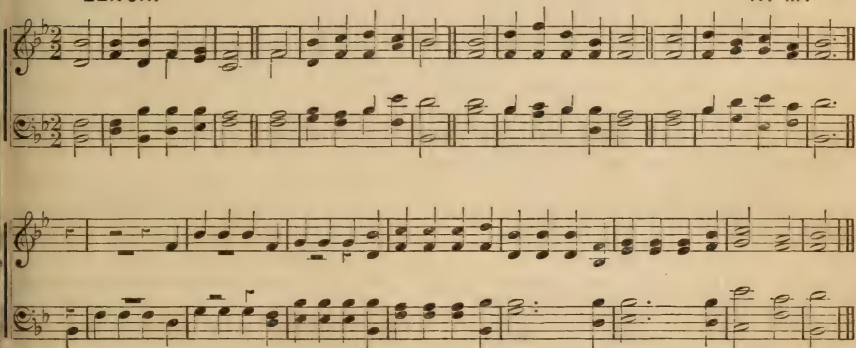
- 2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation!
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned!
Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

LENOX.

H. M.



640

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow;
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of Jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 2 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim.
The year, etc.

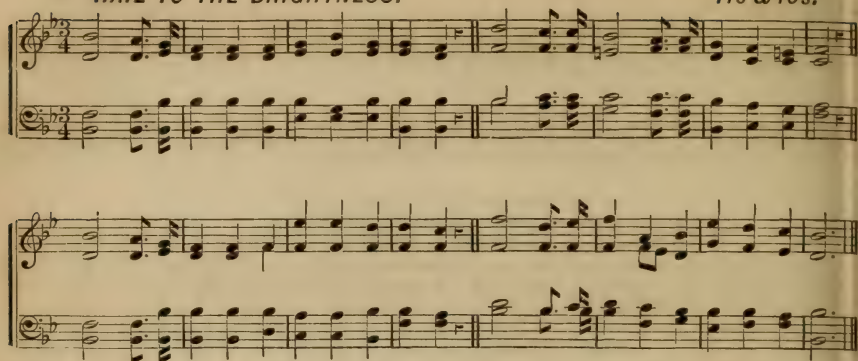
- 3 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year, etc.

- 4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And saved from earth appear
Before your Saviour's face.
The year of Jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

THE CHURCH.

HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.

11s & 10s.



641

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no
more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the daystar of
gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
- 2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that sub-
dued them [far;
And scattered their legions was mightier
They fled like the chaff from the scourge
that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots
of war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion! the power that hath saved
thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel
should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved
thee;
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is
free.

642

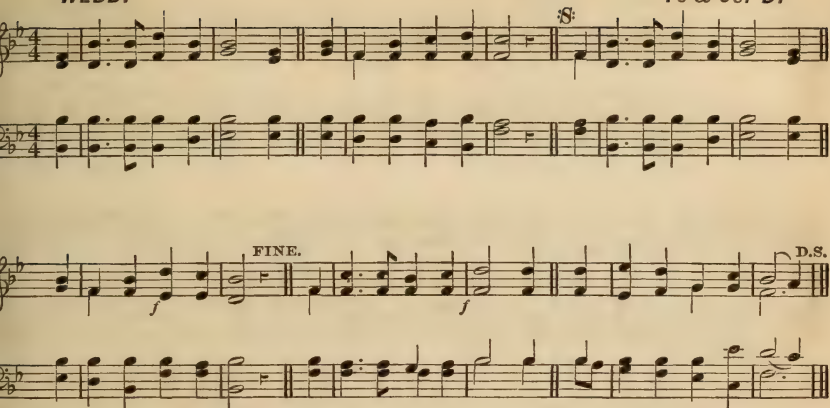
- 1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morn-
ing;
Joy to the lands that in darkness have
lain;
286

- Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourn-
ing;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.
- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morn-
ing,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage return-
ing;
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-top echoes are
ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
- 4 See! from all lands, from the isles of the
ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and com-
motion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.
- 5 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morn-
ing;
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourn-
ing;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

MISSIONS.

WEBB.

7s & 6s. D.



43

1 THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay—

Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come."

644

1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, "Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

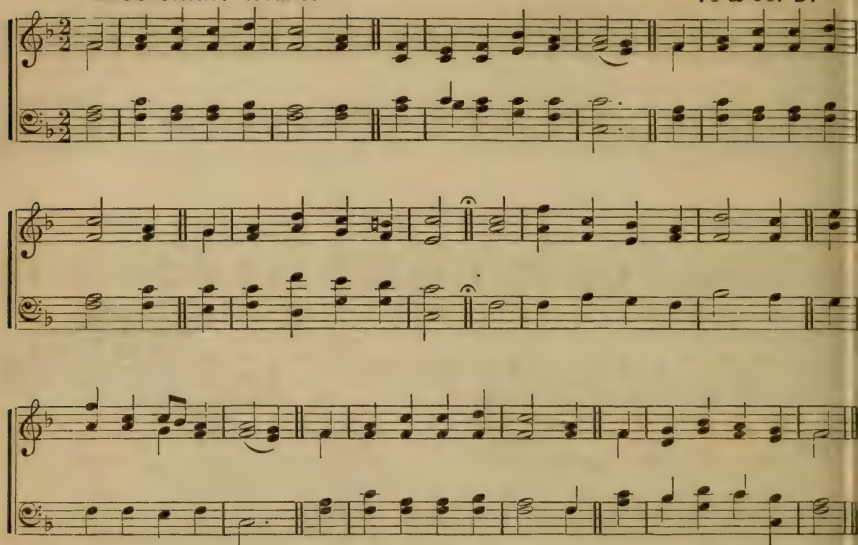
2 What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His power throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine;
Ride on, O Lord! victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thine empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.

THE CHURCH.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

7s & 6s. D.



645

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

288

4 Waft, waft, ye winds! his story,
And you, ye waters! roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

646

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun;
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

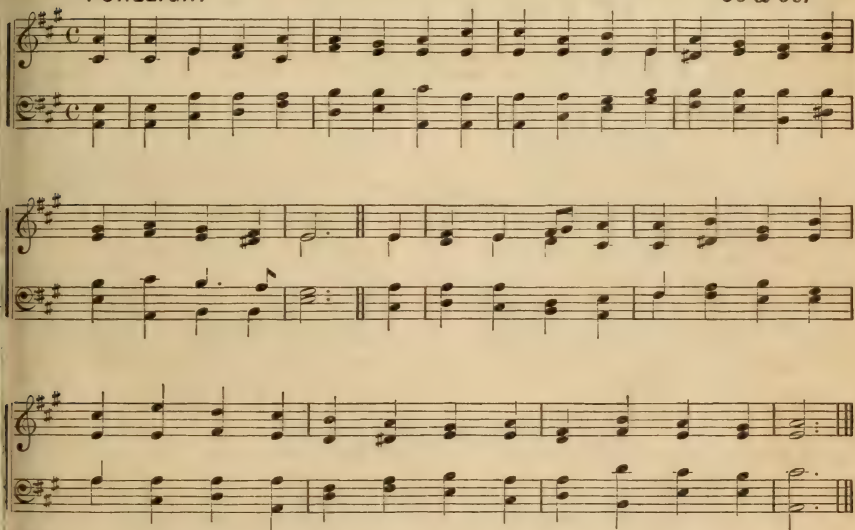
MISSIONS.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is Love.

PURLEIGH.

8s & 6s.



647

1 WHEN, Lord! to this our western land,
Led by thy providential hand,
Our wandering fathers came,
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth
To keep them in thy name.

Then through our solitary coast
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples then arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallowed by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossomed as the rose.

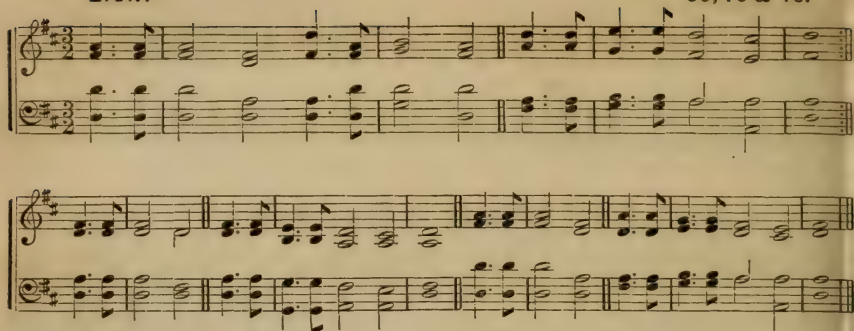
3 And oh, may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet,
Within our spreading land;
There brethren from our common home
Still westward, like our fathers, roam,
Still guided by thy hand.

4 Saviour! we own this debt of love;
Oh, shed thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix thy name,
Through all our desert west.

THE CHURCH.

ZION.

8s, 7s & 4s.



648

- 1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive!
God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will quickly send.
- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now is past,
God, thy Saviour, shall defend thee,
Peace and joy are come at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

649

- 1 Zion stands with hills surrounded
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

290

- 2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight;
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

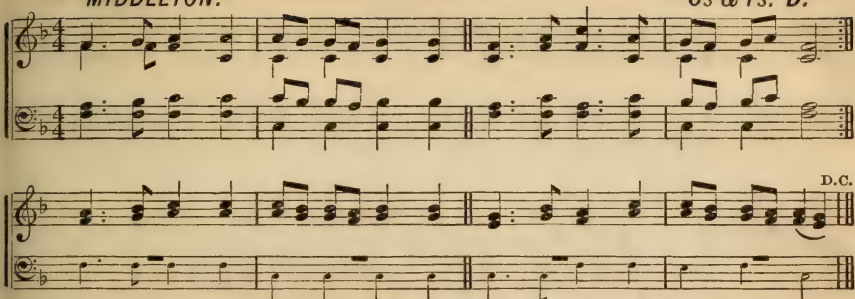
650

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness! arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bounds.
- 2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour! all the world around.

MISSIONS.

MIDDLETON.

8s & 7s. D.



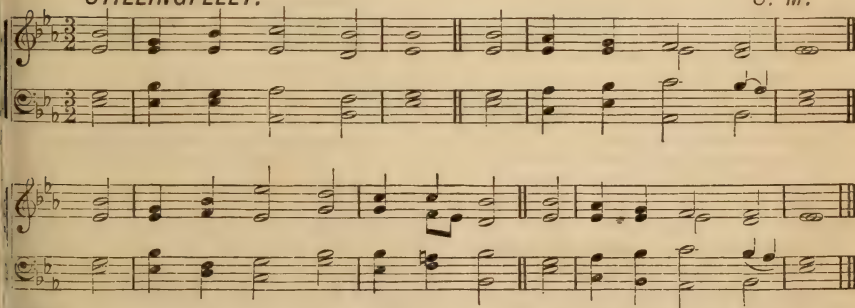
651

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;

- Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage—
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

STILLINGFLEET.

S. M.



652

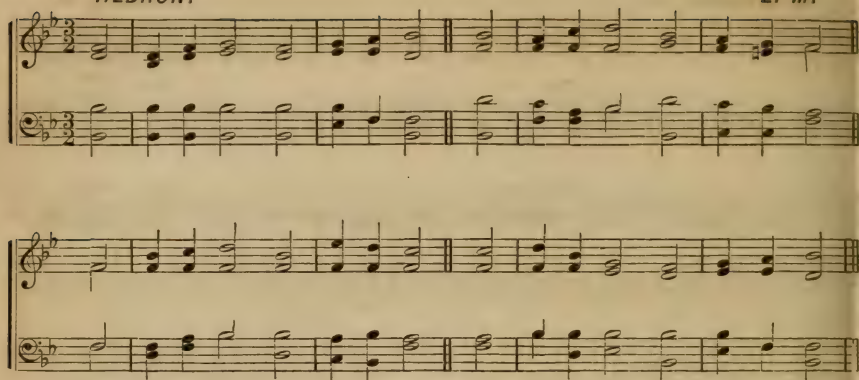
- 1 O THOU whom we adore!
To bless our earth again,
Assume thine own almighty power,
And o'er the nations reign.
- 2 The world's desire and hope,
All power to thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven!

- 3 A gracious Saviour, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
And every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.
- 4 According to thy word,
Now be thy grace revealed;
And with the knowledge of the Lord
Let all the earth be filled.

THE CHURCH.

HEBRON.

L. M.



653

- 1 DEAR Saviour! if these lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And lured by worldly joys away
Among the thoughtless crowd be found,
- 2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace, they wear.
- 3 In all their erring, sinful years
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.
- 4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way.
The wand'ers to thy fold restore.

654

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost! come from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits, thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.
- 2 Exert thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood;
May Father, Son and Spirit join
To seal this child a child of God.

655

- 1 GREAT Saviour! who didst condescend
Young children in thy arms to embrace,
292

Still prove thyself the infant's friend,
Baptize them with thy cleansing grace.

- 2 Whilst in the slippery paths of youth,
Be thou their Guardian and their Guide,
That they, directed by thy truth,
May never from thy precepts slide.
- 3 To love thy word their hearts incline,
To understand it light impart;
O Saviour! consecrate them thine,
Take full possession of their heart.

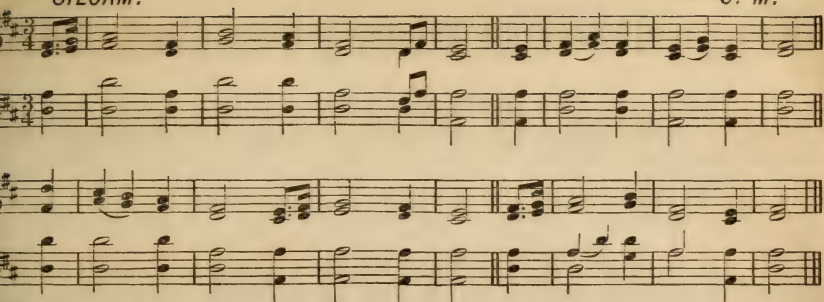
656

- 1 A LITTLE child the Saviour came,
The mighty God was still his name,
And angels worshiped as he lay,
The seeming infant of a day.
- 2 He who, a little child, began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
Let little children come to me.
- 3 We bring them, Lord! and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name them thine;
Their souls with saving grace endow,
Baptize them with thy Spirit now.
- 4 Oh, give thine angels charge, good Lord!
Them safely in thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon thy hand.

BAPTISM.

SILOAM.

C. M.



7
 cool Siloam's shady rill
 How fair the lily grows!
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose!
 O! such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod,
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.

cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 May shake the soul with sorrow's power
 And stormy passion's rage.

thou whose infant feet were found
 Within thy Father's shrine,

Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
 Were all alike divine!

- 6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
 We seek thy grace alone
 In childhood, manhood and in death
 To keep us still thine own.

658

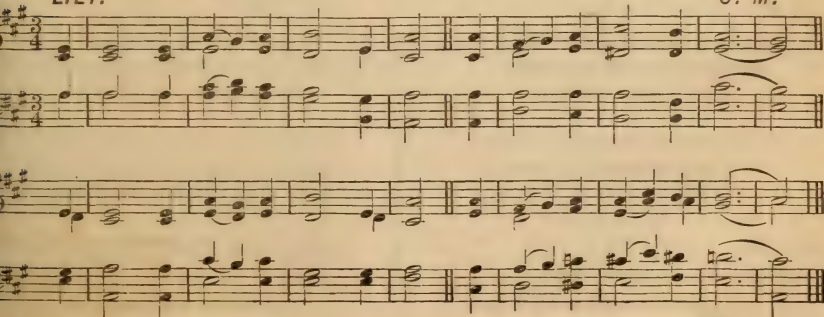
- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
 With all-engaging charms;
 Hark, how he calls the tender lambs
 And folds them in his arms!

- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name,
 For 't was to bless such souls as these
 The Lord of angels came."

- 3 We bring them, Lord! in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.

LILY.

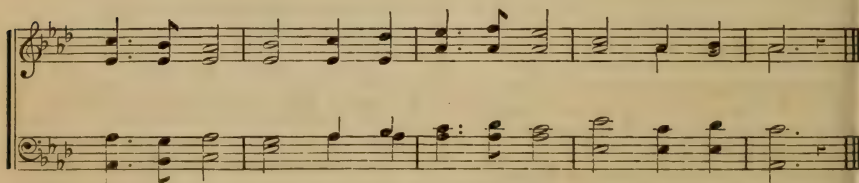
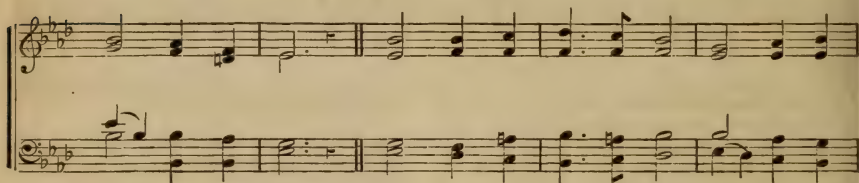
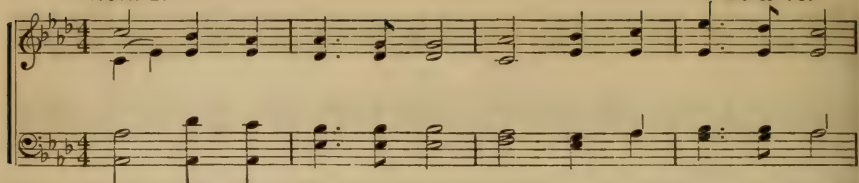
C. M.



THE CHURCH.

AGAPÉ.

6s & 4s.



659

1 SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways,
Christ, our triumphant King!
We come thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To join thy praise.

2 O wisdom's great High Priest!
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love;
And in our mortal pain
None calls on thee in vain!
Help thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.
294

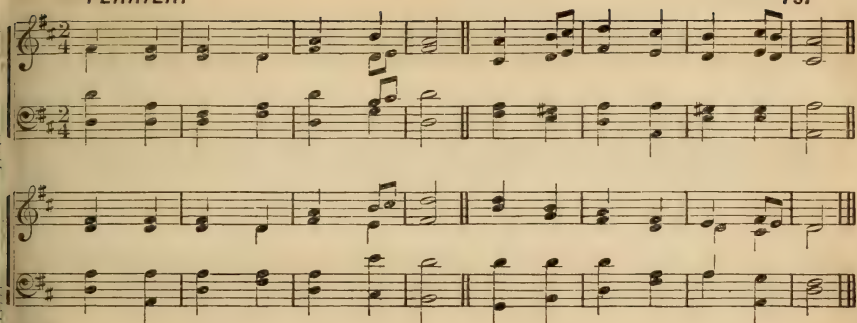
3 Ever be near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song!
Jesus, thou Christ of God!
By thine enduring word
Lead us where thou hast trod;
Make our faith strong.

4 So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing;
Let all the holy throng
Who to thy church belong
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King.

BAPTISM.

FERRIER.

7s.



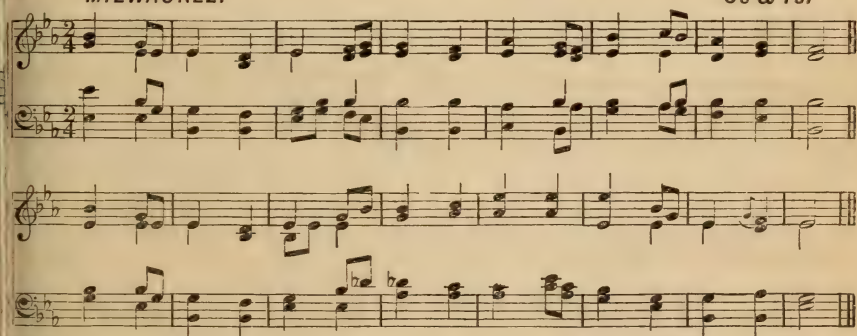
660

- 1 HEAVENLY Father! may thy love
Beam upon us from above;
Let this infant find a place
In thy covenant of grace.
- 2 Son of God! be with us here,
Listen to our humble prayer;
Let thy blood on Calvary spilt
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

- 3 Holy Ghost! to thee we cry,
Thou this infant sanctify;
Thine almighty power display,
Seal him (*her*) to redemption's day.
- 4 Great Jehovah! Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Let the blessing come from Thee;
Thine shall all the glory be.

MILWAUKEE.

8s & 7s.



661

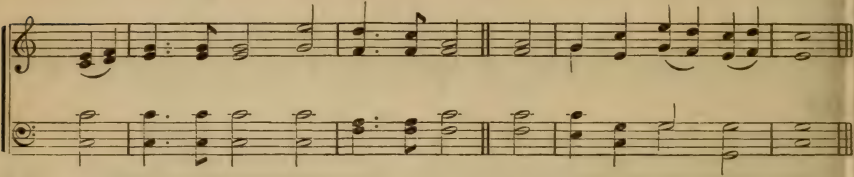
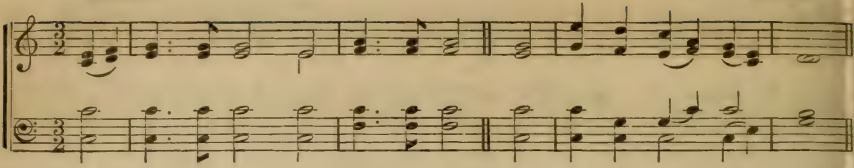
- 1 SAVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share,
- 2 Now, these little ones receiving.
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

- 3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dang'rous way.
- 4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

THE CHURCH.

HEBER.

C. M.



662

- 1 THOU who a tender Parent art!
Regard a parent's plea;
Our offspring with an anxious heart
We now commend to thee.
- 2 Our children are our greatest care,
A charge which thou hast given;
In all thy graces let them share,
And all the joys of heaven.
- 3 If a centurion could succeed
Who for his servant cried,
Wilt thou refuse to hear us plead
For those so near allied?
- 4 On us thou hast bestow'd thy grace,
Be to our children kind;
Among thy saints give them a place,
And leave not one behind.
- 5 Happy we then shall live below
The remnant of our days,
And when to brighter worlds we go
Shall long resound thy praise.

663

- 1 BEHOLD, what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace.
- 2 He still the ancient promise keeps
To our forefathers given;

Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

- 3 With flowing tears and thankful hearts
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord! into thine arms;
Thine may they ever be.

- 4 Thus to the parents and their seed
Let thy salvation come,
And numerous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

664

- 1 How large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

- 2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the covenant proves
And seals the blessings sure.

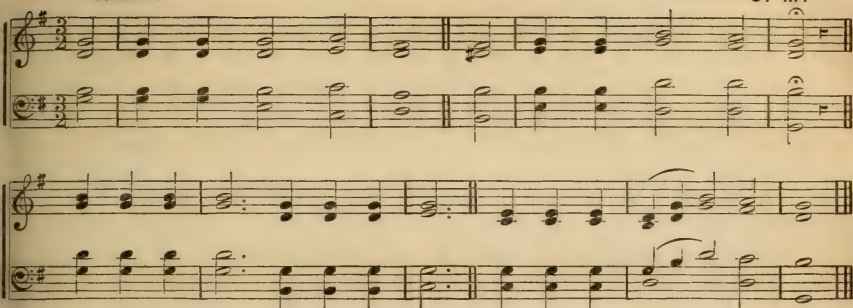
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great father given;
He takes young children in his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

- 4 Our God! how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

BAPTISM.

PARAH.

S. M.



665

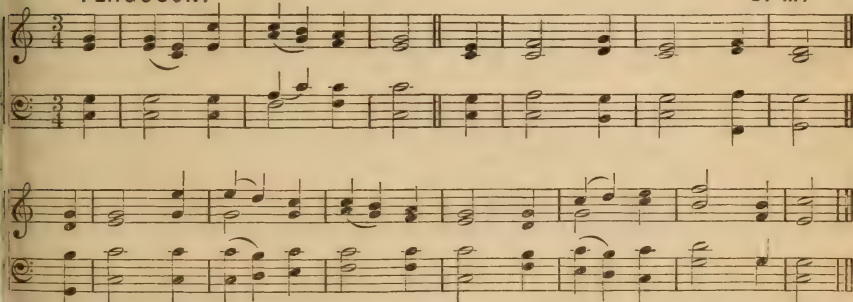
- 1 O God of Abra'm! hear
The parents' humble cry;
In covenant mercy now appear,
While in the dust we lie.
- 2 These children of our love
In mercy thou hast given,
That we through grace may faithful prove,
In training them for heaven.
- 3 Oh, grant thy Spirit, Lord!
Their hearts to sanctify;

Remember now thy gracious word;
Our hopes on thee rely.

- 4 Draw forth the melting tear,
The penitential sigh;
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
And fix their hopes on high.
- 5 These children now are thine,
We give them back to thee;
Oh, lead them by thy grace divine
Along the heavenly way.

FERGUSON.

S. M.



666

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son—
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

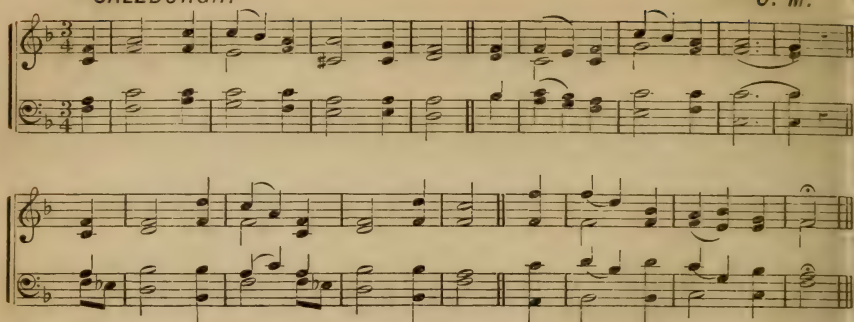
3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;

- 4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

THE CHURCH.

SALZBURGH.

C. M.



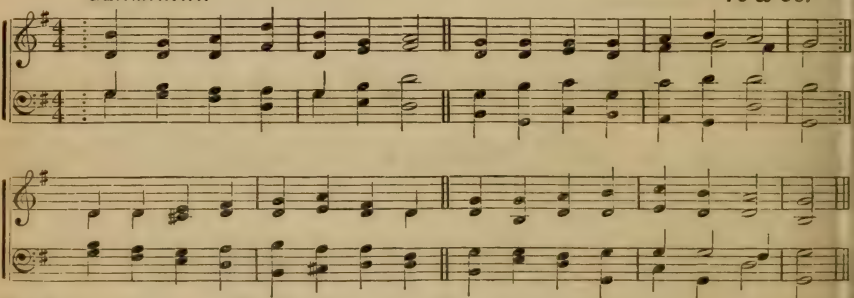
667

- 1 O THOU whose glory and whose grace
Celestial hosts proclaim!
Look down from heaven, thy dwelling-place;
Teach us to fear thy name.
- 2 Within the volume of thy word,
We, from our early youth,
Learn of our Saviour and our Lord
The Way, the Life, the Truth.

- 3 Thy word displays the concord sweet
Of fear and holy love;
Mercy and truth together meet,
Descending from above.
- 4 O Lord! thy glory and thy grace
Whilst now our hearts proclaim,
Come to our hearts, thy dwelling-place,
And make us fear thy name.

GERMANIA.

7s & 8s.



668

- 1 BLESSED Jesus! here we stand,
Met to do as thou hast spoken,
And this child at thy command
Now we bring to thee in token
That to thee it here is given,
For of such shall be thy heaven.
- 2 Make it, Lord! thy member now;
Shepherd! take thy lamb and feed it;
Prince of peace! its peace be thou;
Way of life! to heaven lead it;

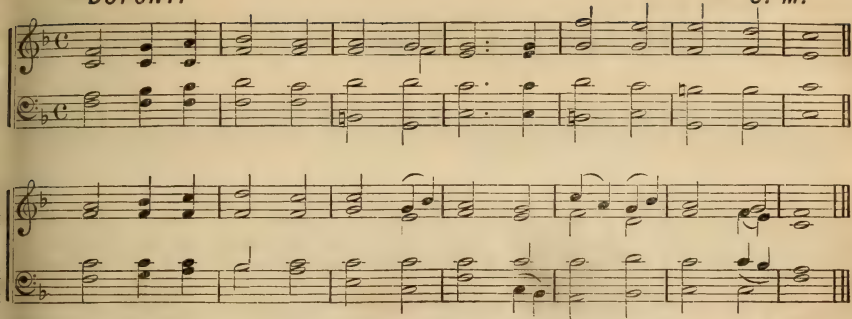
Vine! this branch may nothing sever;
Be it graft in thee for ever.

- 3 Now upon thy heart it lies,
What our hearts so dearly treasure;
Heavenward lead our burdened sighs,
Pour thy blessing without measure;
With the name we now have given
Write it in the book of heaven.

BAPTISM.

DUPONT.

C. M.



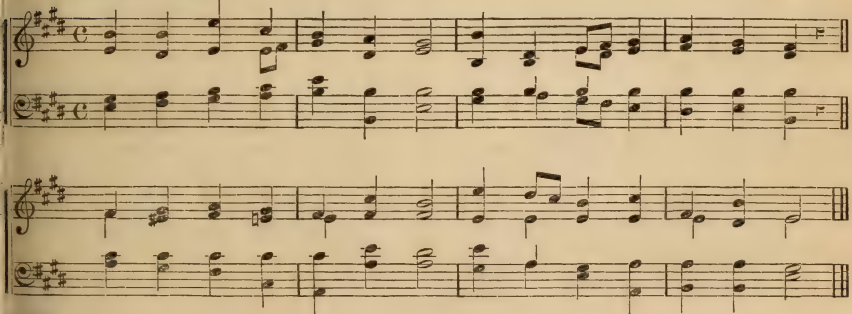
669

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel! from above
Thy feeble flock behold,
And let us never lose thy love,
Nor wander from thy fold.
- 2 Thou wilt not cast thy lambs away;
Thy hand is ever near
To guide them, lest they go astray,
And keep them safe from fear.
- 3 Thy tender care supports the weak,
And will not let them fail;
Then teach us, Lord! thy praise to speak
And on thy name to call.

- 4 We want thy help, for we are frail;
Thy light, for we are blind;
Let grace o'er all our doubts prevail,
To prove that thou art kind.
- 5 Teach us the things we ought to know,
And may we find them true,
And still in stature as we grow
Increase in wisdom too.
- 6 Guide us through life; and when at last
We enter into rest,
Thy tender arms around us cast,
And fold us to thy breast.

CANONBURY.

7s.



670

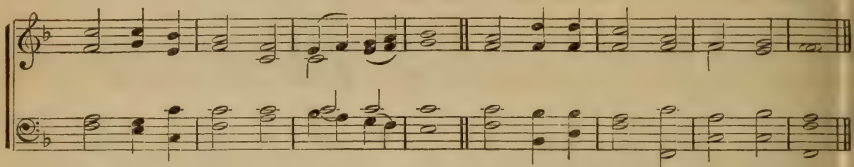
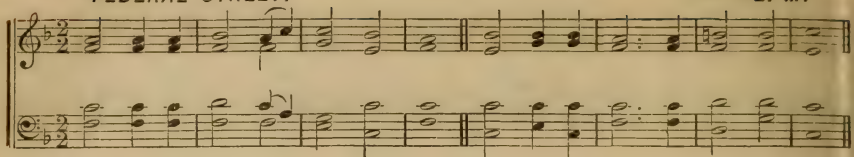
- 1 God of mercy! throned on high,
Listen from thy lofty seat;
Hear, oh hear our feeble cry,
Guide, oh guide our wandering feet!
- 2 Young and erring travelers, we
All our dangers do not know,
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

- 3 Jesus! lover of the young,
Cleanse us with thy blood divine:
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us thine!
- 4 Saviour! give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul—
Hope till time shall be no more,
Love while endless ages roll.

THE CHURCH.

FEDERAL STREET.

L. M.



671

- 1 THOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd ! let me know,
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow ?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock ?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown ?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.
- 4 The footsteps of thy flock I see ;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be ;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares, [tears.
Bought with thy wounds and groans and
- 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood ;
Here to these hills my soul will come
Till my Beloved leads me home.

We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause ;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb ;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

673

- 1 MY God ! and is thy table spread,
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred feast which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
- 3 Oh, let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 4 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel host
Be praise and glory evermore.

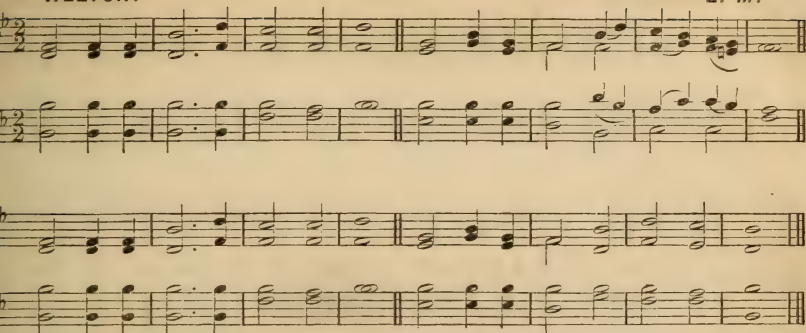
672

- 1 AT thy command, our dearest Lord !
Here we attend thy dying feast ;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died ;

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

WELTON.

L. M.



1 GREAT Shepherd of thy ransomed flock!
Send down on all thy gifts to-day,
The water from the riven rock,
The manna gleaming on our way.

2 Sea, more, from out thy piercèd side,
Whence flowed the water and the blood,
Our on our souls the crimson tide,
And wash us in that cleansing flood.

3 Still journeying on amid the waste,
And fainting oft beneath the strife,
Our longing spirits yearn to taste
Thy heavenly food, O Bread of Life!

4 And when our broken cisterns fail,
And leave us thirsting on the sod,
When all the powers of sin assail,
We need thy strength, O Wine of God!

5 Come to each waiting heart, O Christ!
In all the fullness of thy love;
Take now this blessed Eucharist
The earnest of thy joys above.

6 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm his holy soul.

7 Yet, gracious God! thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Redeemed for sins that we have done.

1 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honors of thy law restored;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

2 Oh, for his sake, our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

676

1 JESUS! thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged has ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee thou art good,
To them that find thee all in all.

3 We taste thee, O thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

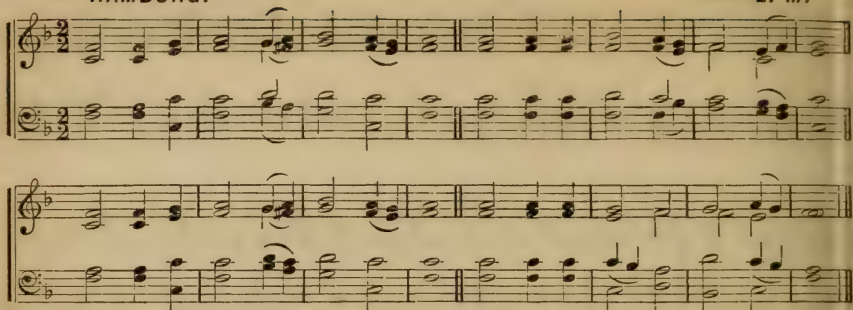
4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
Glad when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus! ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

THE CHURCH.

HAMBURG.

L. M.



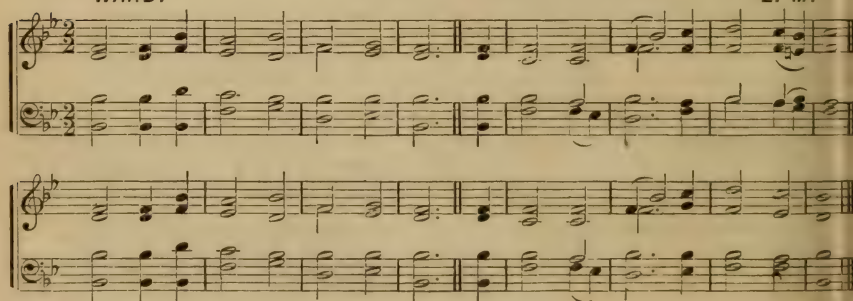
677

- 1 NATURE with open volume stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.
- 2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 't is fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.
- 3 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,

- Piercing his Son with sharpest smart
To make the purchased pleasures mine.
- 4 Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 5 I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

WARD.

L. M.



678

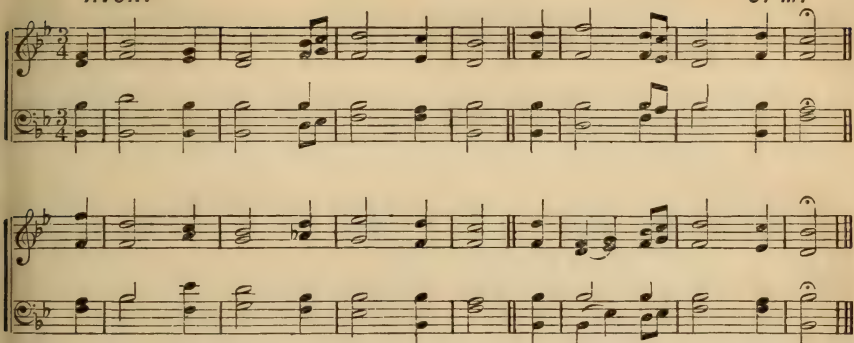
- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face,
And to refresh our minds he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

- 3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem,
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.
- 4 While he is absent from our sight,
'T is to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

AVON.

C. M.



679

- 1 SAVIOUR divine! we know thy name,
And in that name we trust;
Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.
- 2 The sins of even the best spent day
Might plunge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of numerous years
Shall our great Surety bear.
- 3 That spotless robe which he hath wrought
Shall deck us all around;
In his imputed righteousness
No blemish shall be found.
- 4 Pardon and peace and lively hope
To sinners now are given,
And weeping saints shall change ere long
Their wilderness for heaven.
- 5 With joy we taste that manna now
Thy mercy scatters down;
We seal our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promised crown.

680

- 1 JESUS! with all thy saints above
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Blessed be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quenched his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood.

- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name
Or saints to feel his grace.

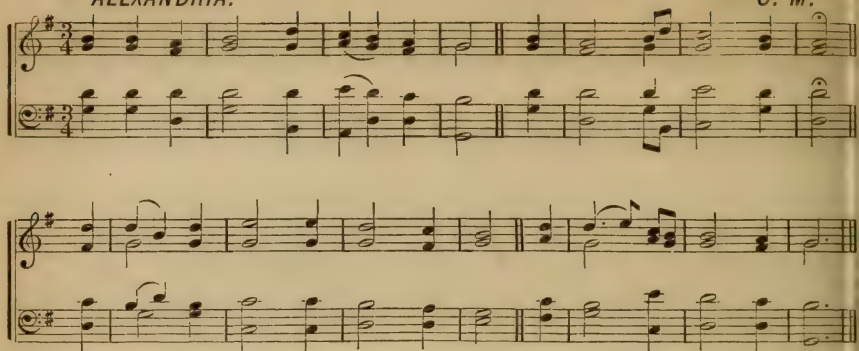
681

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord!
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee—
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse, remains,
Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and mem'ry flee,
When in thy kingdom thou shalt come,
Jesus! remember me.

THE CHURCH.

ALEXANDRIA.

C. M.



682

- 1 How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes
To raise us to his throne;
There 's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.
- 3 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.
- 5 Here let our hearts begin to melt
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardoned guilt
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

683

- 1 IN memory of the Saviour's love
We keep the sacred feast
Where every humble, contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

- 2 By faith we take the Bread of life
With which our souls are fed,
And cup in token of his blood
That was for sinners shed.
- 3 Under his banner thus we sing
The wonders of his love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

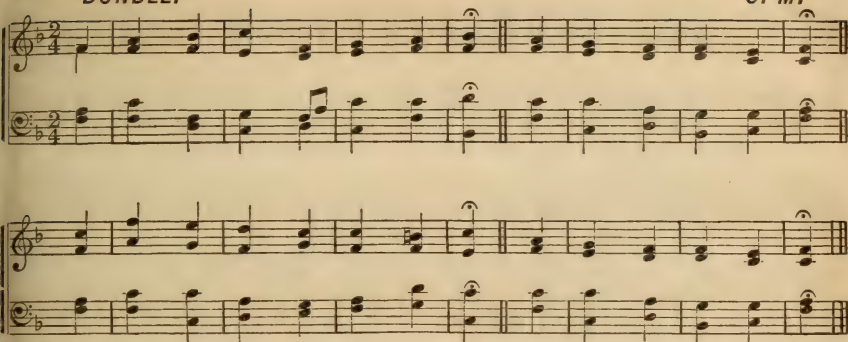
684

- 1 IF human kindness meets return
And owns the grateful tie,
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh,
- 2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?
- 3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed!
"Meet and remember me!"
- 4 Remember thee, thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O mem'ry! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

DUNDEE.

C. M.



685

- 1 How sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!
- 2 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord! why was I a guest?"
- 3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"
- 4 'T was the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.
- Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
- We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice and heart and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

686

THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good;
He said, and gave his soul to death
And sealed the grace with blood.

- 2 To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.
- 3 I call that legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'T was purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.
- 4 The light and strength, the pard'ning grace,
And glory, shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh
And all my powers are thine.

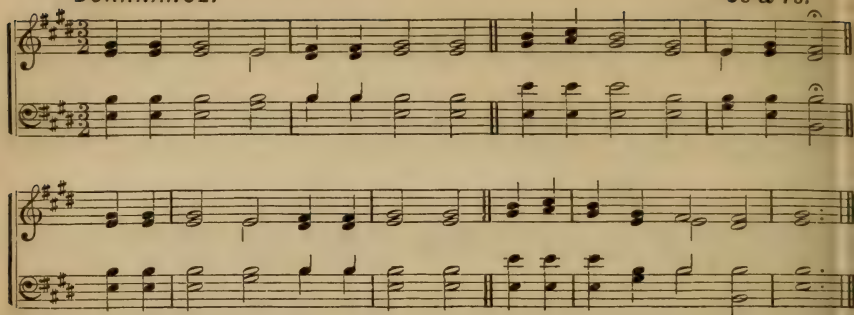
687

- 1 My God! accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine,
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.
- 2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.
- 3 May the dear blood once shed for me
My blest atonement prove,
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of thy love.
- 4 Let every thought and work and word
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord!
And death the gate of heaven.

THE CHURCH.

DORRNANCE.

8s & 7s.



688

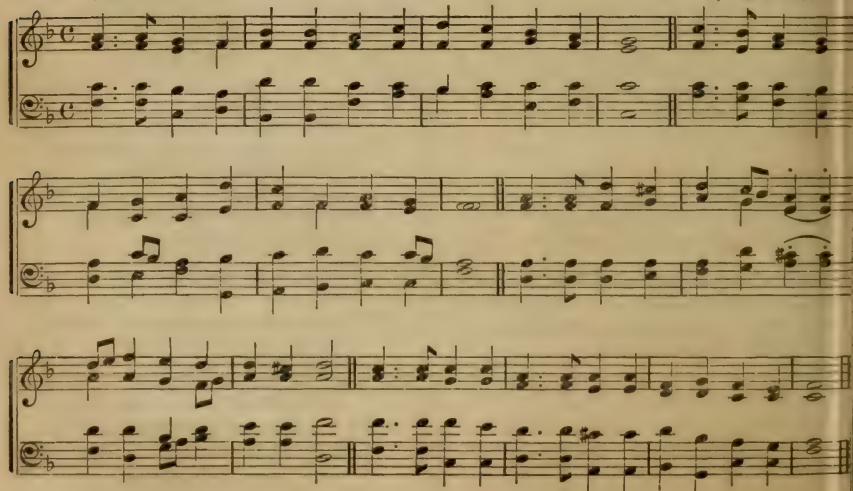
- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,

While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

FAITH.

7s, 6s & 8s.



THE LORD'S SUPPER.

689

1 LAMB of God! whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on thee,
And ev'ry burdened soul release;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

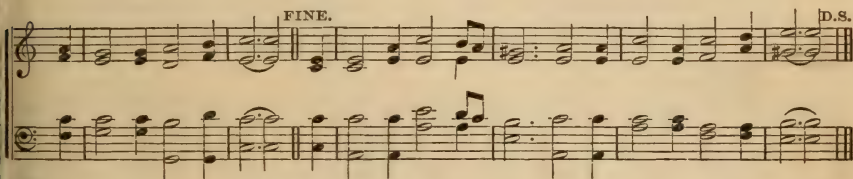
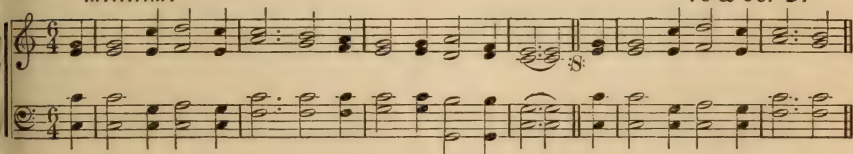
2 By thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;

Burst our bonds and set us free,
From all iniquity release;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Own us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

MIRIAM.

7s & 6s. D.



690

1 O BREAD to pilgrims given!
Richer than angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven!
For heaven-born natures meet,
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

2 O Fountain life-bestowing
From out the Saviour's heart!
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art!

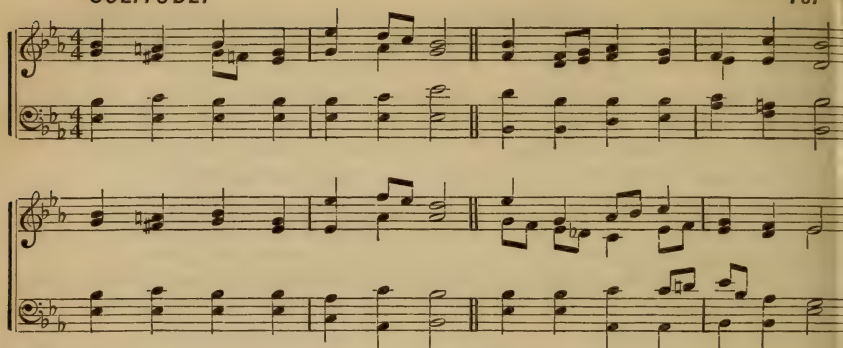
Oh, let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avals from age to age.

3 Jesus! this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take and doubt no more;
Give us, thou true and loving!
On earth to live in thee,
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

THE CHURCH.

SOLITUDE.

7s.



691

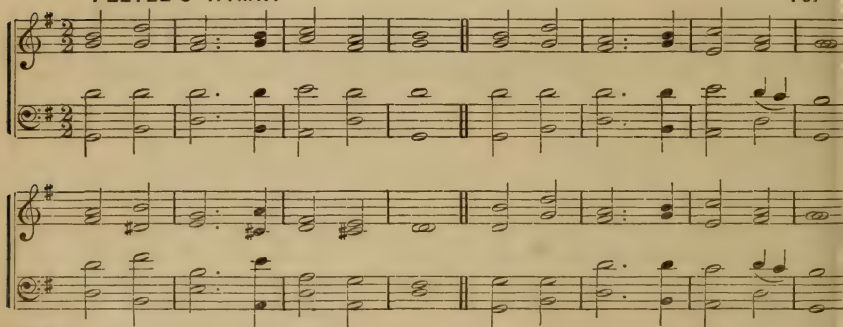
- 1 Now may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and head,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 2 May he teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.
- 3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

692

- 1 JESUS, Master! hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.
- 2 Feed me, Saviour! with this bread,
Broken in thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of thine.
- 3 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there, for me.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

7s.



693

- 1 BREAD of heaven! on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread.
- 2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
308

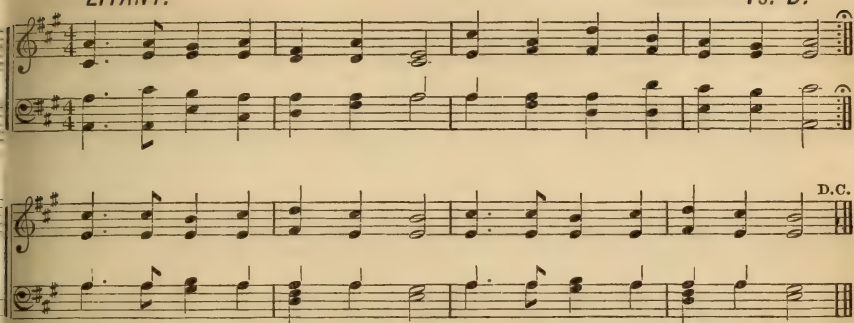
'T is thy wounds my healing give,
To thy cross I look and live.

- 3 Day by day, with strength supplied
Through the life of him who died,
Thou my life! oh let me be
Rooted, grafted, built, in thee.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

LITANY.

7s. D.



694

1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his piercèd side;
Praise we him whose love divine
Gives his sacred blood for wine,
Gives his body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

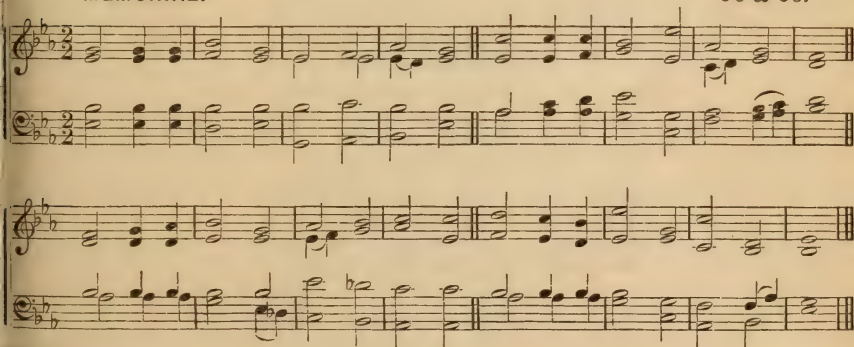
2 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

Praise we Christ, whose blood we shed,
Paschal Victim, paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord! to thee we raise;
Holy Father! praise to thee
With the Spirit ever be.

MEMORIAL.

9s & 8s.



695

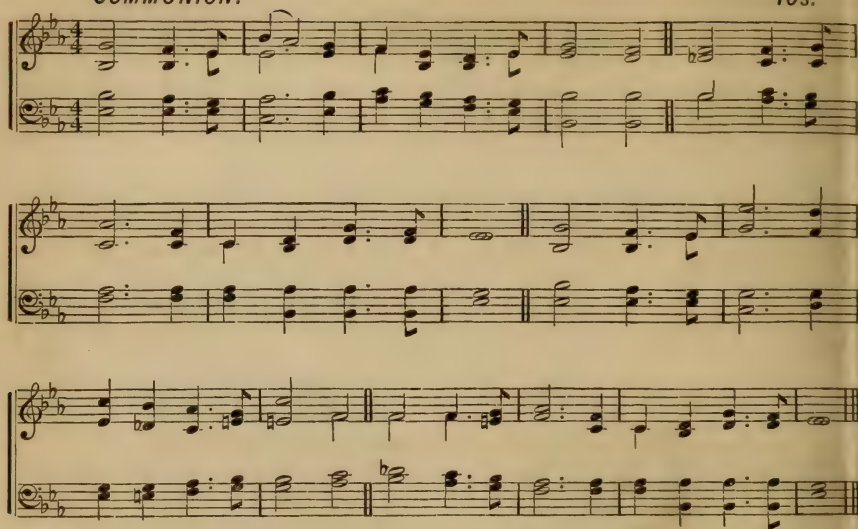
1 BREAD of the world in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead!

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

THE CHURCH.

COMMUNION.

10s.



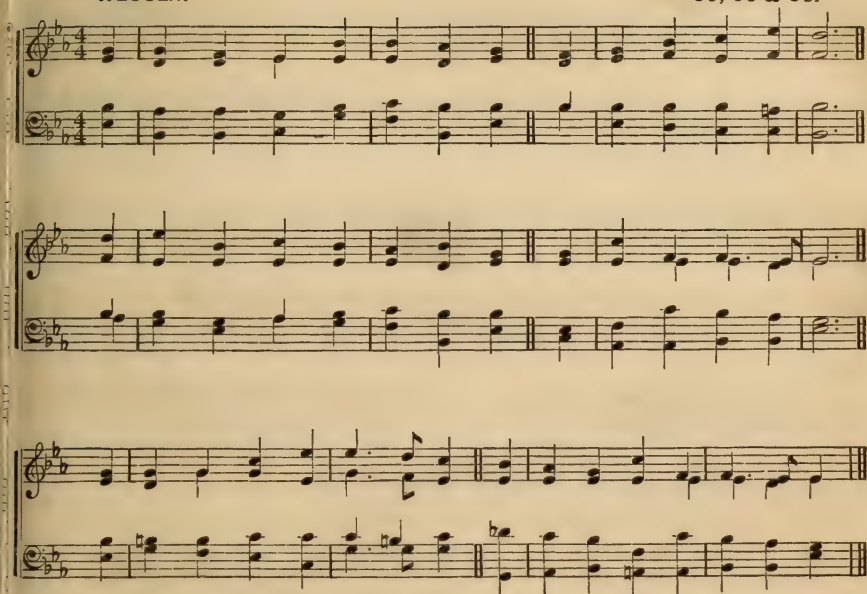
696

- 1 Not worthy, Lord ! to gather up the crumbs
With trembling hand that from thy table fall,
A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
To plead thy promise and obey thy call.
- 2 I am not worthy to be thought thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board;
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.
- 3 One word from thee, my Lord ! one smile, one look,
And I could face the cold, rough world again,
And with that treasure in my heart could brook
The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.
- 4 And is not mercy thy prerogative—
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine?
Me, Lord ! the chief of sinners, me forgive,
And thine the greater glory, only thine.
- 5 I hear thy voice; thou bid'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp thy piercèd feet;
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest,
Among thy saints, and of thy banquet eat.
- 6 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in thee;
Dwell thou for ever in my heart, and there,
Lord ! let me sup with thee; sup thou with me.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

WESSEX.

8s, 6s & 8s.



697

1 LORD! when before thy throne we meet

Thy goodness to adore,
From heaven, the eternal mercy-seat,
On us thy blessing pour,
And make our inmost souls to be
A habitation meet for thee.

2 Thy body for our ransom given,

Thy blood in mercy shed,
With this immortal food from heaven,
Lord! let our souls be fed;
And as we round thine altar kneel
Help us thy quickening grace to feel.

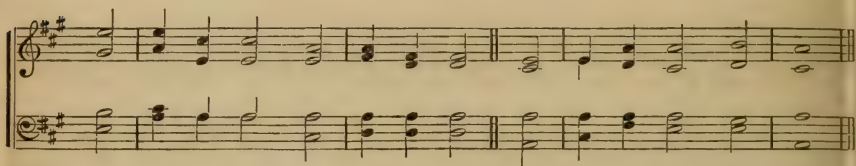
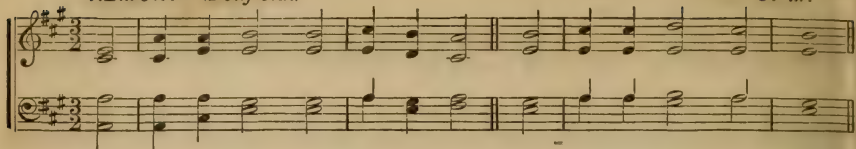
3 Be thou, O Holy Spirit! nigh;

Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heartfelt tear;
And let our adoration rise
As fragrant incense to the skies.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

AZMON. (Denfield.)

C. M.



698

1 SEE, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room—

2 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

3 In him the Father reconciled
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home.

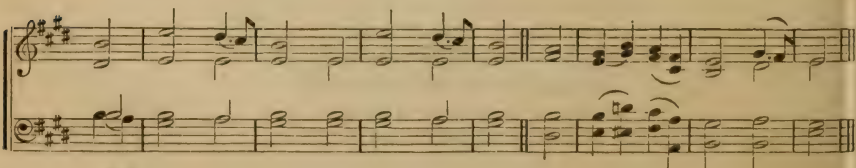
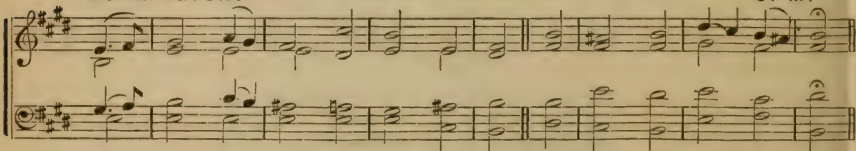
4 Oh, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love,
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

BURLINGTON.

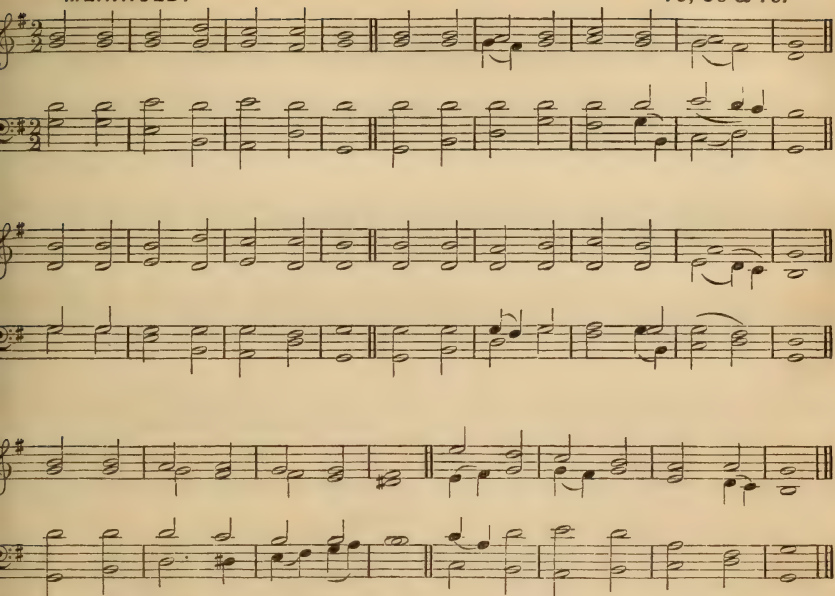
C. M.



THE LORD'S DAY.

MEINHOLD.

7s, 8s & 7s.



99

LIGHT of light! enlighten me,
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of grace! the shadows flee,
Brighten thou my Sabbath morning;
With thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy is my day of rest.

Fount of all our joy and peace!
To thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless thy word that it may prove
Rich in fruit that thou dost love.

Kindle thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire within me glow
That thine altar doth not know.

4 Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Rapt a while from earth away,
All my soul to thee upspringing,
Have a foretaste only given
How they worship thee in heaven.

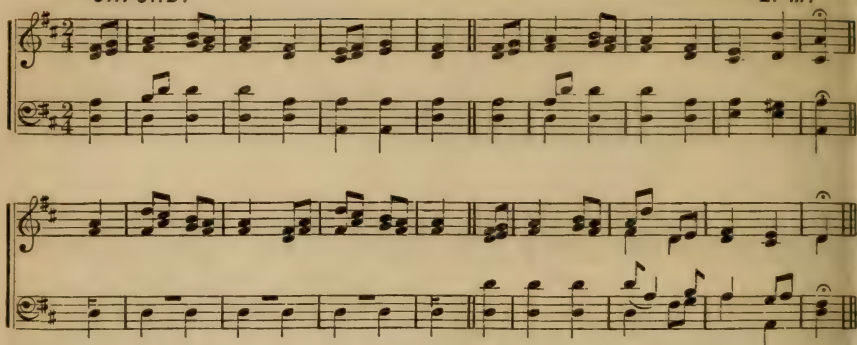
5 Rest in me and I in thee,
Build a paradise within me;
Oh, reveal thyself to me,
Blessed Love! who diedst to win me;
Fed from thine exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

6 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy;
Come, thou glorious Majesty!
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in thy love.

THE LORD'S DAY.

ORFORD.

L. M.



700

- 1 My opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God! ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.
- 2 Oh, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.
- 3 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

701

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.
- 2 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet the Sabbath thus to spend
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

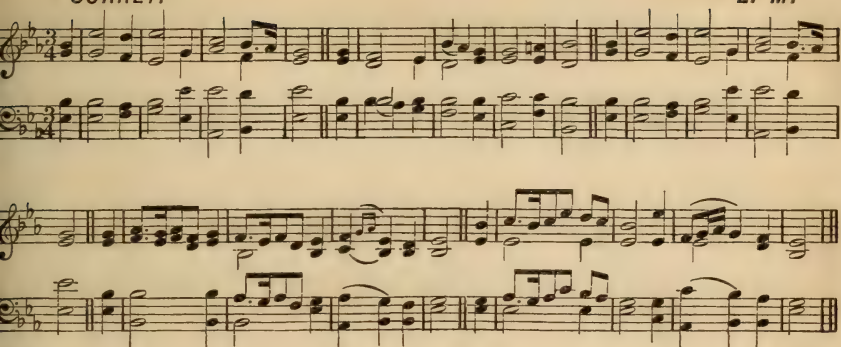
702

- 1 ANOTHER day has passed along,
And we are nearer to the tomb—
Nearer to join the heavenly song
Or hear the last eternal doom.
- 2 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.
- 3 The time how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below,
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.
- 4 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love,
And while these sacred moments roll
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.
- 5 Nor will our days of toil be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

THE LORD'S DAY.

SURREY.

L. M.



03

1 LORD of the Sabbath! hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house,
And own as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord! we love,
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues;

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

04

COME, dearest Lord! and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit! all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine,
And let our waiting souls be blessed
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

705

1 GREAT God! attend while Sion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

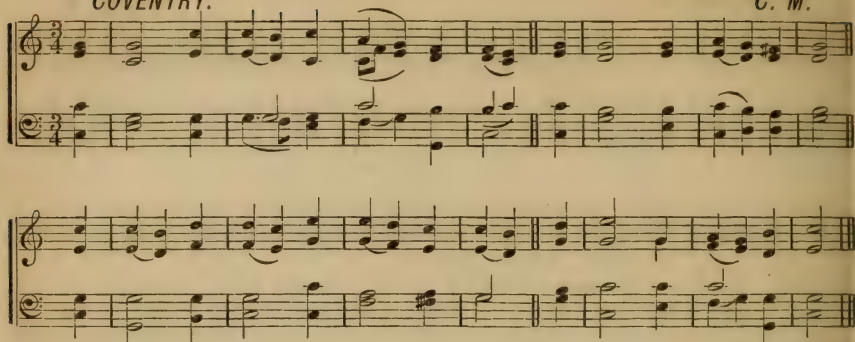
3 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

4 O God our King! whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

THE LORD'S DAY.

COVENTRY.

C. M.



706

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams,
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord! forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord! our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine,
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine;
- 5 Where we in high seraphic strains
Shall all our powers employ;
Delighted range th' ethereal plains, •
And take our fill of joy.

707

- 1 SPIRIT of truth! on this thy day
To thee for help we cry
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.
- 2 We ask not, Lord! the cloven flame
Or tongues of various tone,
316

But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervor in our own.

- 3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.
- 4 When tongues shall cease and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.

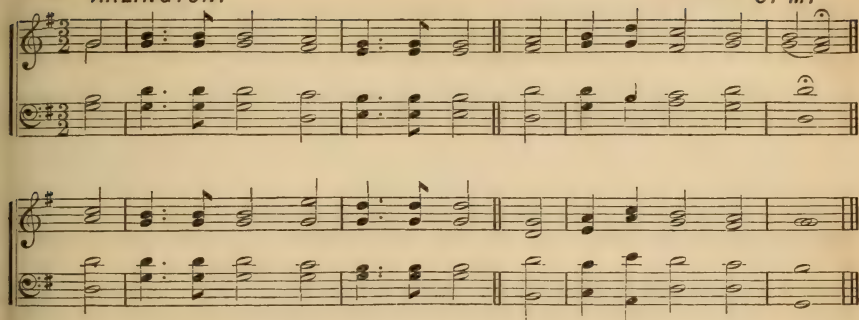
708

- 1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week!
- 2 How welcome is the early dawn
That opens on the sight
When first the soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!
- 3 Blest day! thine hours too soon will cease,
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, Source of peace!
A Sabbath o'er my soul.
- 4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

THE LORD'S DAY.

ARLINGTON.

C. M.



709

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord who come to men
With messages of grace,
Who comes in God his Father's name
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

710

1 BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God,
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The great Redeemer lay
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed, day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord!
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven and earth and rocks and seas
With glad hosannas ring.

711

1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God hath called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord! how fair!
Where willing vot'ries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer
And pour the choral song.

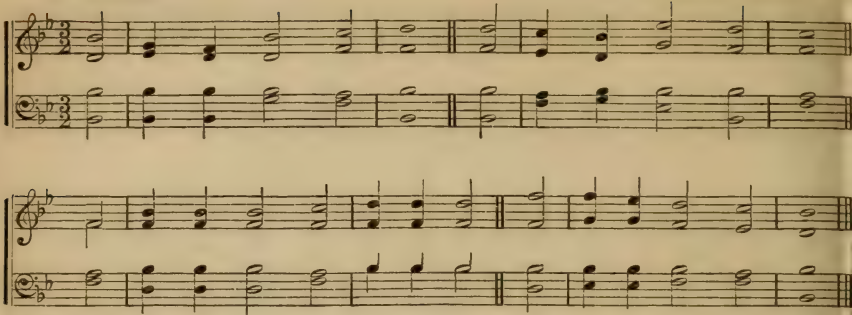
3 Spirit of grace! oh, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

THE LORD'S DAY.

LISBON.

S. M.



712

- 1 To-day the Saviour rose,
Our Jesus left the dead;
He conquered our malignant foes,
And Satan captive led.
- 2 He left his glorious throne,
To make our peace with God;
Blessings for ever on his name,
He bought us with his blood.
- 3 For us his life he paid,
For us the law fulfilled;
On him our load of guilt was laid;
We by his stripes are healed.
- 4 Ye saints, adore his name
Who hath such mercy shown;
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make his praises known.

713

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

318

- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

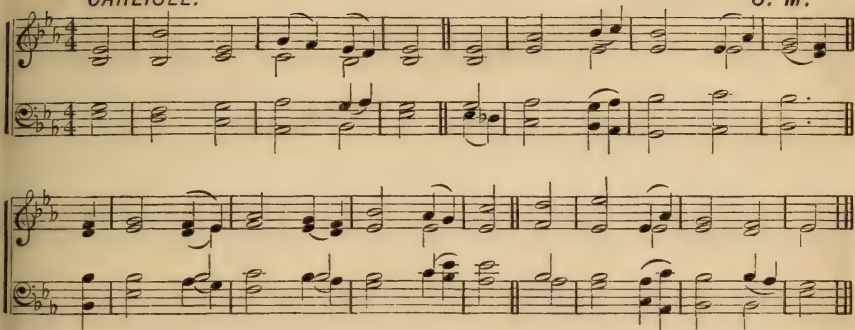
714

- 1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit
And smile on all around.
- 4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord! a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

THE LORD'S DAY.

CARLISLE.

S. M.



715

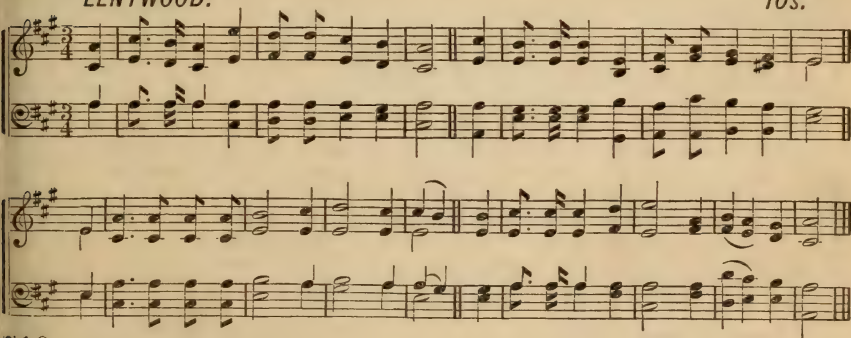
- 1 THE day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all!
- 2 Around thy throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;

But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

- 4 Yet, Lord! to thy dear will
If thou attune the heart,
We in thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
- 5 Shine thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

LENTWOOD.

10s.



716

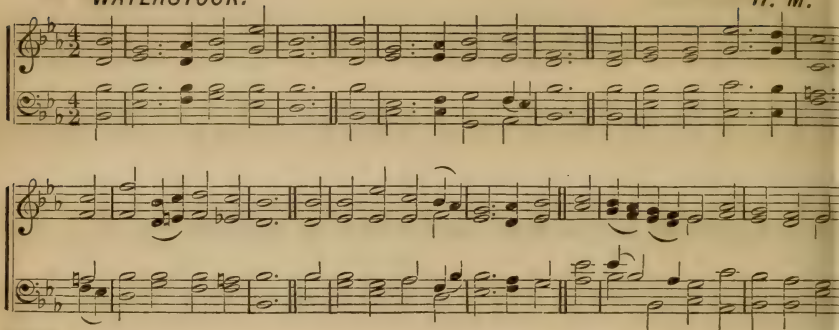
- 1 AGAIN the day returns of holy rest [blest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety and all be peace.
- 2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;

- So shall he hear when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.
- 3 Father in heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us and whose precepts
guide,
In life our guardian and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

THE LORD'S DAY.

WATERSTOCK.

H. M.



717

1 ALL hail the glorious morn
That saw our Saviour rise,
With victory bright adorned,
And triumph in his eyes;
Ye saints, extol your risen Lord,
And sing his praise with sweet accord.

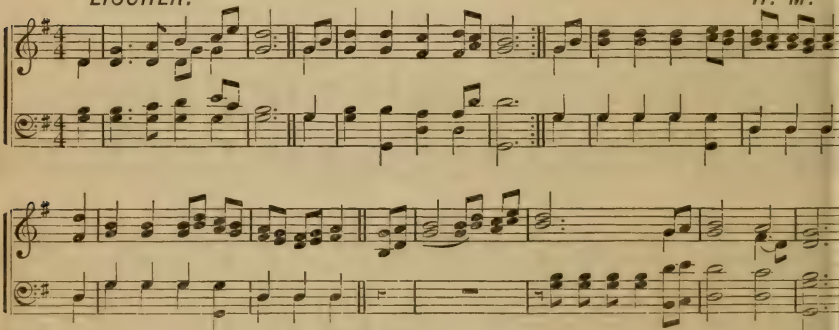
2 The Conqueror ascends
In triumph to the skies;

Celestial hosts attend
To crown his victories;
Hark! they proclaim his glorious name,
And heaven resounds Immanuel's fame.

3 Now to the throne above
Let every saint draw near;
There dwells incarnate love;
Grace sits triumphant there;
See mercy smile, e'en on that throne
Where once did wrath and justice frown

LISCHER.

H. M.



718

1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest,
We hail thy kind return,
Lord! make these moments blessed;
From the low train of mortal toys
We soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend
And fill his throne of grace;

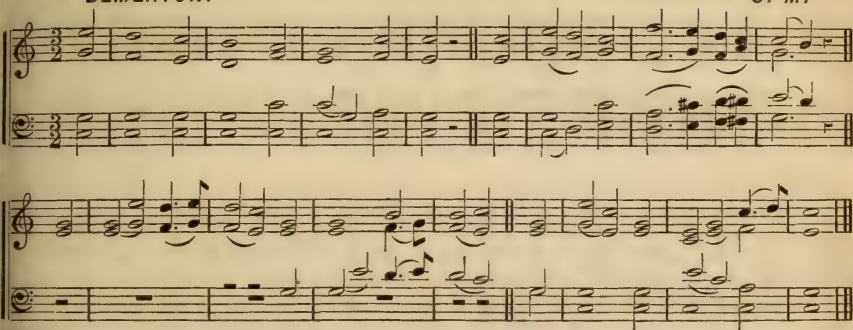
Thy sceptre, Lord! extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.

THE LORD'S DAY.

BEMERTON.

C. M.



719

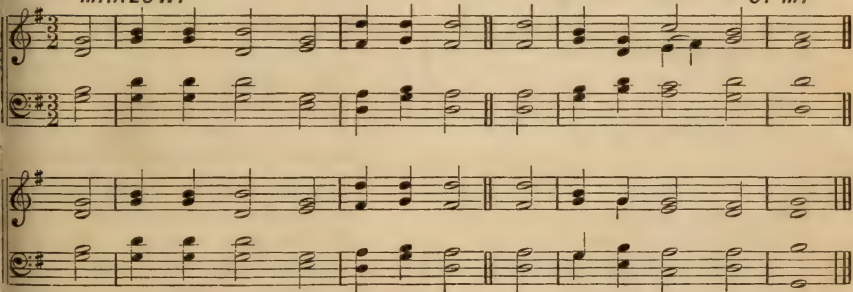
- 1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And in thy courts appear;
Again with joyful feet we come
To meet our Saviour here.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow,

And shine upon us from on high
To make our graces grow.

- 4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
- 5 Show us some token of thy love
Our fainting hope to raise,
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

MARLOW.

C. M.



720

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 Oh what a night was that which wrapt
A guilty world in gloom!
Oh what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

THE LORD'S DAY.

MELENDEBRAS.

7s & 6s.



721

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee the high and lowly
Before the eternal throne
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To God the three in one.

2 On thee at the creation
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land;
322

A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above,

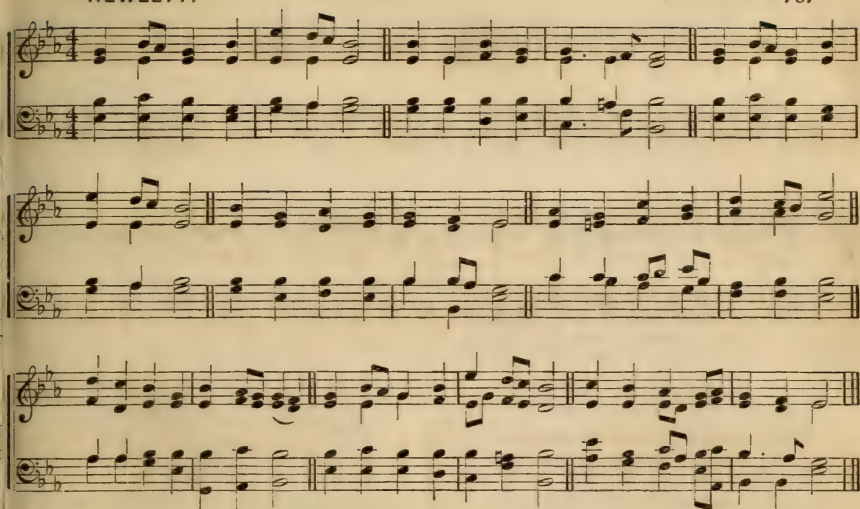
4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest three in one!

THE LORD'S DAY.

HEWLETT.

7s.



722

1 On this day, the first of days,
God the Father's name we praise;
Who, creation's Fount and Spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.

2 On this day th' eternal Son
Over death his triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With his gifts of living flame.

3 Oh, that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God, the Source of life and light.

4 Father! who didst fashion me
Image of thyself to be,
Fill me with thy love divine,
Let my every thought be thine.

5 Holy Jesus! may I be
Dead and buried here with thee;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto thee a sacrifice.

6 Thou who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, sweet Spirit! in my heart;

Best of gifts, thyself, bestow;
Make me burn thy love to know.

723

1 ERE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord! our songs ascend to thee
At thy feet we bow the knee.

2 For the mercies of this day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven!

3 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin,
But thou canst and wilt forgive;
By thy grace alone we live.

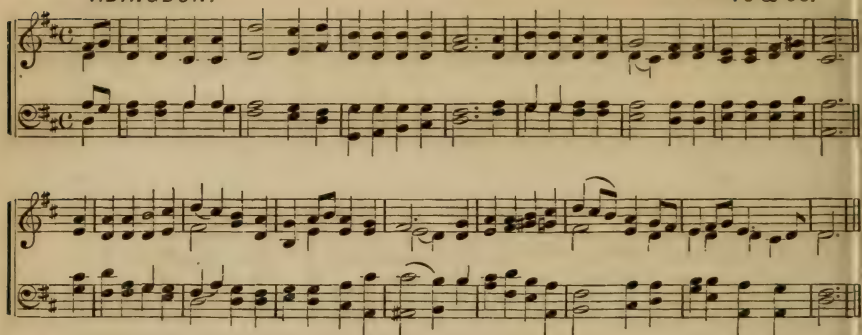
4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last!

5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above,
While their steps thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

ABINGDON.

7s & 6s.



724

1 REJOICE, rejoice, believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near;
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he will draw nigh;
Up! pray and watch and wrestle;
At midnight comes the cry.

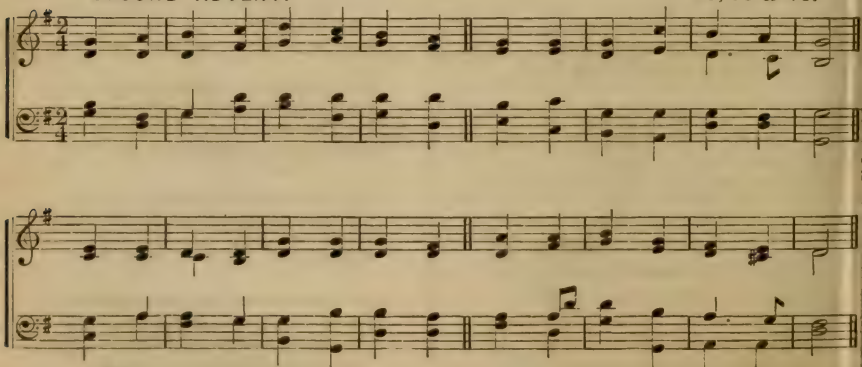
2 The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet him as he cometh
With hallelujahs clear;
The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up! ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

3 Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign for ever,
When sorrow is no more;
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before him
Your diadems of gold.

4 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for!
O'er this benighted sphere;
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord! to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto thee.

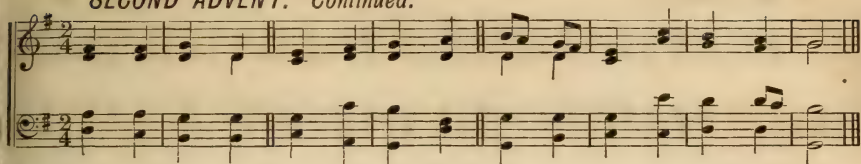
SECOND ADVENT.

8s, 7s & 4s.



THE COMING OF THE LORD.

SECOND ADVENT.—Continued.



725

- 1 Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, he comes to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,

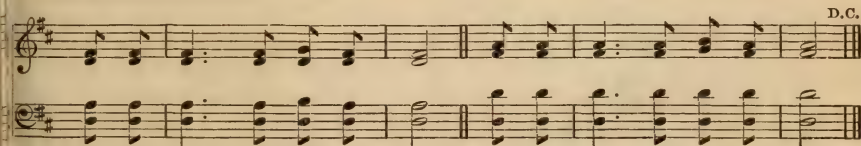
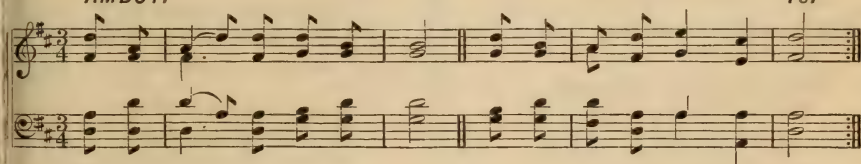
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

- 4 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit;
Hasten, Lord! and quickly come;
The new heaven and earth to inherit
Take thy pining exiles home;
All creation
Travails, groans and bids thee come.

- 5 Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour! take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own;
Oh, come quickly!
Hallelujah! come, Lord! come.

AMBOY.

7s.



D.C.

726

- 1 WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea;
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with glorious power.
- 2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
"Jesus reigns for evermore."

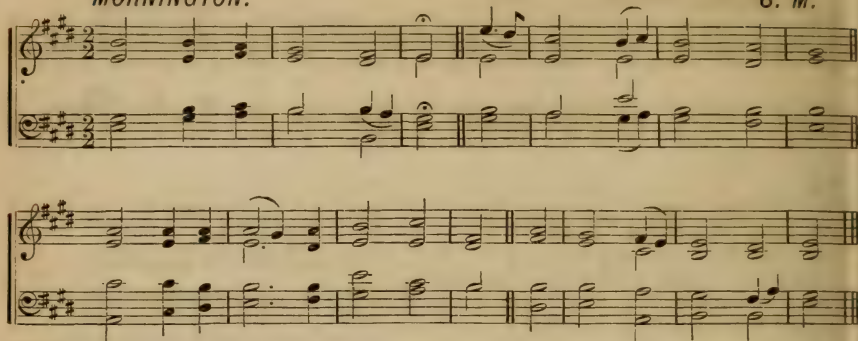
- 3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

- 4 Praise the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

MORNINGTON.

S. M.



727

- 1 THE church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see,
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
- 2 Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood
She weeps a mourner yet.
- 3 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived and loved and died,
And as they left us one by one
We laid them side by side—
- 4 We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there
Till the last glorious morn.
- 5 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
- 6 Come, Lord! and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

728

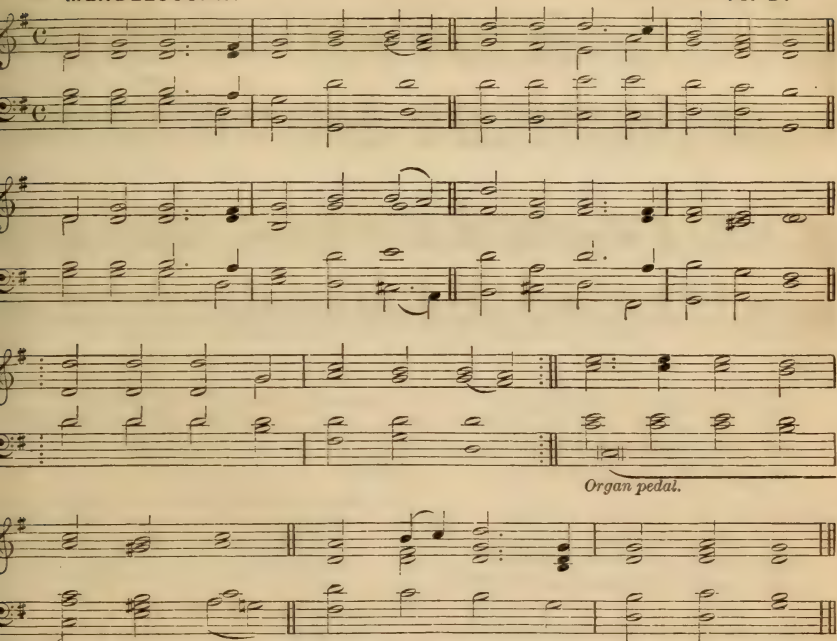
- 1 COME, Lord! and tarry not;
Bring the long looked-for day;
326

- Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?
- 2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?
- 3 Come, for the good are few,
They lift the voice in vain;
Faith waxes fainter on the earth,
And love is on the wane.
- 4 Come, for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow;
Faith now is lost in unbelief;
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.
- 5 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise,
Creation's second birth.
- 6 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.
- 7 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of righteousness!

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

MEDELSSOHN.

7s. D.



29

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore;
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah! hark! the sound
From the centre to the skies
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword, he speaks—'t is done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

'He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;

Then the end: beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all."

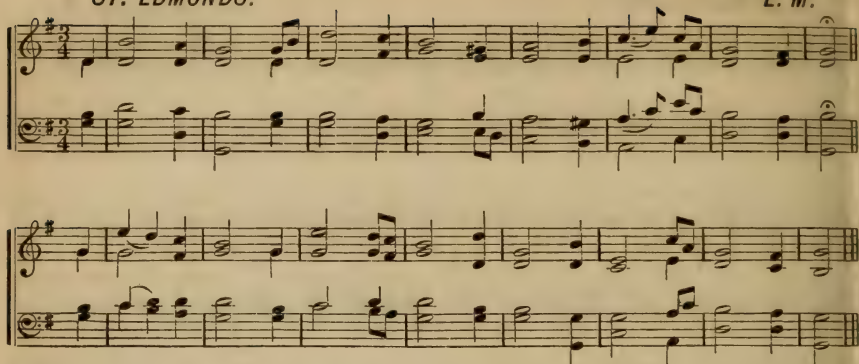
730

- 1 SEE the ransom'd millions stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand;
This before the throne their strain,
"Hell is vanquish'd; death is slain;
Blessing, honor, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right;
Thrones and powers before him fall,
Lamb of God and Lord of all!"
- 2 Hasten, Lord! the promised hour;
Come in glory and in power;
Still thy foes are unsubdued;
Nature sighs to be renew'd;
Time has nearly reach'd its sum;
All things with thy bride say "Come!"
Jesus! whom all worlds adore,
Come, and reign for evermore!

DEATH.

ST. EDMONDS.

L. M.



731

- 1 O God! thy grace and blessing give
To us who on thy name attend,
That we this mortal life may live
Regardful of our journey's end.
- 2 Teach us to know that Jesus died
And rose again our souls to save;
Teach us to take him as our guide,
Our help from childhood to the grave.
- 3 Then shall not death with terror come,
But welcome as a bidden guest,
The herald of a better home,
The messenger of peace and rest.

732

- 1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,

While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

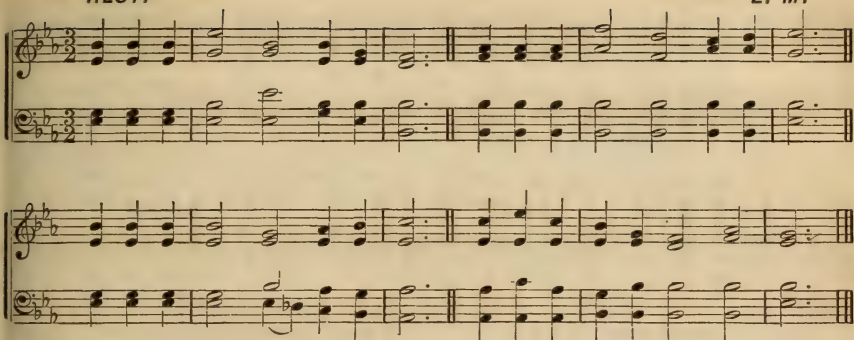
733

- 1 THE hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.
- 2 The race appointed I have run,
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.
- 3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.
- 4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord! descend,
And to the friendless prove a Friend.
- 5 I come, I come, at thy command;
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.
- 6 The hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
Now, O my God! let trouble cease;
Now let thy servant die in peace.

DEATH.

REST.

L. M.



734

- 1 So fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 Is there no kind, no lenient art
To heal the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace! be ever nigh,
Thy comforts are not made to die.
- 3 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye
And faith points upward to the sky.

735

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

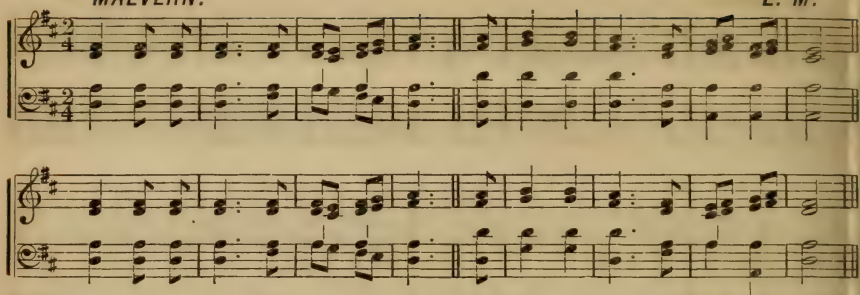
736

- 1 How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

DEATH.

MALVERN.

L. M.



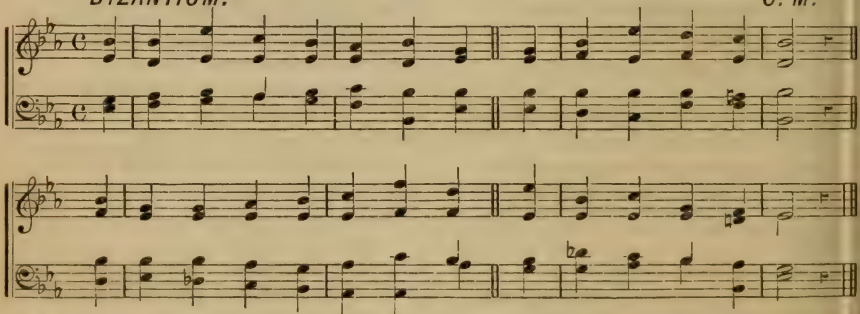
737

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain nor grief nor anxious fear
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch his soft repose.

- 3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son [bed;
Passed through the grave, and blessed the
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust a glorious form,
Called to ascend to meet the Lord.

BYZANTIUM.

C. M.



738

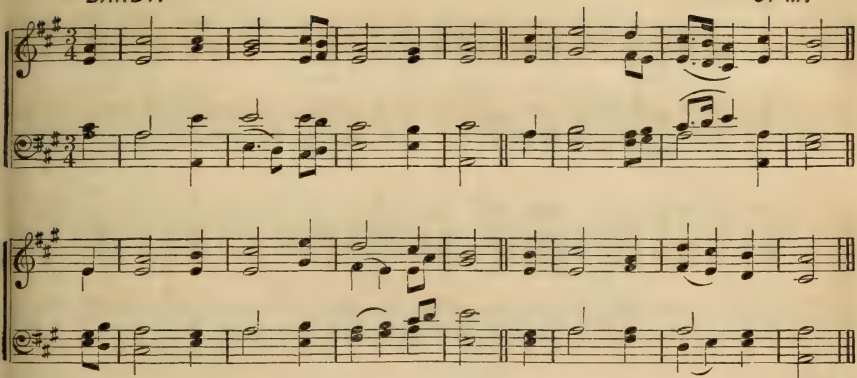
- 1 My God! to thee I now commend
My soul, for thou, O Lord!
Dost live and love me without end,
And wilt perform thy word.
- 2 To whom else should I make my plea
That heavenly life be mine?
All souls, my God! belong to thee;
My soul is also thine.
- 3 Thou gavest my spirit at my birth,
Take back what thou hast given;
And with the Lord I served on earth
Grant me to live in heaven.

- 4 My soul is sprinkled with the blood
Thy Son hath shed for us,
And in thy sight is pure and good,
Adorned and radiant thus.
- 5 Thou my deliverer wast of yore,
From sin thou madest me free;
Now, faithful God! do thou once more
In death deliver me.
- 6 Thou livest and lovest without end,
And dost perform thy word:
My parting soul I now commend
To thee, my God and Lord!

DEATH.

BARBY.

C. M.



739

- 1 OH, for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Will lean upon its God—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without,
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.
- 5 Lord! give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

- 3 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign,
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain;
- 4 Shows me the precious promise, sealed
With the Redeemer's blood,
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.
- 5 There, there unshaken would I rest
Till this vile body dies,
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise.

741

740

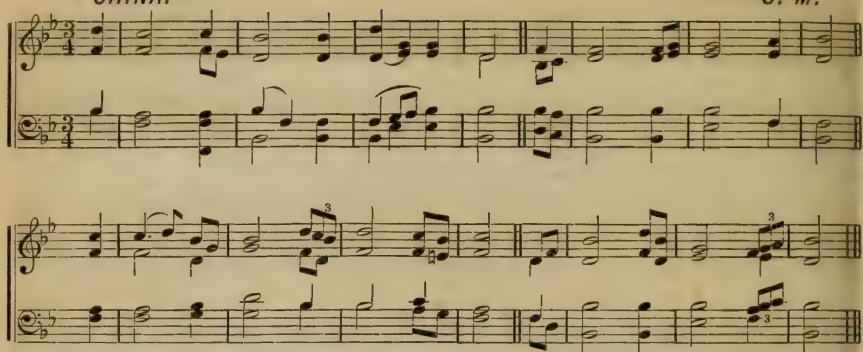
- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares,
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares.
- 2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

- 1 OH, for an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful powers.
- 2 Joyful with all the strength I have
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave,
And where the monster's sting?"
- 3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,
Death has no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my Ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die
Through Christ our living Head.

DEATH.

CHINA.

C. M.



742

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead:
"Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping-bed.
- 2 "They die in Jesus, and are blessed—
How kind their slumbers are,
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 "Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward."

743

- 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

332

- 5 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

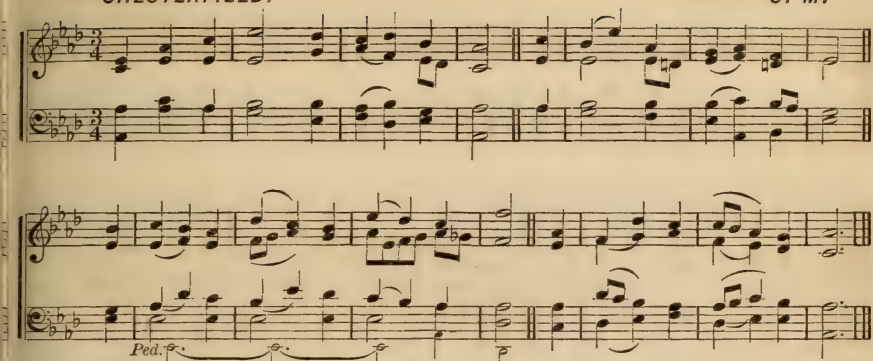
744

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

DEATH.

CHESTERFIELD.

C. M.



745

1 THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Yet not thus buried or extinct
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent voice awake
With shouts of endless praise.

746

1 'Tis sweet to rest in lively hope,
That when my change shall come
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

2 There shall my disimprisoned soul
Behold him, and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more;

3 Shall see him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was lain,
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.

4 Soon too my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound;
And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

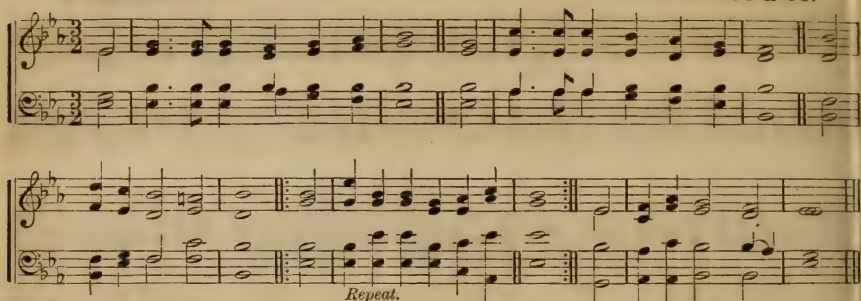
5 These eyes shall see him in that day,
The Lord that died for me,
And I with all his saints shall say,
Lord! who is like to thee?

6 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the church above
In Jesus' presence know!

JUDGMENT.

MERIBAH.

8s & 6s.

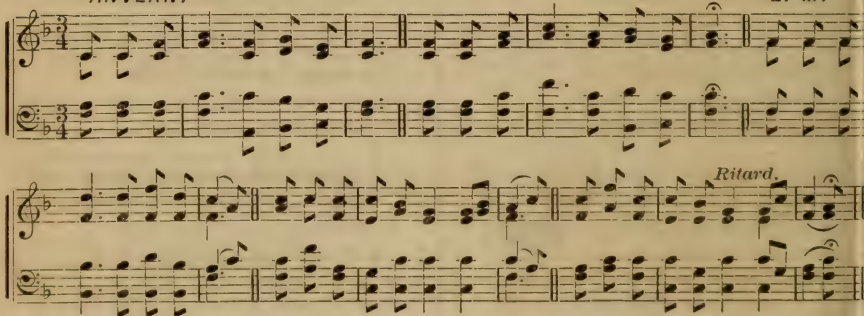


747

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 When thou, my righteous Judge! shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?</p> <p>2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out
When thou for them shalt call?</p> | <p>3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou, dear Lord! my hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.</p> <p>4 Among thy saints let me be found
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.</p> |
|---|---|

ANVERN.

L. M.



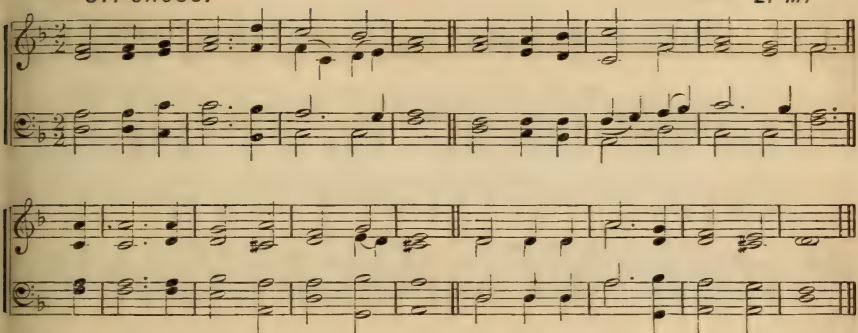
748

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 DEATH is no more among our foes
Since Christ, the mighty Conqueror, rose;
Both power and sting the Saviour broke;
He died, and gave the finished stroke.</p> <p>2 Soon shall the earth's remotest bound
Feel the archangel's trumpet sound;
Then shall the grave's dark cavern shake,
And joyful all the saints shall wake.</p> | <p>3 Bodies and souls shall then unite,
Arrayed in glory, strong and bright,
And all his saints will Jesus bring
His face to see, his love to sing.</p> <p>4 Oh, may I live with Jesus nigh,
And sleep in Jesus when I die;
Then, joyful, when from death I wake,
I shall eternal bliss partake.</p> |
|--|--|

JUDGMENT.

ST. CROSS.

L. M.



749

1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day,

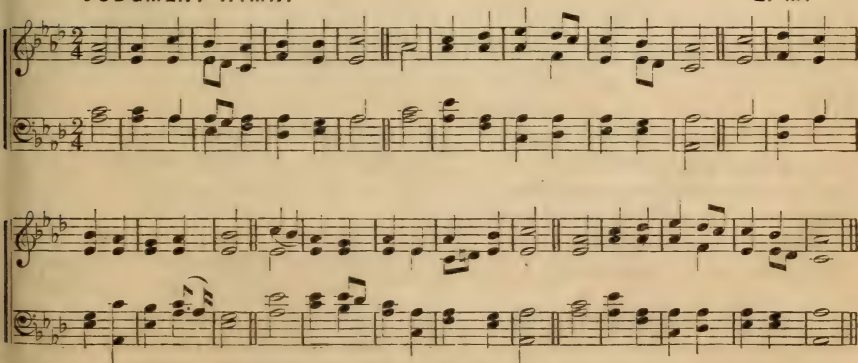
2 When, shriveling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,

And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swell the high trump that wakes the dead?

3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

JUDGMENT HYMN.

L. M.



750

1 He reigns, the Lord, the Saviour, reigns,
Praise him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown,
But grace and truth support his throne;
Though gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

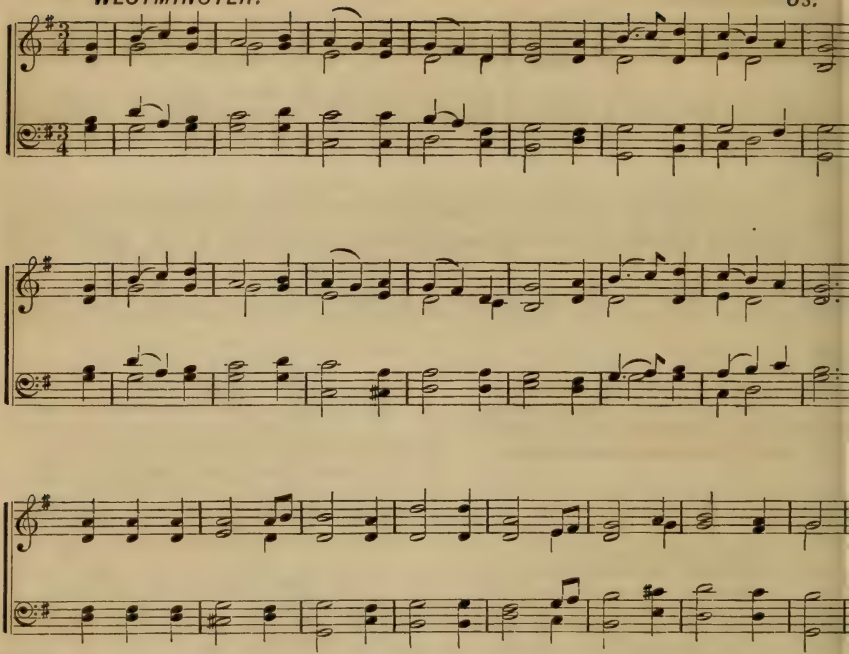
3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

DEATH.

WESTMINSTER.

8s.



751

- 1 God of the living! in whose eyes
Unveiled the whole creation lies,
All souls are thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto thee.
- 2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their
All thine, and yet most truly ours; [powers,
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto thee.
- 3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond thy voice, thine arm, thy care,

Not left to lie like fallen tree,
Not dead, but living unto thee.

- 4 Thy word is true, thy will is just;
To thee we leave them, Lord! in trust,
And bless thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto thee.

- 5 O Breather into man of breath!
O Holder of the keys of death!
O Giver of the life within!
Save us from death, the death of sin,
That body, soul and spirit be
For ever living unto thee.

DEATH.

PROSPECT.

11s.

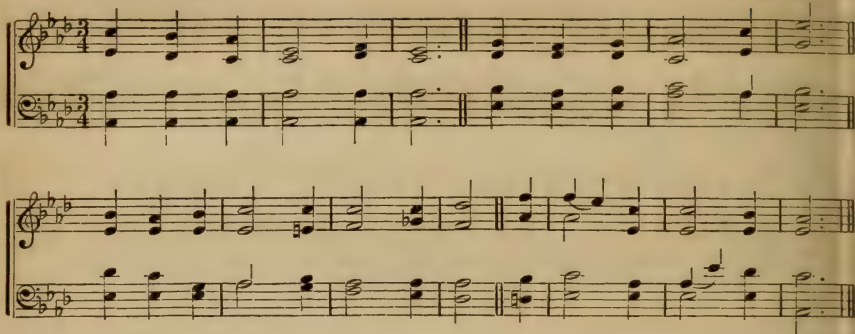
752

- 1 "Soon and for ever"—such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes and dust unto dust—
"Soon and for ever" our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer! in thee;
When the sins and the sorrows of time shall be o'er,
Its pangs and its partings remembered no more;
Where life cannot fail and where death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be "soon and for ever."
- 2 "Soon and for ever" the breaking of day
Shall drive all the night clouds of sorrow away;
"Soon and for ever" we'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning of things that have been:
When fightings without us and fears from within
Shall weary no more in the warfare of sin,
Where fears and where tears, and where death shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be "soon and for ever."
- 3 "Soon and for ever" the work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished, the victory won;
"Soon and for ever" the soldier lays down
His sword for a harp and his cross for a crown;
Then droop not in sorrow, despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow is brightening and near;
When—blessed reward of each faithful endeavor—
Christians with Christ shall be "soon and for ever."

DEATH.

GREENWOOD.

S. M.



753

1 AND must this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heav'nly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

754

1 OH for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord;
Oh be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope may lie
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

338

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

5 Oh for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord;
Oh be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

755

1 It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

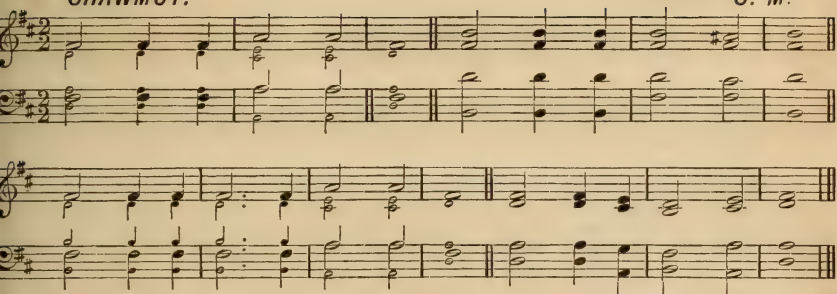
4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong exulting wing
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

DEATH.

SHAWMUT.

S. M.



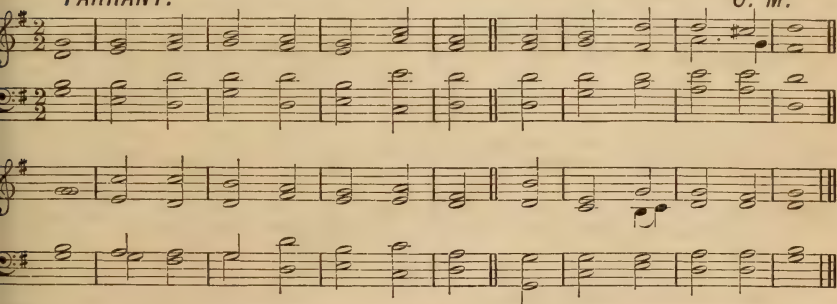
56

- 1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.
- 2 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

- 4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.
- 5 'Tis but a little while,
And he shall come again
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign.
- 6 Then, O my Lord! prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

FARRANT.

C. M.



57

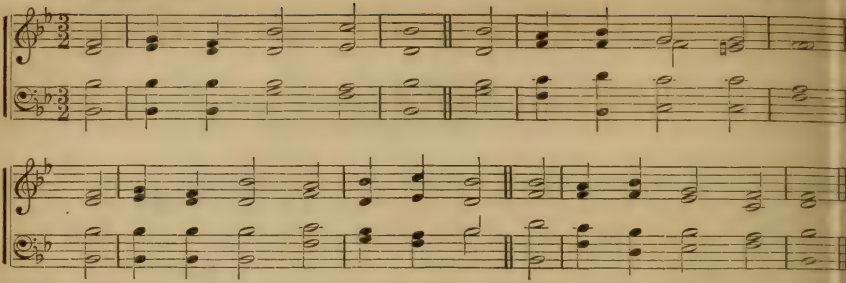
- 1 As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.
- 2 The world and worldly things beloved
My anxious thoughts employed,
And time, unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

- 3 Yet, Holy Father! wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer
That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
Oh, speed my soul to thee.

DEATH.

OLMUTZ.

S. M.



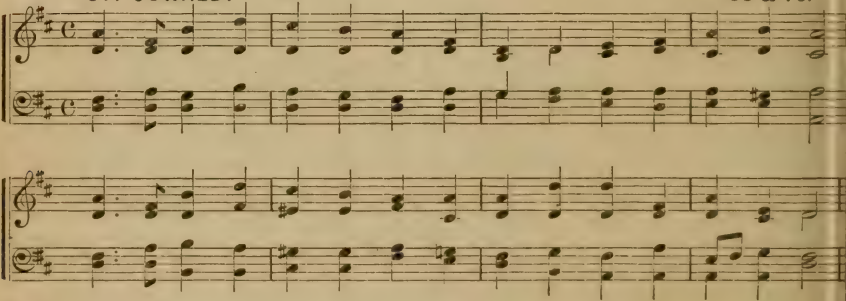
758

- 1 "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father! if 'tis thy will,

- The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.
- 4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
- 5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word!
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

ST. OSWALD.

8s & 7s.



759

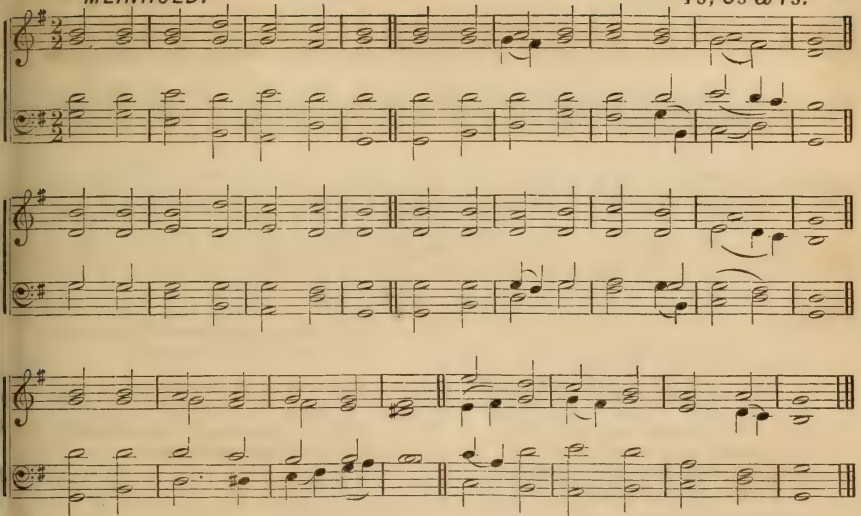
- 1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain and death and night and anguish
Enter not the world above.
- 2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.
- 3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,

- In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.
- 4 Endless pleasure pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come;
There no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.
- 5 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

DEATH.

MEINHOLD.

7s, 8s & 7s.



760

1 GENTLE Shepherd! thou hast stilled
Now thy little lamb's long weeping;
Ah! how peaceful, pale and mild
In its narrow bed 't is sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord! thou wouldst no longer leave it;

To the sunny heavenly plain
Dost thou now in joy receive it.
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus! grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving.
Then the gain of death we'll prove,
Though thou take what most we love.

SUPPLICATION.

7s.



761

1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary! hear.

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary! hear.

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary! hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary! hear.

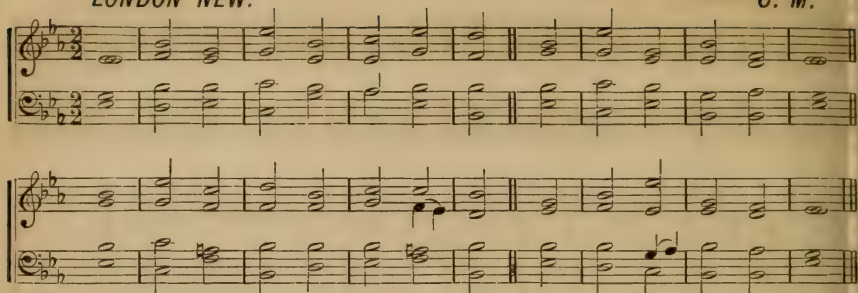
5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary! hear.

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary! hear.

JUDGMENT.

LONDON NEW.

C. M.



762

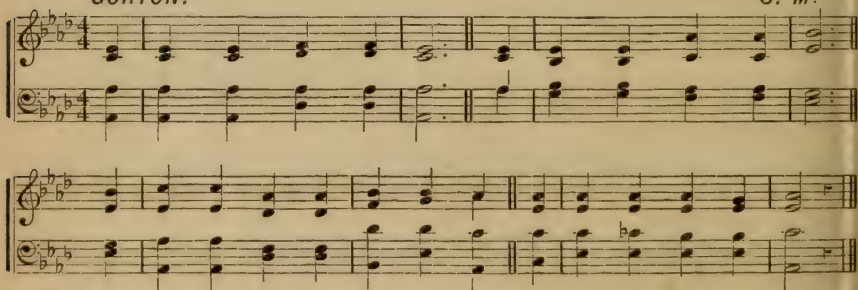
- 1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh, how shall I appear?
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought,
- 3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,

And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear?

- 4 Then see the sorrows of my heart
Ere yet it be too late;
My pardon speak, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my fears abate.
- 5 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died
To make her pardon sure.

GORTON.

S. M.



763

- 1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear!
- 2 Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray—
- 3 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
342

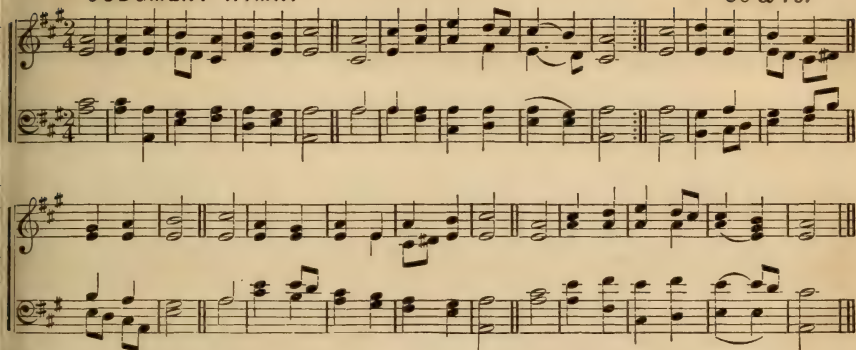
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down.

- 4 Oh, may we thus be found
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.
- 5 Oh, may we thus ensure
Our lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

JUDGMENT.

JUDGMENT HYMN.

8s & 7s.



764

1 GREAT God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul! to meet him.

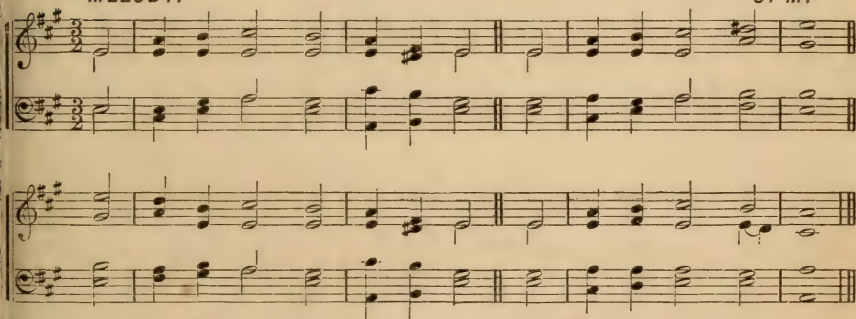
2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;

No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 Great God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

MELODY.

C. M.



765

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys!
Thou Sovereign of my heart!
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, Depart!

3 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,

And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

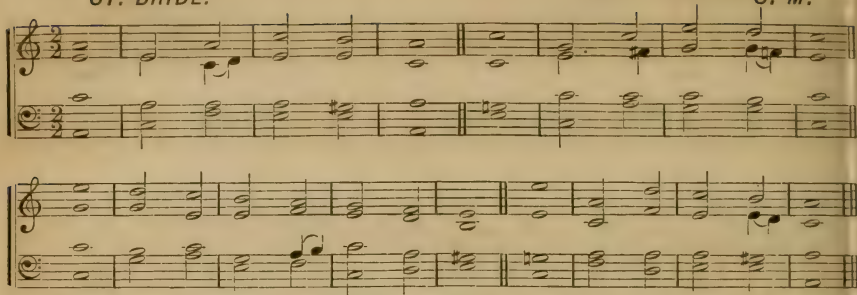
4 Jesus! I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

5 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book
Where my salvation stands.

JUDGMENT.

ST. BRIDE.

S. M.



766

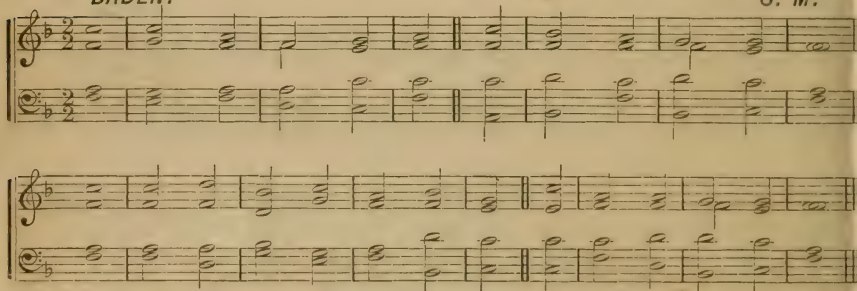
- 1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?
- 3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,

Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

- 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
His wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled,
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

BADEN.

S. M.



767

- 1 OH, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,

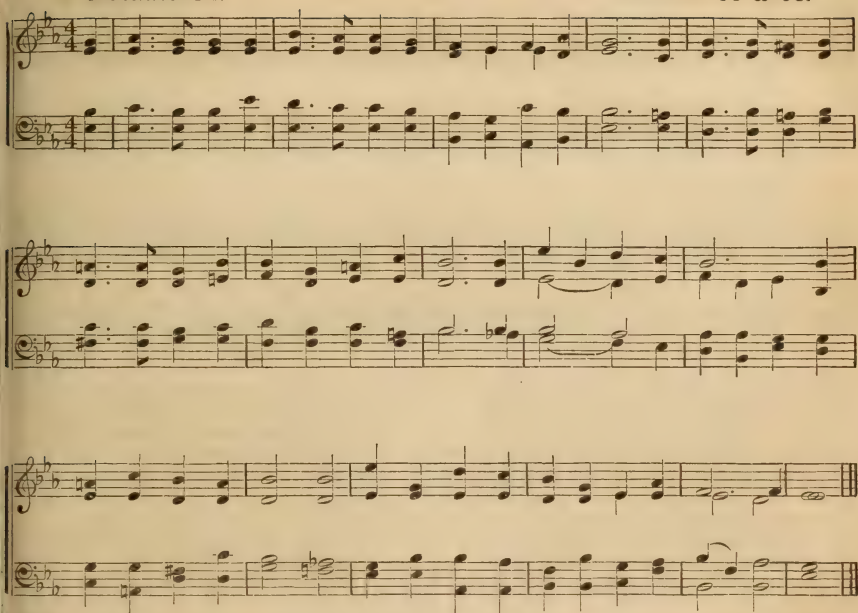
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

- 4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

HEAVEN.

O PARADISE.

8s & 6s.



768

1 O PARADISE! O Paradise!

Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest,
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!

'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is
To feel, to see him near;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!

I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!

I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 O Paradise! O Paradise!

I feel 't will not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song!
Where loyal hearts, etc.

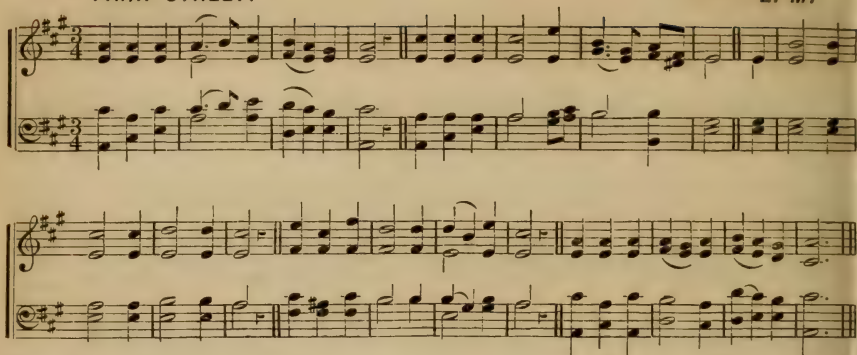
6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise!

Oh, keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.
Where loyal hearts, etc.

HEAVEN.

PARK STREET.

L. M.



769

1 HARK! how the choral song of heaven
Swell's full of peace and joy above!
Hark! how they strike their golden harps,
And raise the tuneful notes of love!

2 No anxious care nor thrilling grief,
No deep despair nor gloomy woe,
They feel while high their lofty strains
In noblest, sweetest concord flow.

3 When shall we join the heavenly host
Who sing Immanuel's praise on high,
And leave behind our fears and doubts,
To swell the chorus of the sky?

4 Oh, come, thou rapture-bringing morn,
And usher in this joyful day;
We long to see thy rising sun
Drive all these clouds of grief away.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the foll'wers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir;
Oh, may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.

6 Dear Saviour! let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place,
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

771

770

1 OH for a sweet, inspiring ray
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.

2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall,
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love and joy and triumph spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.

1 Now let our souls on wings sublime
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

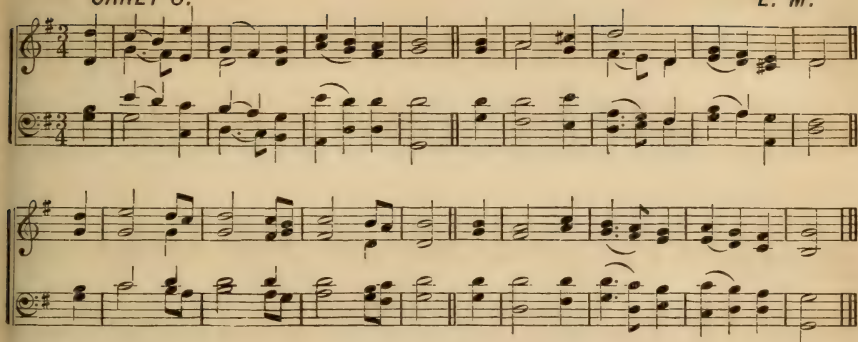
3 Shall aught beguile us on the road
While we are traveling back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above,
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

HEAVEN.

CAREY'S.

L. M.



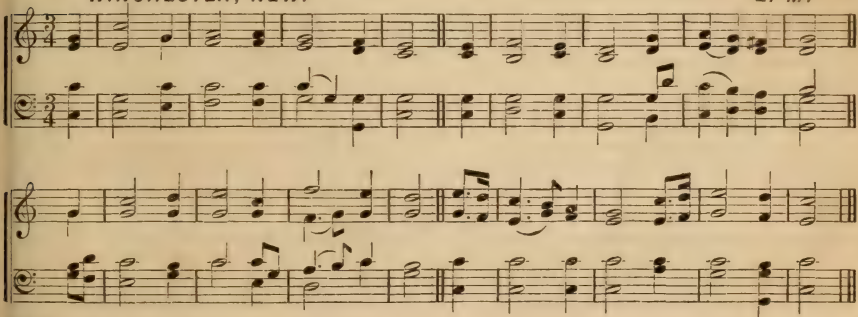
772

- 1 O HAPPY saints, who dwell in light
And walk with Jesus clothed in white,
Safe landed on that peaceful shore
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.
- 2 Released from sin and toil and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life;
An opened cage to let them fly
And build their happy nest on high.
- 3 And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains;

- And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.
- 4 He cheers them with eternal smile;
They sing hosannas all the while;
Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at his feet.
- 5 Ah, Lord! with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing and sometimes weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

WINCHESTER, NEW.

L. M.



773

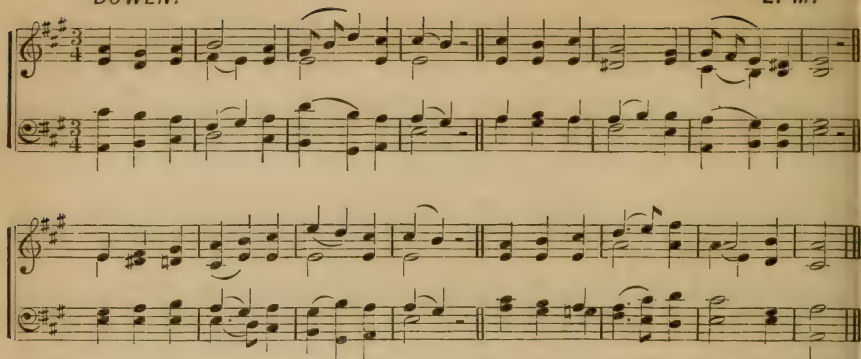
- 1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord! 't is enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

- 3 Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

HEAVEN.

BOWEN.

L. M.



774

- 1 As when the weary traveler gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still,
- 2 So when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.
- 4 Jesus! on thee our hope depends
To lead us on to thine abode,
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

775

- 1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove!
Scoop down, and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things.
- 2 Oh for a sight, a blissful sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne;
There sits the Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.
- 3 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

348

- 4 Oh what amazing joys they feel
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumph of their King!

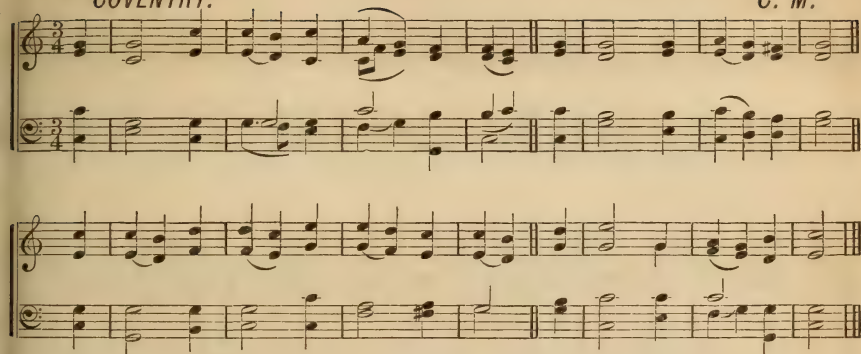
776

- 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here,"
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here."
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer:
"We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here,"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here."
We seek a city out of sight,
Zion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 O sweet abode of peace and love
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd flee to thee, and be at rest.
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

HEAVEN.

COVENTRY.

C. M.



777

- 1 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades
To those bright worlds beyond the sky
Which sorrow ne'er invades,
- 2 There joys unseen by mortal eyes
Or reason's feeble ray
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.
- 3 Lord! send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 Then shall on faith's sublimest wing
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring,
Immortal, in the skies.

778

- 1 MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.
- 2 There I behold with sweet delight
The blessed three in one,
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.
- 3 His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

- 4 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

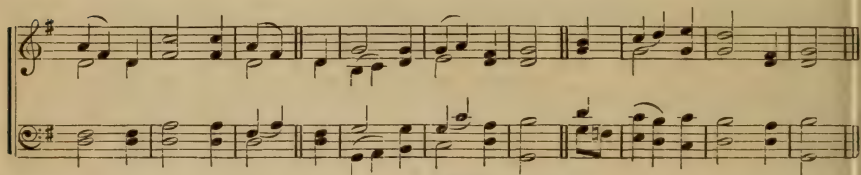
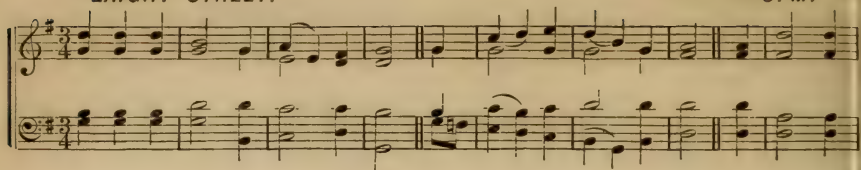
779

- 1 ARISE, my soul, fly up and run
Through every heavenly street,
And say there's naught below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.
- 2 There, on a high, majestic throne,
Th' almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.
- 3 Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.
- 4 Amidst those ever-shining skies
Behold the sacred Dove;
While banished sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.
- 5 But oh, what beams of heavenly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in every smile!
- 6 Jesus! and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour, appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay
To dwell among them there?

HEAVEN.

LAIGHT STREET.

C. M.



780

- 1 Lo! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and sea are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing:
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.
- 4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode—
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.
- 5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye,
And pains and groans and griefs and fears,
And death itself, shall die."
- 6 How long, dear Saviour! oh how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

350

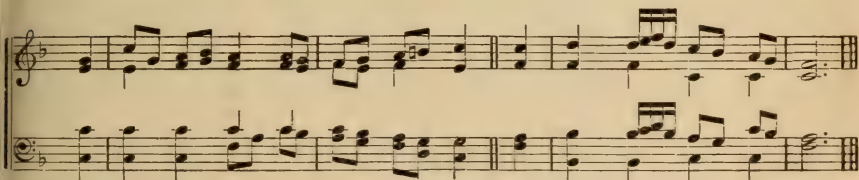
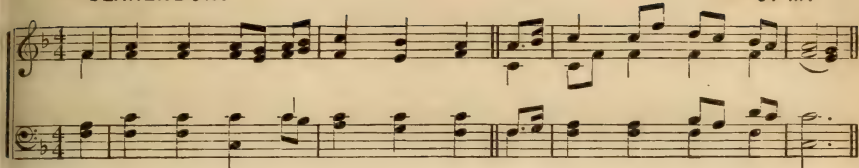
781

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeckoned eyes,
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

HEAVEN.

CLARENDON.

C. M.



782

- 1 FATHER! I long, I faint, to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 't is a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unpeakable, unknown.
- 4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in
With wonder and with love.
- 5 Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there
Before th' eternal All.
- 6 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high.

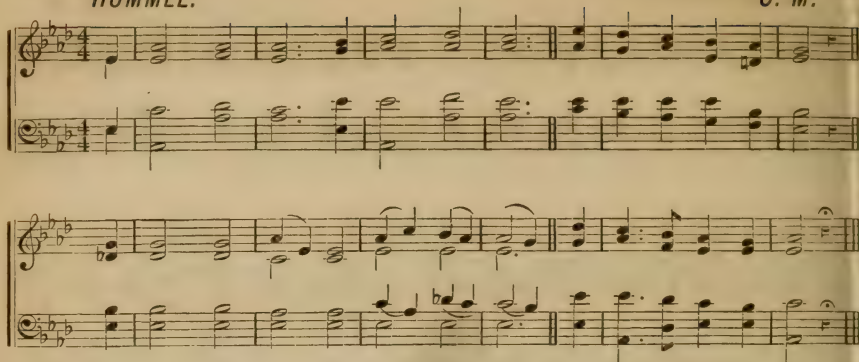
783

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, no pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me
Fearless I'd launch away. [roll,

HEAVEN.

HUMMEL.

C. M.



784

1 O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

3 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond square;
Thy gates are all of Orient pearl;
O God! if I were there!

4 Oh, passing happy were my state
Might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and King,
His praises there to sound.

785

1 O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In his felicity?

2 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As no where else are seen.

3 Right thro' thy streets with pleasing sound
The flood of life doth flow;
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

4 Those trees each month yield ripened fruit;
For evermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.

5 O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

786

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

3 I asked them whence their vict'ry came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

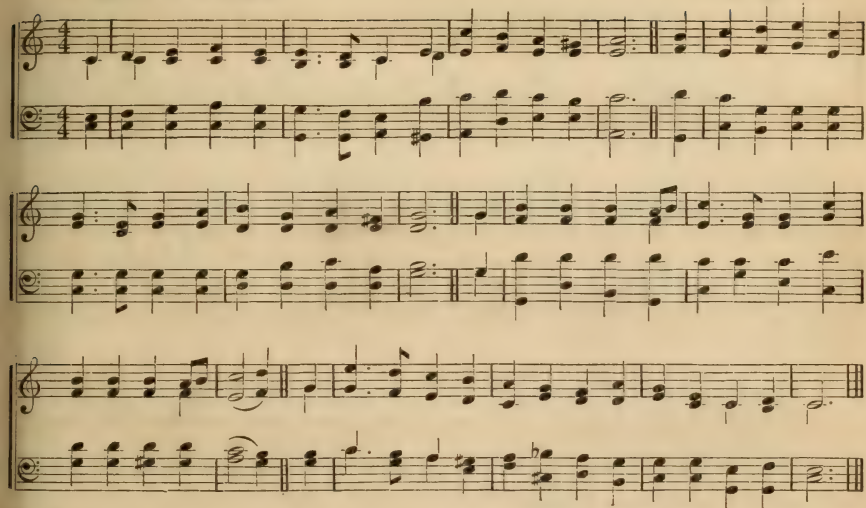
4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast,
And foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

HEAVEN.

HEAVENLY FOLD.

C. M. D.



787

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise
And dwell on earth no more!

3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

6 Oh, may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

788

1 THERE is a fold whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

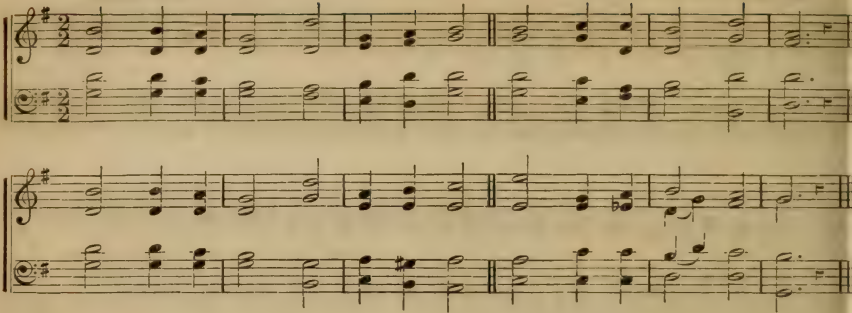
3 Soon at his feet my soul will lie
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die—
I shall not taste of death.

4 Far from this guilty world to be
Exempt from toil and strife,
To spend eternity with thee,
My Saviour! this is life,

HEAVEN.

CLINTON.

C. M.



789

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace and thee?

2 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

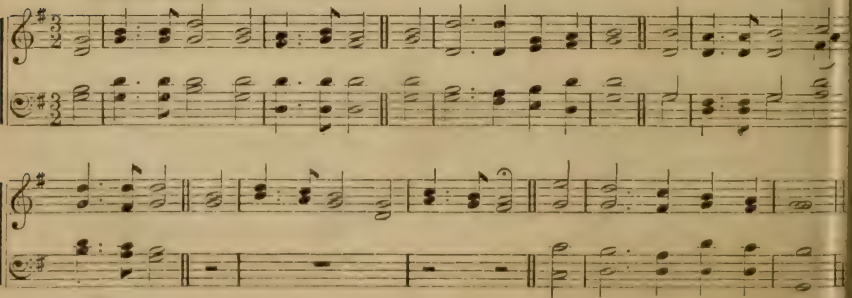
5 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

790

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,

WOODLAND.

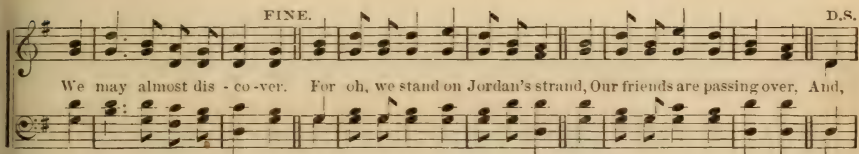
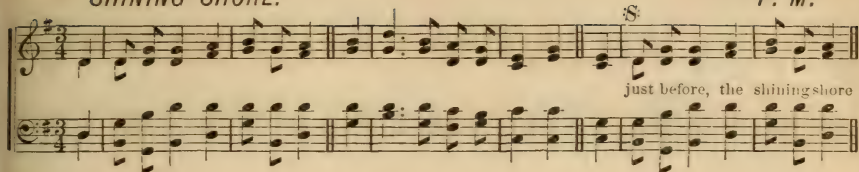
C. M.



HEAVEN.

SHINING SHORE.

P. M.



791

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
These hours of toil and danger.

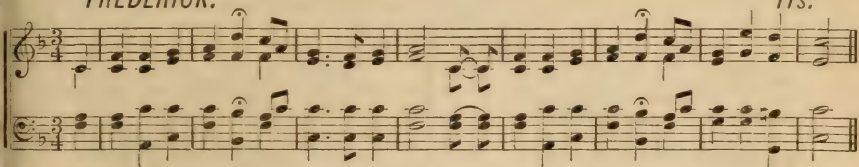
2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come," and there's our
For ever, oh, for ever! [home

FREDERICK.

11s.



792

1 I WOULD not live away; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
way;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us
here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
cheer.

2 I would not live away; no, welcome the
tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

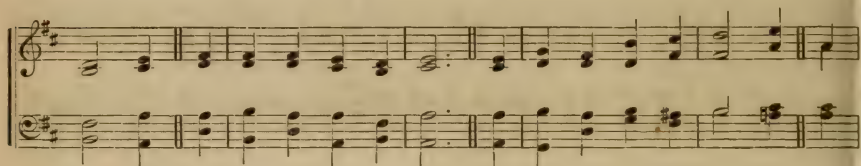
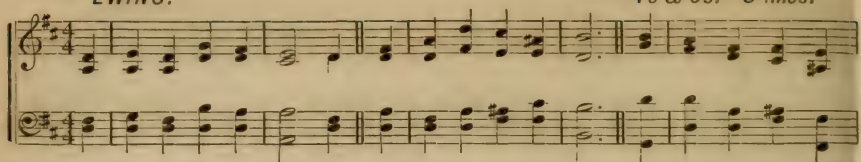
3 Who, who would live away away from his
God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to
greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul.

HEAVEN.

EWING.

7s & 6s. 8 lines.



793

- 1 JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.
I know not, oh, I know not,
What holy joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.
- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
- 3 And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, land that seest no sorrow!
Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
Oh, royal land of flowers!
Oh, realm and home of life!

356

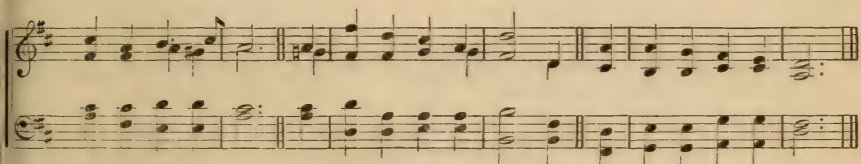
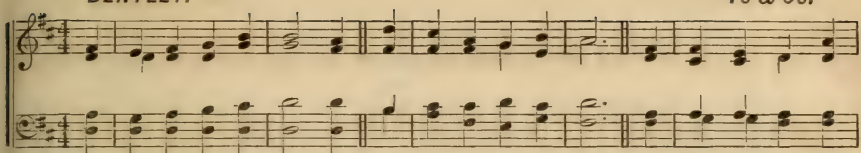
794

- 1 JERUSALEM the glorious,
The glory of th' elect,
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
E'en now by faith I see thee,
E'en here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn.
- 2 Jerusalem the only,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory,
In me is all my woe;
Jerusalem! exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore.
- 3 O sweet and blessed country!
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his for ever.
Thou shalt be and thou art.

HEAVEN.

BENTLEY.

7s & 6s.



795

1 BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there;
Oh, happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest.

2 There grief is turned to pleasure—
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know;
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm and joy and light.

3 And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow;
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

796

1 FOR thee, O dear, dear country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love and life and rest.

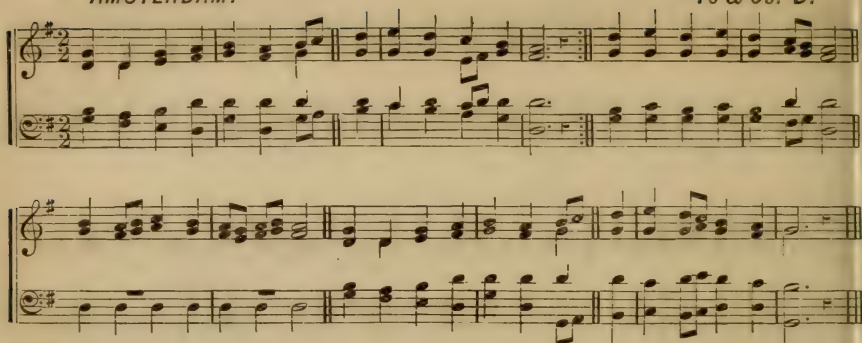
2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy,
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

HEAVEN.

AMSTERDAM.

7s & 6s. D.



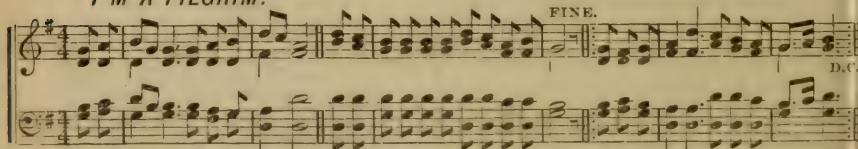
797

- 1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source;

So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

I'M A PILGRIM.



798

- 1 I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing.
I'm a pilgrim, etc.
- 2 There the glory is ever shining;
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is
there;

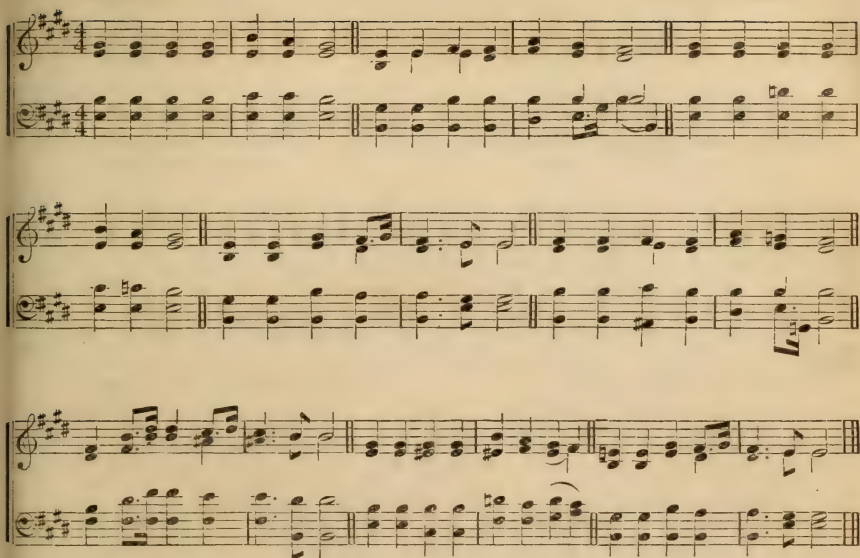
Here in this country so dark and dreary
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

- 3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

HEAVEN.

BLUMENTHAL.

7s. D.



799

- 1 HIGH in yonder realms of light
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love;
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe.
- 2 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise—
Songs of praise to Jesus' love;
Happy spirits, they are fled
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.
- 3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows;
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.

800

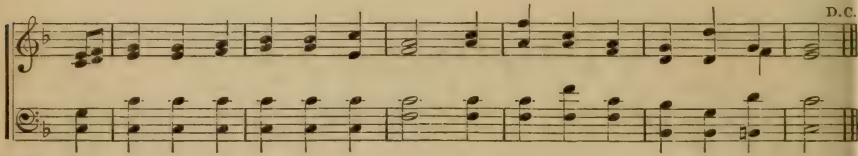
- 1 WHAT are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day
Hymning one triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain;
New dominion every hour.
- 2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his eternal name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fear,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

HEAVEN.

SIDONIA.

8s.

FINE.



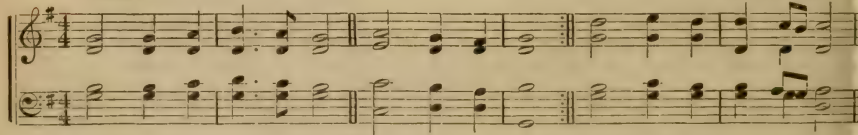
801

- 1 My gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join, with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.
- 2 To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine
My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 3 He freely redeemed with his blood
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell;

- 4 To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view with eternal delight
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.
- 5 Ye palaces, sceptres and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.
- 6 The crown that my Saviour bestows
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows,
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

OAK.

6s & 4s.



802

- 1 I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
360

- Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

HEAVEN.

2 What though the tempest rage?

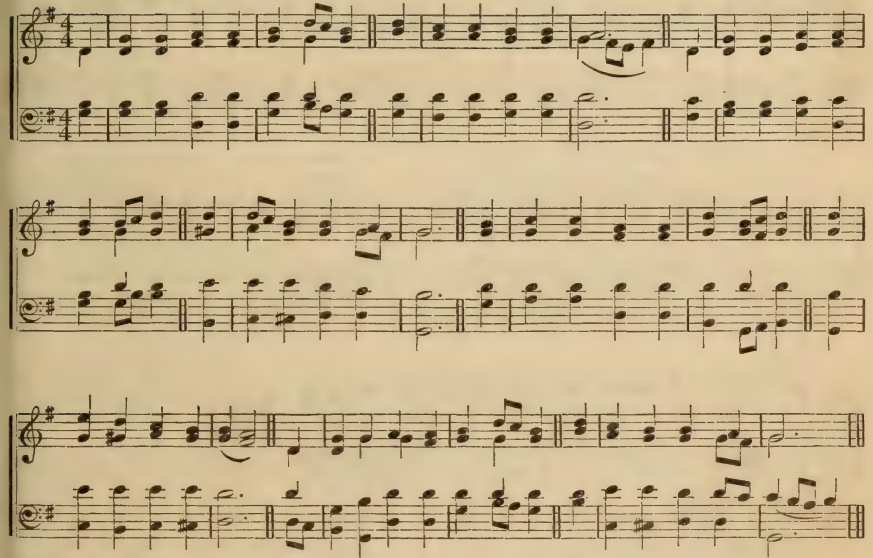
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,

Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
And there I, too, shall rest;
Heaven is my home.

HEAVENLY HOME.

C. M. D.



803

1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,

The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!

Oh for the pearly gates of heaven!

Oh for the golden floor!

Oh for the Sun of righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,

How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!

Oh for a heart that never sins!

Oh for a soul washed white!

Oh for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,

And grace to lead us higher;

But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.

Oh, by thy love and anguish, Lord!

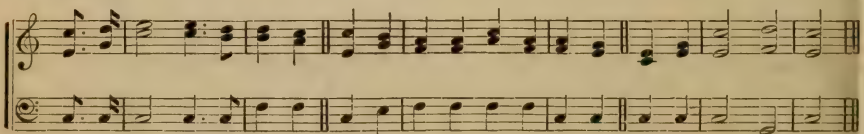
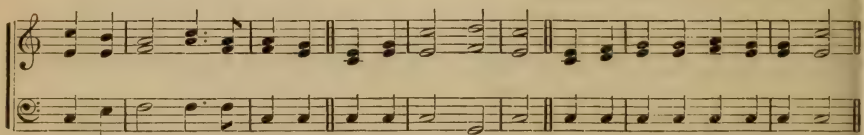
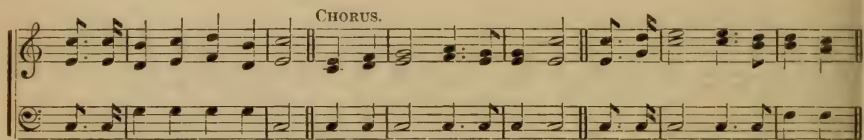
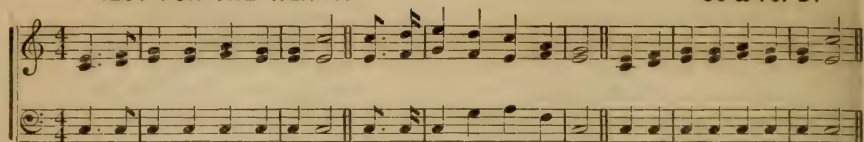
Oh, by thy life laid down,

Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.

HEAVEN.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

8s & 7s. D.



804

1 In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me
To fulfill my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you,
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

362

3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre
I a crown of life shall wear.

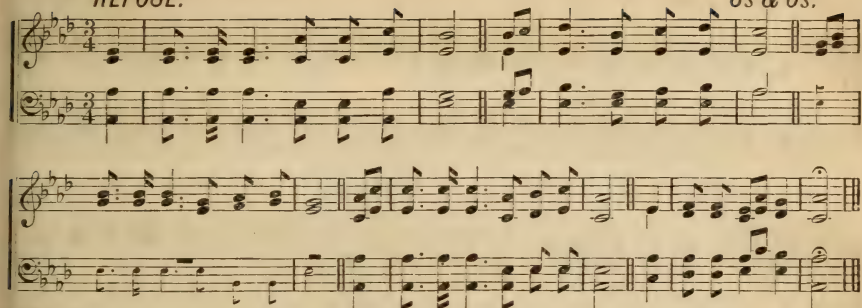
4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.

5 Sing, oh sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

HEAVEN.

REPOSE.

8s & 6s.



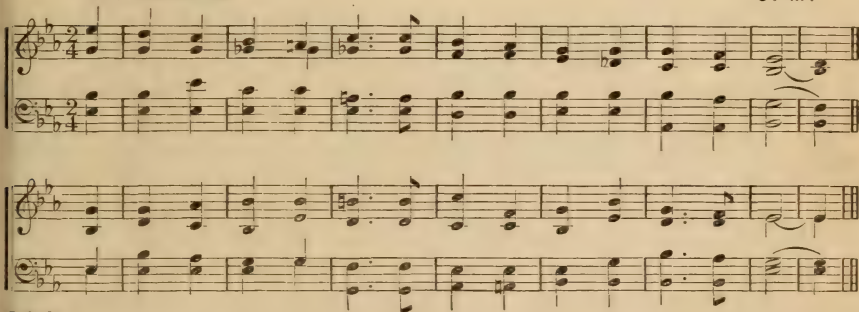
805

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'T is found above in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

- 3 There faith lifts up the cheerful eye,
The heart no longer riven,
And sees the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

ST. ANDREW.

C. M.



806

- 1 FROM thee, my God! my joys shall rise
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,

- I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.
- 5 Haste, my Beloved! fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

THE SEASONS.

BENEVENTO.

7s. D.

807

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,

Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord! our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

BAVARIA.

8s & 7s. D.

808

1 HOLY Father! thou hast taught us
We should live to thee alone;
Year by year thy hand hath brought us
On through dangers oft unknown.

When we wandered, thou hast found us,
When we doubted, sent us light;
Still thine arm has been around us,
All our paths were in thy sight.

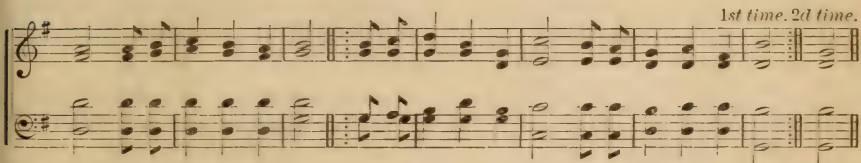
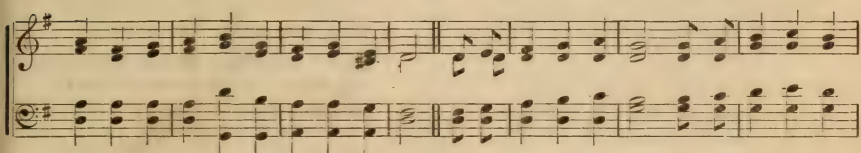
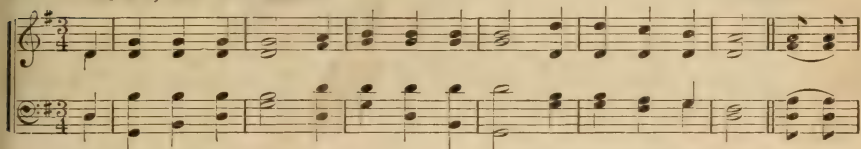
THE SEASONS.

2 In the world will foes assail us,
 Craftier, stronger far than we;
 And the strife shall never fail us,
 Well we know, before we die.
 Therefore, Lord! we come believing
 Thou canst give the pow'r we need,
 Through the pray'r of faith receiving
 Strength, the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3 We would trust in thy protecting,
 Wholly rest upon thine arm,
 Follow wholly thy directing,
 Thou our only guard from harm;
 Keep us from our own undoing,
 Help us turn to thee when tried;
 Still our footsteps, Father! viewing,
 Keep us ever at thy side.

COME, LET US ANEW.

11s & 5s.



809

1 COME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear;
 His adorable will
 Let us gladly fulfill,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope and the labor of love.
 2 Our life is a dream;
 Our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;

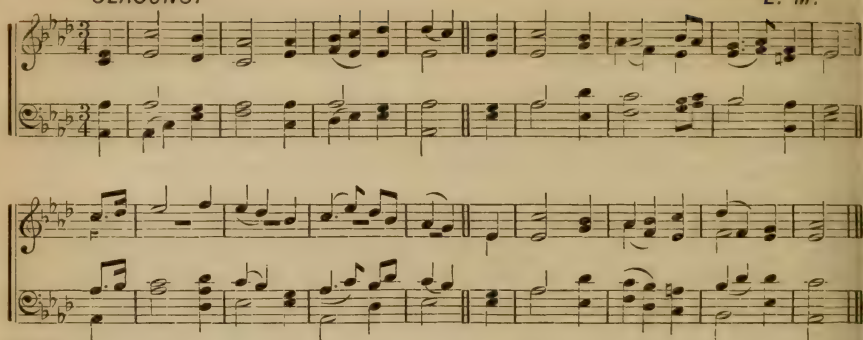
The arrow is flown,
 The moment is gone,
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 Oh that each in the day
 Of his coming may say,
 "I have fought my way through,
 I have finished the work which thou gav'st me
 Oh that each from his Lord [to do!]"
 May receive the glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done!
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

THE SEASONS.

SEASONS.

L. M.



810

- 1 GREAT God! we sing thy mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed
Be thou our joy and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

811

- 1 MY Helper, God! I bless his name;
The same his power, his grace the same;
The tokens of his friendly care
Open and crown and close the year.
- 2 Amidst ten thousand snares I stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;

And see, when I survey his ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

- 3 Thus far his arm hath led me on,
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

- 4 My grateful soul on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in his bright courts above
Inscriptions of immortal love.

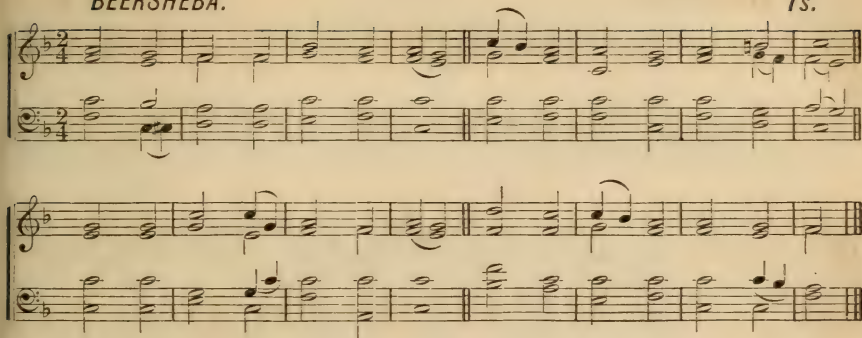
812

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 The flow'ry spring at thy command
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.
- 4 Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade.

THE SEASONS.

BEERSHEBA.

7s.



813

1 FOR thy mercy and thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer! hear.

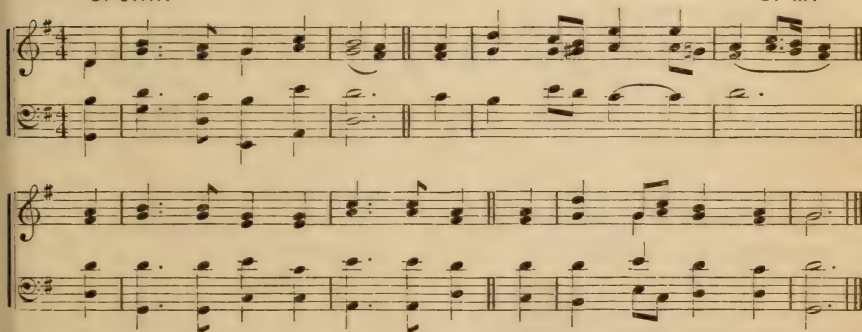
2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength! be thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With thy rod and staff, O God!
Comfort thou his dying head.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own;
Help, oh help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

SPOHR.

S. M.



814

1 My times are in thy hand;
My God! I wish them there:
My life, my soul, my all, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 My times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

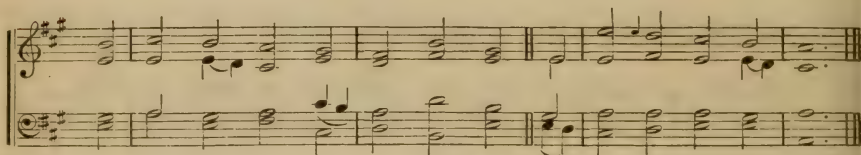
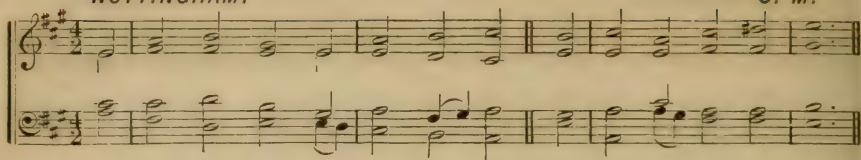
3 My times are in thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in thy hand,
Jesus! the crucified;
The hand my many sins have pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

THE SEASONS.

NOTTINGHAM.

C. M.



815

- 1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spread his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
The icy fetters bound.
- 5 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
- 6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

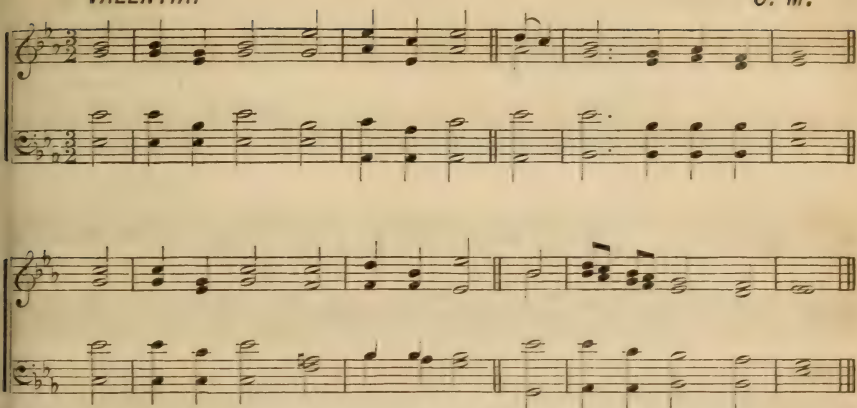
816

- 1 Good is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers raised on high,
Pour out, at his command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring,
The valleys rich provision yield,
And cheerful lab'ers sing.
- 4 The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.
- 5 The barren clods, refreshed with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parching grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

THE SEASONS.

VALENTIA.

C. M.



817

- 1 THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.
- 2 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.
- 3 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 4 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 5 Waken, O Lord! our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

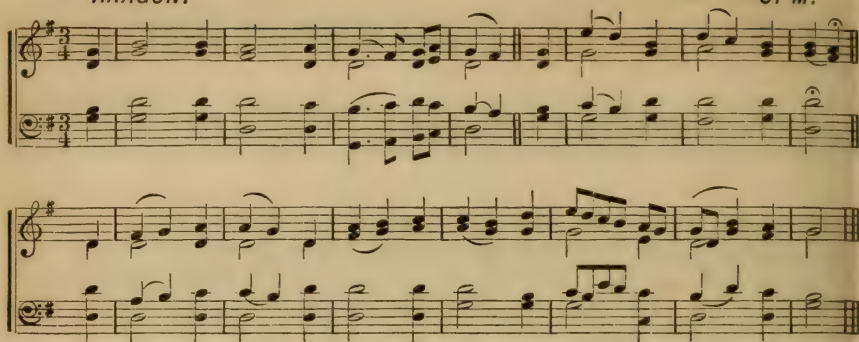
818

- 1 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth and air, are thine;
When clouds distill in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.
- 4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

THE SEASONS.

ARAGON.

C. M.



819

1 FATHER of mercies, God of love!

Whose gifts all creatures share,
The rolling seasons as they move
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth

The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord! was thine,

The seasons knew thy call;
Thou mad'st the summer sun to shine,
The summer dew to fall.

4 Thy gifts of mercy from above

Matured the swelling grain;
And now the harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 Oh, ne'er may our forgetful hearts

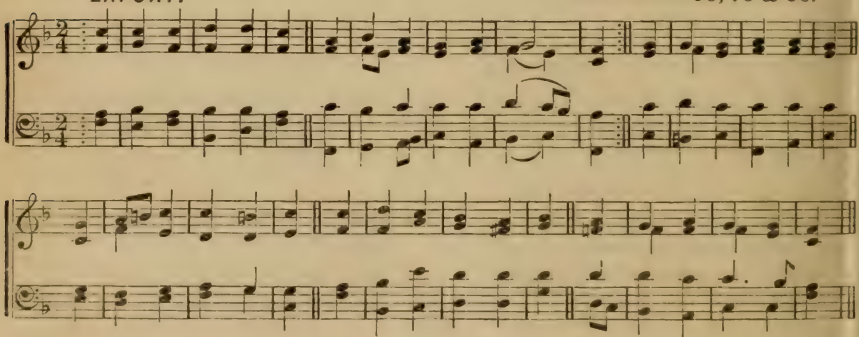
O'erlook thy bounteous care;
But what our Father's hand imparts
Still own in praise and prayer.

6 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,

The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

ERFURT.

6s, 7s & 6s.



820

1 Now thank we all our God

With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;

370

Who from our mother's arms

Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

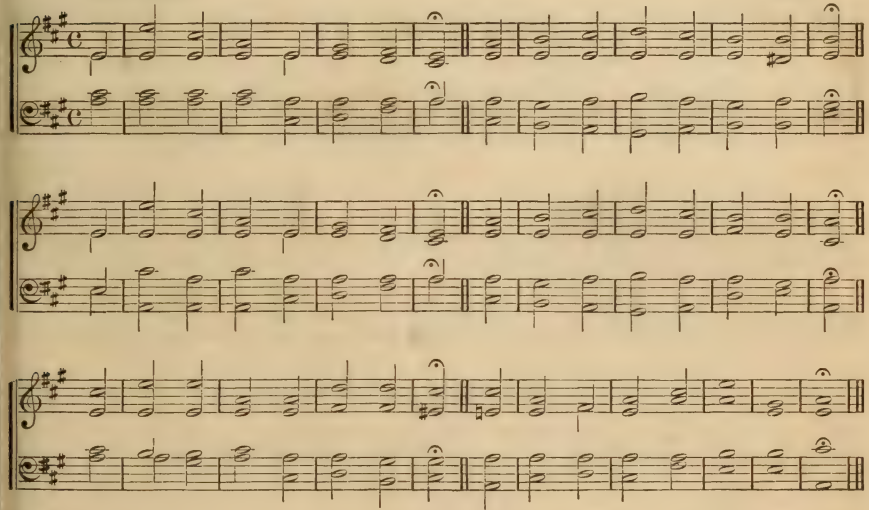
THE SEASONS.

2 Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

BETHUNE.

L. M.



821

1 LORD of the harvest! thee we hail!
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crowned;
Our thanks we pay,
This holy day;
Oh, let our hearts in tune be found.

2 If spring doth wake the song of mirth,
If summer warms the fruitful earth,
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripened grain,
We still do sing
To thee our King;
Through all their changes thou dost reign.

3 But chiefly when thy liberal hand
Bestows new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear,

We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we thy common bounties share.

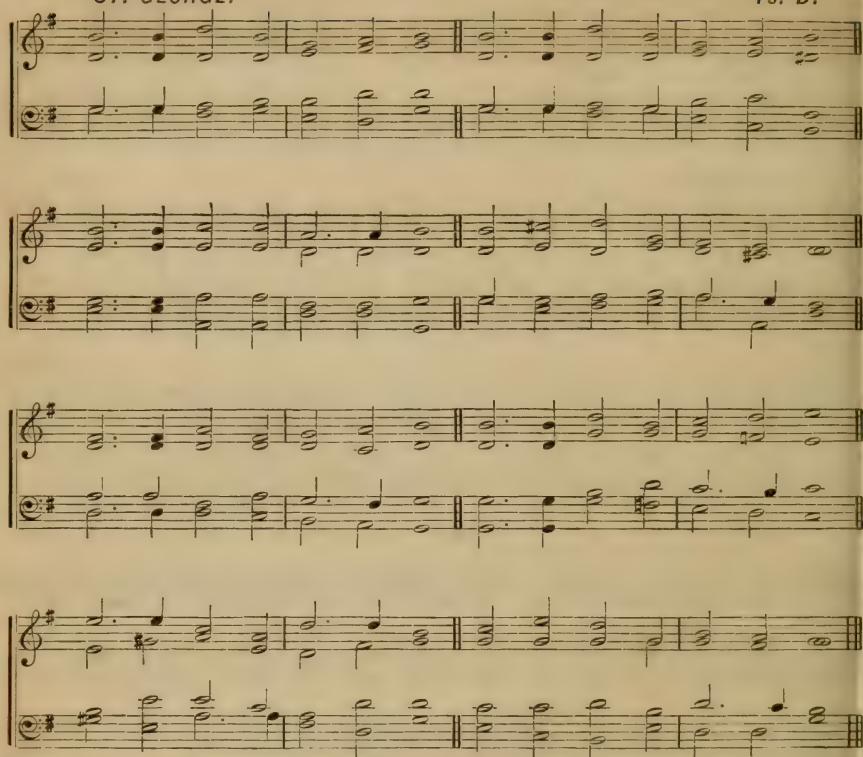
4 Lord of the harvest! all is thine,
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound;
New every year
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound.

5 Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the almighty Father's name;
Like honor to the incarnate Son,
Who for lost man redemption won;
And equal praise
We thankful raise
To thee, blest Spirit! with them one.

THE SEASONS.

ST. GEORGE.

7s. D.



822

1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home;
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of harvest home.

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest! grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

372

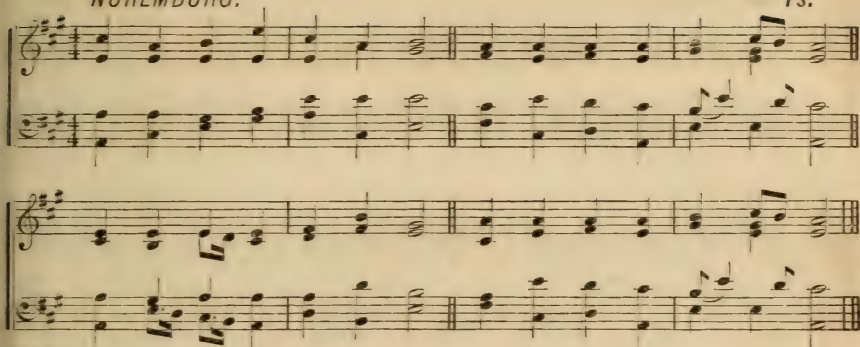
3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall purge away
All that doth offend that day;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord! quickly come
To thy final harvest home;
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified
In thy presence to abide;
Come with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest home.

THE SEASONS.

NUREMBURG.

7s.



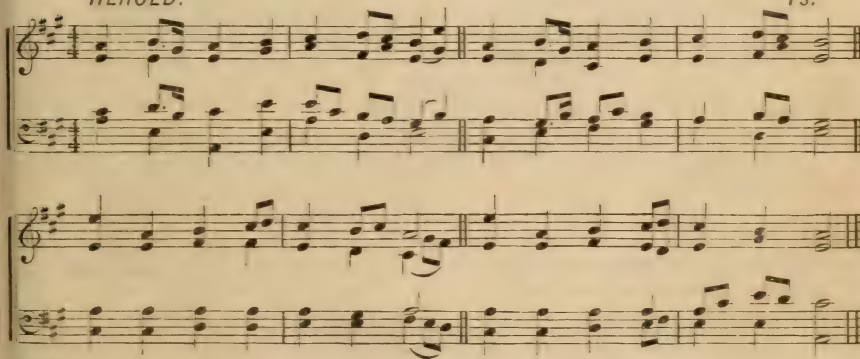
823

- 1 PRAISE on thee in Zion's gates
Daily, O Jehovah! waits;
Unto thee, O God! belong
Grateful words and holy song.
- 2 Thou the hope and refuge art
Of remotest lands apart:
Distant isles and tribes unknown,
'Mid the ocean waste and lone.

- 3 Thou dost visit earth, and rain
Blessings on the thirsty plain,
From the copious founts on high,
From the rivers of the sky.
- 4 Thus the clouds thy pow'r confess,
And thy paths drop fruitfulness,
And the voice of song and mirth
Rises from the tribes of earth.

HEROLD.

7s.



824

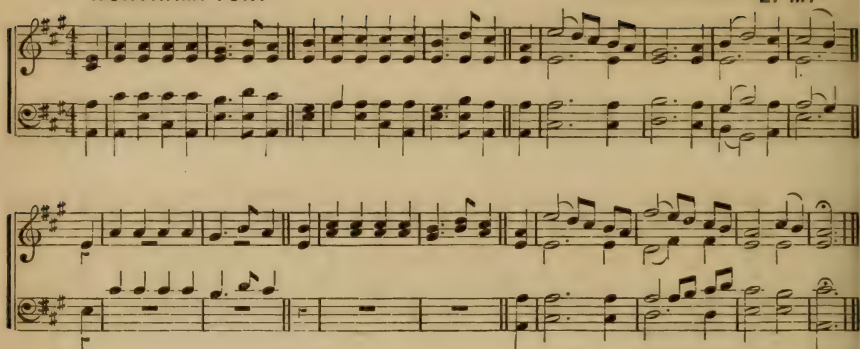
- 1 SUMMER ended, harvest o'er,
Lord! to thee our song we pour,
For the valley's golden yield,
For the fruits of tree and field;
- 2 For the promise ever sure
That while heaven and earth endure
Seed-time, harvest, cold and heat
Shall their yearly round complete;
- 3 For the care which, while we slept,
Watch o'er field and furrow kept,
Watch o'er all the buried grain,
Soon to burst to life again.

- 4 When the reaping angels bring
Tares and wheat before the King,
Jesus! may we gathered be
In the heavenly barn to thee.
- 5 Then the angel-cry shall sound,
Praise the Lamb; the lost are found;
And the answering song shall be,
Alleluia, praise to thee—
- 6 Praise to thee, the toil is o'er;
Blight and curse shall be no more;
Lo! the mighty work is done:
Glory to the three in one.

NATIONAL.

NORTHAMPTON.

L. M.



825

- 1 LET Sion praise the mighty God,
And make his honors known abroad,
For sweet the joy our songs to raise,
And glorious is the work of praise.
- 2 Our children live secure and blest;
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessings to their meat.
- 3 Through all our coasts his laws are shown,
His gospel through the nation known;
He hath not thus revealed his word
To every land; praise ye the Lord.

826

- 1 GREAT God of nations! now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise:
With humble heart and bending knee
We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, almighty God!
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod—
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps did guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

- 4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
- 5 Great God! preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our guardian be;
Oh, spread thy truth's bright precepts here,
Let all the people worship thee.

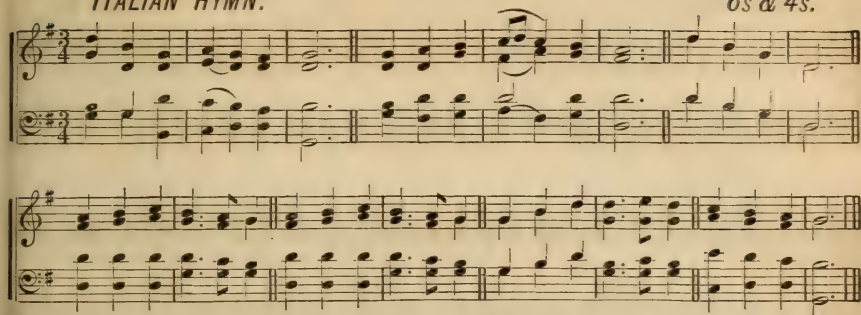
827

- 1 PRAISE, Lord! for thee in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to thy throne repair,
And find through Christ salvation there.
- 2 How blest thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea!
How happy they who rest in thee!
- 3 The year is with thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And Nature smiles and owns her King.
- 4 Lord! on our souls thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
Oh, let thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to thee.

NATIONAL.

ITALIAN HYMN.

6s & 4s.



828

1 THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart and voice;
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

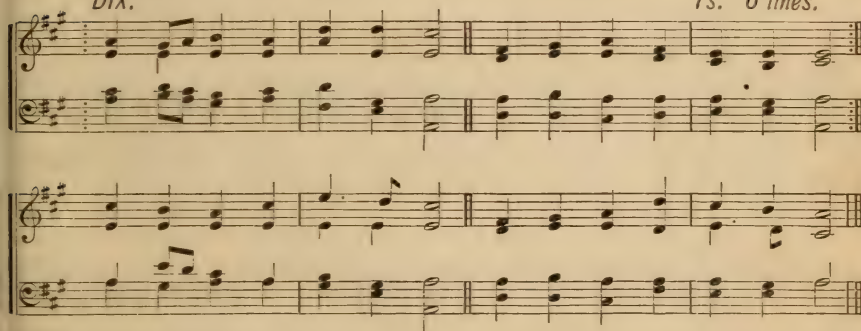
2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;

To glory in your lot
Is comely, but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts and voices raise
With one accord,
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

DIX.

7s. 6 lines.



829

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy!
Let thy praise our tongues employ;
All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
For the flocks that roam the plain,

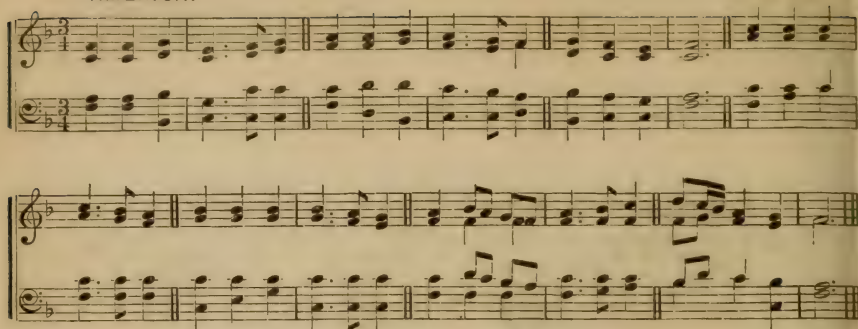
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Lord! for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores,
All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

NATIONAL.

AMERICA.

6s & 4s.



830

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave!
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

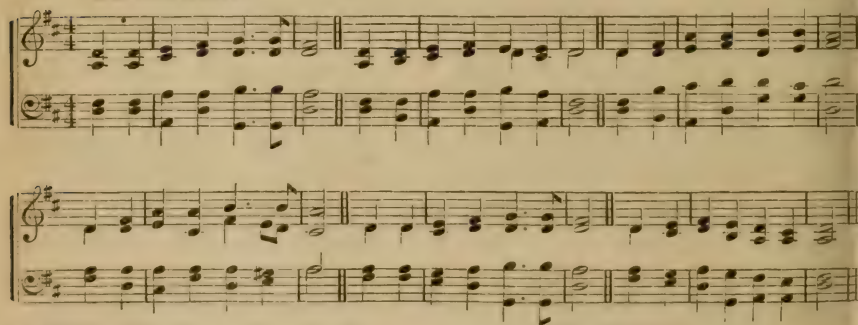
2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies,
On him we wait;

Thou who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye!
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

3 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

GETHSEMANE.

7s.



831

1 WHAT our Father does is well;
Blessed truth his children tell;
Though he send for plenty want,
Though the harvest floor be scant,
Yet we rest upon his love,
Seeking better things above.

2 What our Father does is well;
Shall the willful heart rebel?
If a blessing he withhold
In the field or in the fold,
Is it not himself to be
All our store eternally?

NATIONAL.

3 What our Father does is well;
Though he sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength his word supplies.
He has called us sons of God;
Can we murmur at his rod?

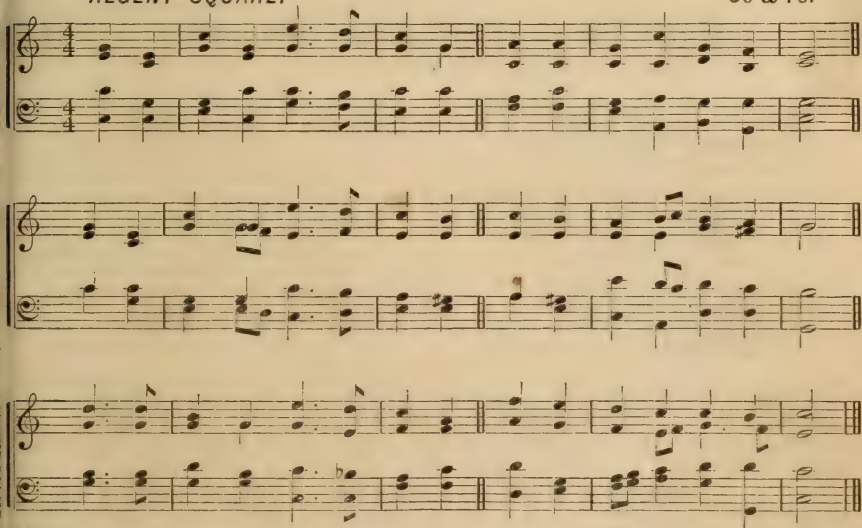
4 What our Father does is well;
May the thought within us dwell;
Though no milk nor honey flow

In our barren Canaan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.

5 Therefore unto him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father and the Son
And the Spirit, three in one,
Honor, might and glory be,
Now and through eternity.

REGENT SQUARE.

8s & 7s.



832

1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

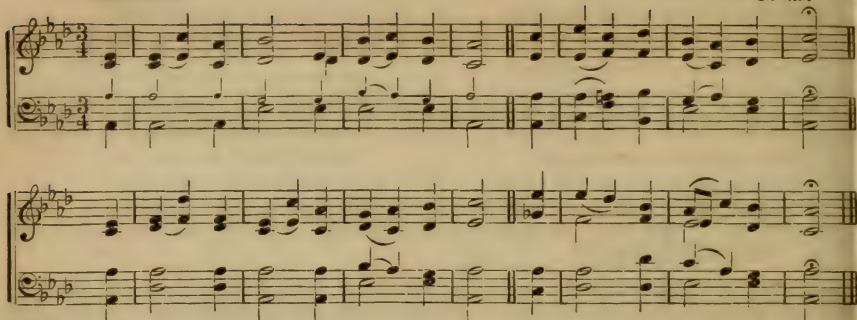
3 Father like, he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet his mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height, adore him;
Ye behold him face to face;
Saints, triumphant bow before him,
Gathered in from every race;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

NATIONAL.

CHURCH.

C. M.



833

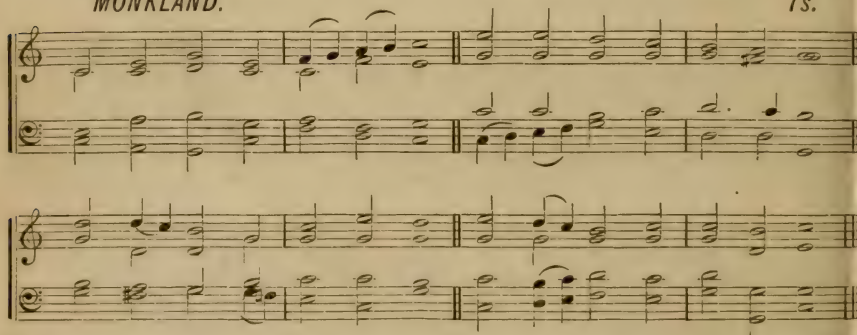
- 1 OUR land, O Lord! with songs of praise
Shall in thy strength rejoice,
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heaven a cheerful voice.
- 2 Thy sure defence through nations round
Hath spread our country's name,
And all her humble efforts crowned
With freedom and with fame.
- 3 In deep distress a patriot band
Implored thy pow'r to save;

For liberty they prayed; thy hand
The timely blessing gave.

- 4 On thee, in want, in woe or pain,
Our hearts alone rely;
Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.
- 5 Thus, Lord! thy wondrous pow'r declare,
And still exalt thy fame;
While we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

MONKLAND.

7s.



834

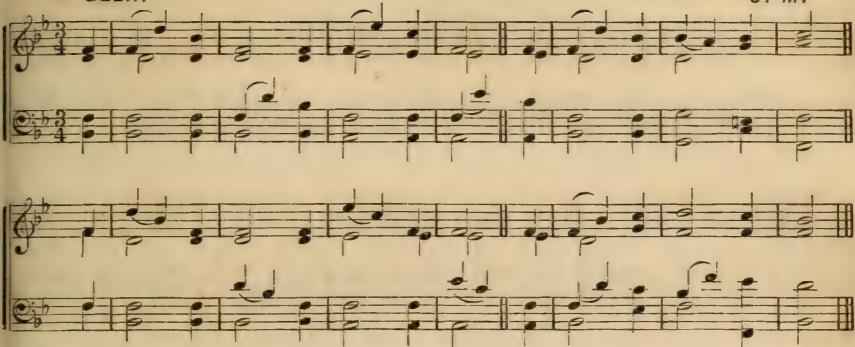
- 1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song,
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praise to heav'n's almighty King.
- 2 Blessings from his lib'ral hand
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts, beneath his sway,
Hail the bright, triumphant day.

- 3 Now to thee our joys ascend,
Thou hast been our heav'nly Friend;
Guarded by thy mighty pow'r,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.
- 4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the heav'nly notes prolong.

NATIONAL.

GEER.

C. M.



835

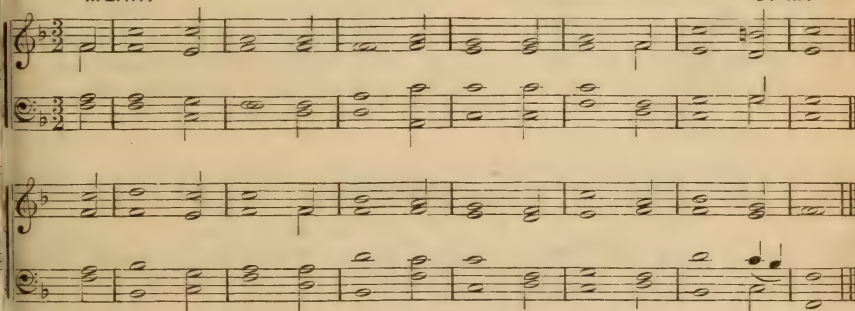
- 1 LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land—
The land we love the most.
- 2 Oh, guard our shore from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth and thee,

And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

- 4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours,
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.
- 5 Lord of the nations! thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

MEAR.

C. M.



836

- 1 LORD! thou hast scourged our guilty land,
Behold thy people mourn;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return?
- 2 Beneath the terrors of thine eye
Earth's haughty towers decay;

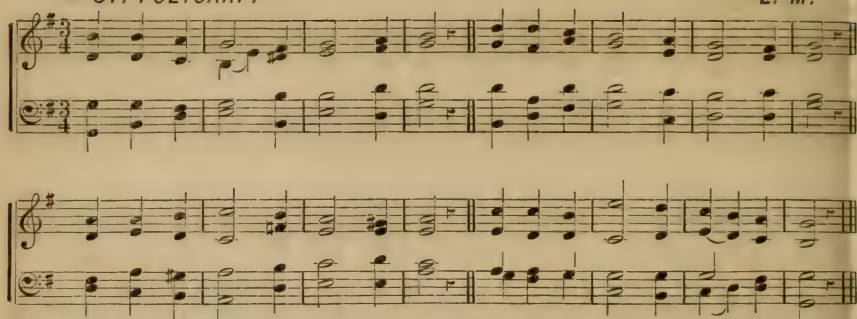
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
And mortals melt away.

- 3 Our Zion trembles at the stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand;
Oh, heal the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

NATIONAL.

ST. POLYCARP.

L. M.



837

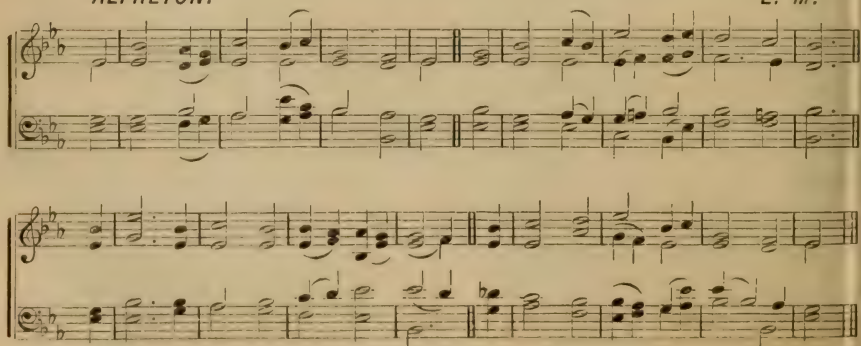
- 1 WHEN in our hour of utmost need
We know not where to look for aid,
When days and nights of anxious thought
Nor help nor counsel yet have brought,
- 2 Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God! to thee
For rescue from our misery;
- 3 To thee may raise our hearts and eyes,
Repenting sore with bitter sighs,
And seek thy pardon for our sin,
And respite from our griefs within.
- 4 For thou hast promised, graciously
To hear all those who cry to thee

Through him whose name alone is great,
Our Saviour and our advocate.

- 5 And thus we come, O God! to-day,
And all our woes before thee lay,
For tried, afflicted, lo! we stand,
Peril and foes on every hand.
- 6 Ah! hide not for our sins thy face;
Absolve us through thy boundless grace;
Be with us in our anguish still,
Free us at last from every ill.
- 7 That so with all our hearts may we
Once more with joy give thanks to thee,
And walk obedient to thy word,
And now and ever praise the Lord.

ALFRETON.

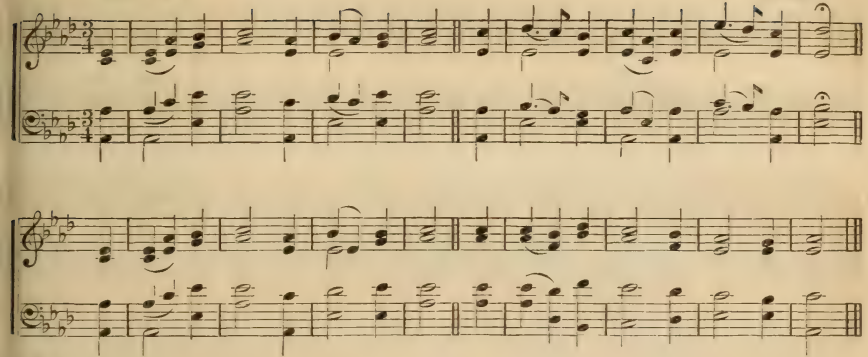
L. M.



NATIONAL.

LOUVAN.

L. M.



838

- 1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds above!
Thy glory, with unclouded rays,
Shines through the realms of light and love,
Inspiring angels with thy praise.
- 2 Thy pow'r we own, thy grace adore;
Thou deign'st to visit man below;
And in affliction's darkest hour
The humble shall thy mercy know.
- 3 These western States at thy command
Rose from dependence and distress;
Prosperity now crowns the land,
And millions join thy name to bless.
- 4 Praise is thy due, eternal King!
We'll speak the wonders of thy love;
With grateful hearts our tribute bring,
And emulate the hosts above.
- 5 Oh, be thou still our guardian God,
Preserve these States from ev'ry foe,
From party rage, from scenes of blood,
From sin and every cause of woe.
- 6 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
Display his grace and saving power;

Here liberty and truth maintain,
Till empires fall to rise no more.

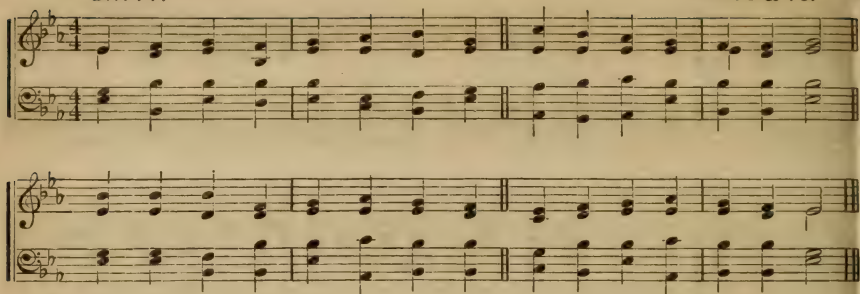
839

- 1 SALVATION doth to God belong,
His power and grace shall be our song;
From him alone all mercies flow,
His arm alone subdues the foe.
- 2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer;
And though deliverance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.
- 3 Oh, may this goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King,
- 4 Till every public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise,
And every peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.
- 5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight,
Still in thy precepts and thy fear
Till life's last hour to persevere.

NATIONAL.

BATTY.

8s & 7s.



840

1 DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies
Hear thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliv'rance rise.

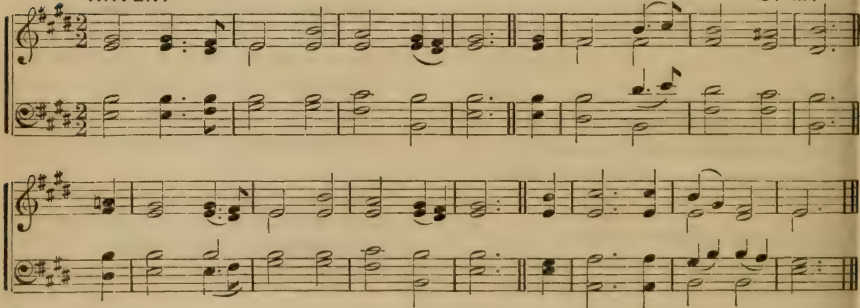
2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

3 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

4 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

HAVEN.

C. M.



841

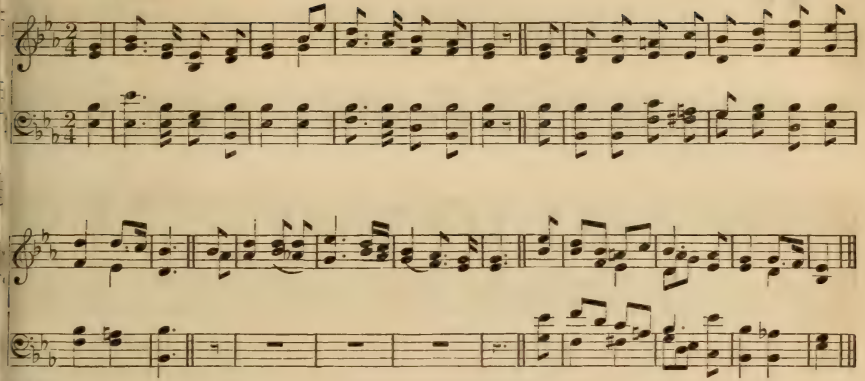
1 In grief and fear, to thee, O Lord!
For succor now we fly;
Thine awful judgments are abroad,
Oh, shield us lest we die.
The fell disease on every side
Walks forth with tainted breath,
And pestilence, with rapid stride,
Bestrews the land with death.

2 Oh, look with pity on the scene
Of sadness and of dread,
And let thine angel stand between
The living and the dead.
With contrite hearts to thee, our King,
We turn, who oft have strayed;
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
And let the plague be stayed.

NATIONAL.

PATRIA.

H. M.



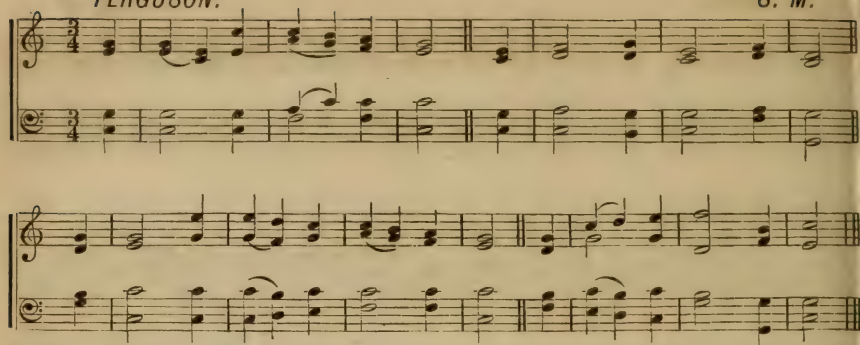
842

- 1 BEFORE the Lord we bow,
The God who reigns above,
And rules the world below,
Boundless in power and love.
Our thanks we bring
In joy and praise,
Our hearts we raise
To heaven's high King.
- 2 The nation thou hast blest
May well thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by thy care.
For this fair land,
For this bright day,
Our thanks we pay,
Gifts of thy hand.
- 3 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,
Shine in thy word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen.
May every tongue
Be tuned to praise,
And join to raise
A grateful song.
- 4 Earth, hear thy Maker's voice,
Thy great Redeemer own;
Believe, obey, rejoice,
And worship him alone.
Cast down thy pride,
Thy sin deplore,
And bow before
The Crucified.

OCCASIONAL.

FERGUSON.

S. M.



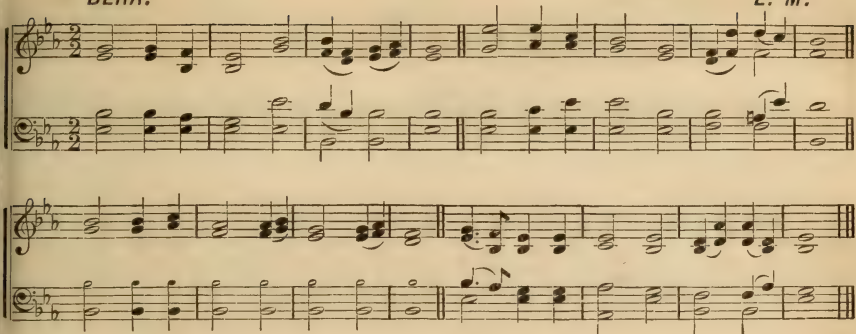
843

- 1 How welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day!
- 2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For he who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.
- 3 His gracious power divine
The water vessels knew,
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.
- 4 O Lord of life and love!
Come thou again to-day!
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.
- 5 Oh, bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from thy pierced side.
- 6 Before thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore:
As thou dost knit them, Lord! in one,
So bless them evermore.

PRAYER-MEETING.

BERA.

L. M.



844

- 1 GREAT God! indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise!
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.
- 4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

- And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words? Ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

846

845

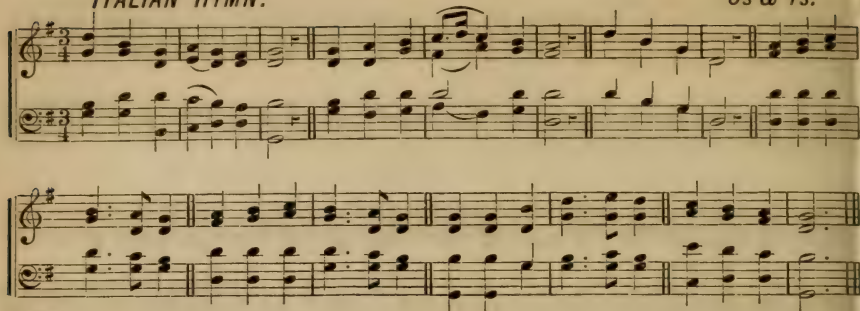
- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;

- 1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 3 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 4 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

PRAYER-MEETING.

ITALIAN HYMN.

6s & 4s.



847

1 COME, thou almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

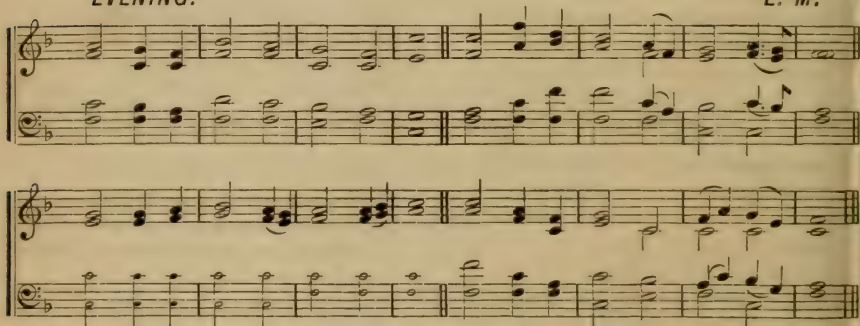
2 Come, thou incarnate Word!
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art!
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great one in three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

EVENING.

L. M.



848

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord! from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus! from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

386

3 Blest Saviour! what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine,
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one
That eyes have seen or angels known!

PRAYER-MEETING.

SWEET HOUR.

L. M. 8 lines.

849

1 SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolations share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;

And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

850

1 COME, let us sing the song of songs;
The saints in heaven began the strain;
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God;
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

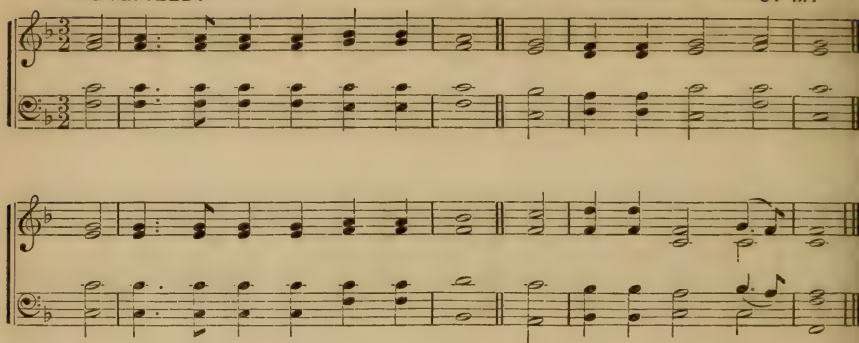
3 To him who suffered on the tree
Our souls, at his soul's price, to gain,
Blessing and praise and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

4 To him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim
Honor and majesty and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

PRAYER-MEETING.

BYEFIELD.

C. M.



851

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold, he prays."
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

852

- 1 In all my vast concerns with thee
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord! or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high;
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

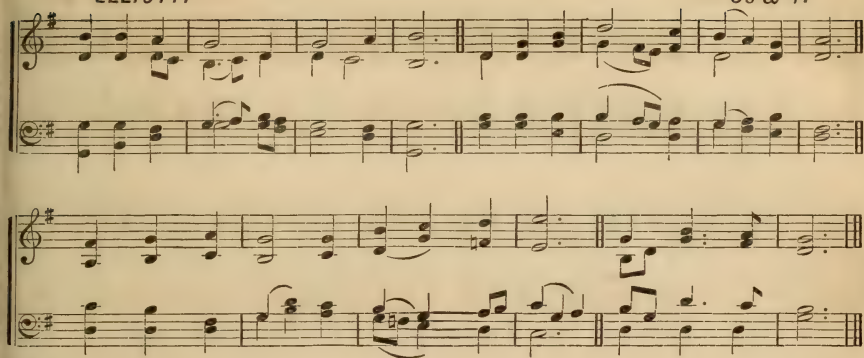
853

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,
From strife and tumult far,
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace and joy and love
She then communes with God!
- 4 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
Blest Saviour! thou art mine.

PRAYER-MEETING.

ELLIOTT.

8s & 4.



854

1 My God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;

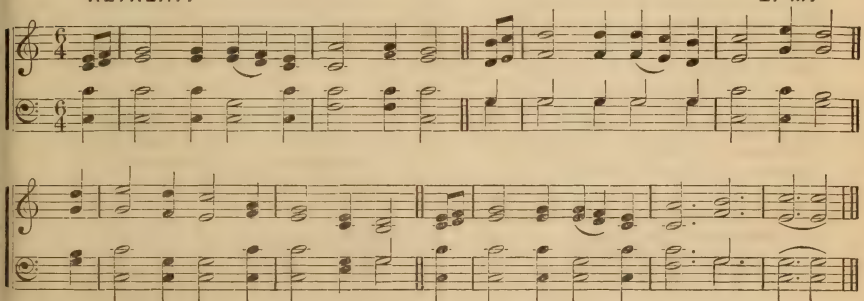
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

5 Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

RETREAT.

L. M.



855

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;

Though Sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

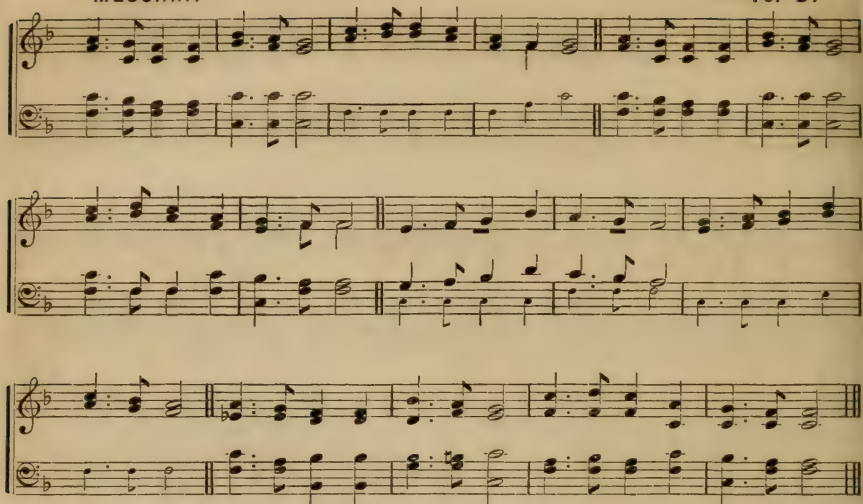
4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5 Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

PRAYER-MEETING.

MESSIAH.

7s. D.



856

- 1 PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and fains
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
For thy fullness, God of grace!
- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In their heavenly Father's breast;
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.
- 3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.
- 4 Lord! be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through this world of sin;

Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place;
Sun and Shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shed, oh, shed them, Lord! on me.

857

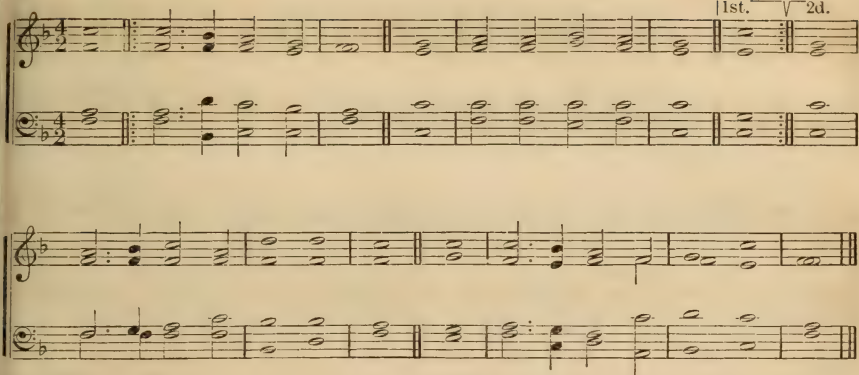
- 1 "WIDE, ye heavenly gates, unfold,
Closed no more by death and sin;
Lo! the conquering Lord behold!
Let the King of glory in."
- 2 Hark! th' angelic host inquire,
"Who is he, the mighty King?"
Hark again! the answering choir
Thus in strains of triumph sing:
- 3 "He whose powerful arm alone
On his foes destruction hurled;
He who hath the victory won,
He who saved a ruined world;
- 4 "He who God's pure law fulfilled,
Jesus, the incarnate Word;
He whose truth with blood was sealed,
He is heaven's all-glorious Lord."

PRAYER-MEETING.

ZEBULON.

H. M.

1st. 2d.



858

1 WITH songs of sacred joy
Extol his glorious name
Who reared the spacious earth,
And raised our ruined frame.
He built the church who spread the sky;
Sing and exalt his honors high.

2 See the foundation laid
By power and love divine;
Jesus, his first-born Son,
How bright his glories shine!
Low he descends, in dust he lies,
That from his tomb a church might rise.

3 But he for ever lives,
Nor for himself alone;
Each saint new life derives
From him, the living Stone.
His influence spreads through every soul,
And in one house unites the whole.

4 To him with joy we move;
In him cemented stand;
The living temple grows,
And owns the Founder's hand.
That structure, Lord! still higher raise,
Louder to sound its Builder's praise.

859

1 O THOU that hearest prayer!
Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share
Thy blessings from on high;
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry,
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply,
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

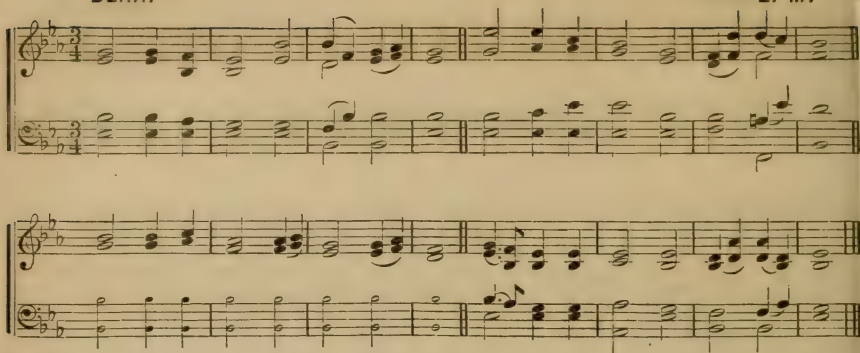
3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace;
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend, and fill the place;
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 Oh, send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord!
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word,
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.

PRAYER-MEETING.

BERA.

L. M.



860

1 JUST are thy ways and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode!
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield,
And while with sin and hell I fight
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives, and blessed be my Rock,
The God of my salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

861

1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise,

2 There will the gracious Saviour be,
To bless the little company;
There, to unveil his smiling face,
And bid his glories fill the place.

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord!
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send the Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

862

1 WHEN, gracious Lord! when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee,
The fullness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to thee
With only sin and misery.

3 Lord! I am blind—be thou my sight;
Lord! I am weak—be thou my might;
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.

863

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

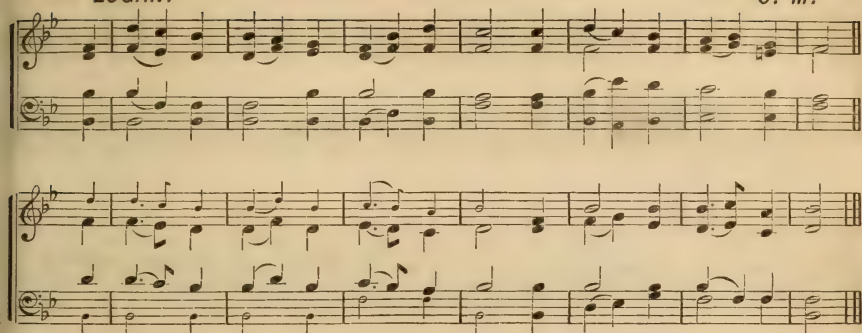
4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell; from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

PRAYER-MEETING.

LOGAN.

C. M.



864

- 1 DEAR Father! to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'T is here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.
- 2 My cheerful hope can never die
If thou, my God! art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.
- 3 My great Protector and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh, let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.
- 4 Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

865

- 1 Now shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty power
Who heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.
- 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye who fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.
- 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid;

He saved my sinking soul from hell
And death's eternal shade.

- 4 If sin lay covered in my heart
While prayer employed my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.
- 5 But God—his name be ever blessed—
Has set my spirit free,
Nor turned from him my poor request,
Nor turned his heart from me.

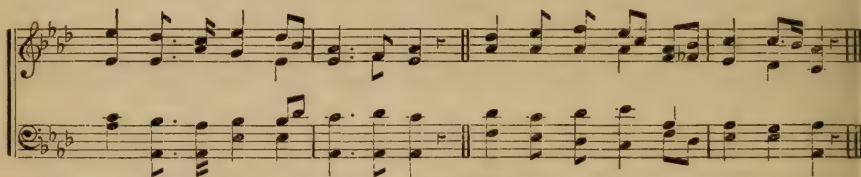
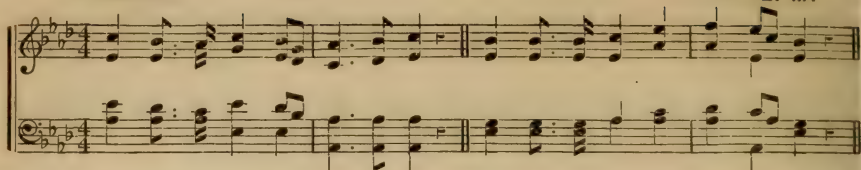
866

- 1 GRANT me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat,
For ever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet;
- 2 In thy pavilion to abide
When storms of trouble blow,
And in thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.
- 3 Then leave me not when griefs assail
And earthly comforts flee;
When father, mother, kindred, fail,
My God! remember me.
- 4 Wait on the Lord, with courage wait;
My soul, disdain to fear;
The righteous Judge is at the gate,
And thy redemption near.

PRAYER-MEETING.

DWIGHT.

L. M.



867

1 HE that hath made his refuge God
Shall find a most secure abode,
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God! thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower;
I, who am formed of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is thy life; his wings are spread
To shield thee with a healthful shade.

5 If vapors, with malignant breath,
Rise thick, and scatter midnight-death,
Israel is safe; the poisoned air
Grows pure if Israel's God be there.

868

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song and join the praise.

2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord!
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.

3 To God I cried when troubles rose,
He heard me and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

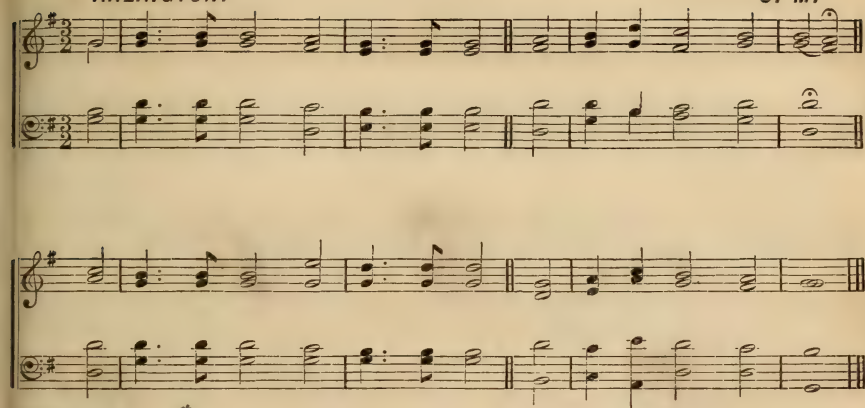
4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PRAYER-MEETING.

ARLINGTON.

C. M.



869

1 WELCOME, O Saviour! to my heart;
Possess thine humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thine own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake,
To thee I all resign;
My longing heart, O Jesus! take,
And fill with love divine.

3 Oh, may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide;
I give it all to thee.

3 I'm a companion of the saints
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

4 My God! I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still,
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

871

1 SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound;
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

870

1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,
Oh, let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace!
Nor tread the sinner's way.

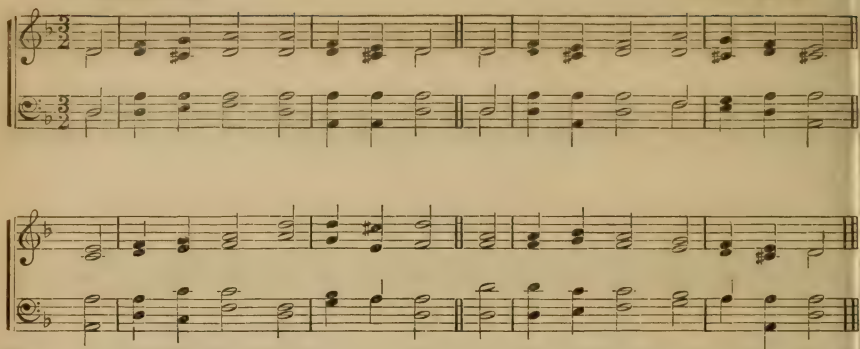
2 Thy word I've hid within my heart
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

PRAYER-MEETING.

WINDHAM.

L. M.



872

- 1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light
Mercy is found and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.
- 5 Now God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

873

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there,
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.
- 2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross
If she would gain this heavenly land.

- 3 The fearful soul that tides and fairs,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord! let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

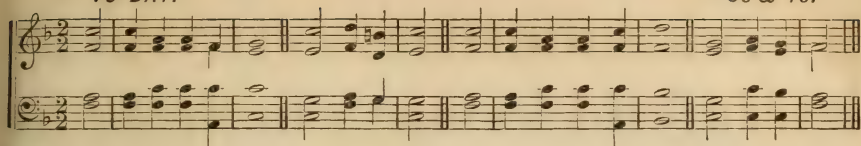
874

- 1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin
And yield thy heart to God's control?
- 2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist his love to grieve
May never hear his voice again.
- 5 Sinner! perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

PRAYER-MEETING.

TO-DAY.

6s & 4s.



875

1 To-day the Saviour calls;
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls!
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

BETHEL.

6s & 4s.



876

1 No, not despairingly
Come I to thee;
No, not distrustingly
Bend I the knee;
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.

2 Lord! I confess to thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I thee,
All I have been;

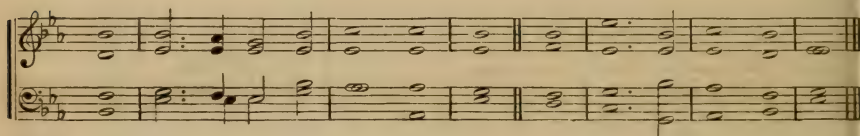
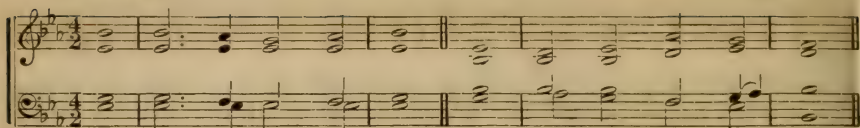
Purge thou my sin away,
Wash thou my soul this day;
Lord! make me clean.

3 Faithful and just art thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art thou
When poor ones call;
Lord! let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul!

PRAYER-MEETING.

OLNEY.

S. M.



877

- 1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his justice known
When they abused his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

878

- 1 Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
O sinners! come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;

And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

- 4 Lord! draw reluctant souls,
And melt them by thy love;
Then will the angels speed their way
To bear the news above.

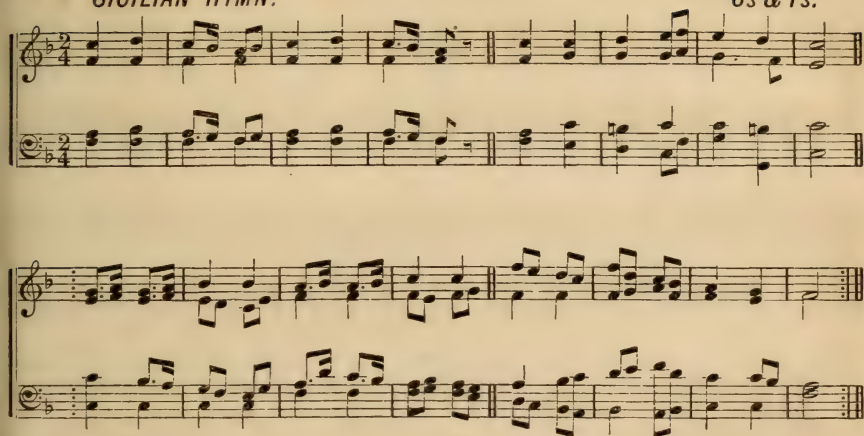
879

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit! come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit! come;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son and thee.

PRAYER-MEETING.

SICILIAN HYMN.

8s & 7s.



880

1 SAVIOUR! visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord! a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation
Unless thou return again;
Lord! revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of thine assistance
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Dearest Saviour! hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows.

2 Help, O God! my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

3 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;

4 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

5 Lord! this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.

6 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

881

1 LORD! with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows,

PRAYER-MEETING.

REMSEN.

C. M.



882

- 1 BLESSED is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain,
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain;
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views through mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe.
- 5 Peace from the bosom of his God
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

400

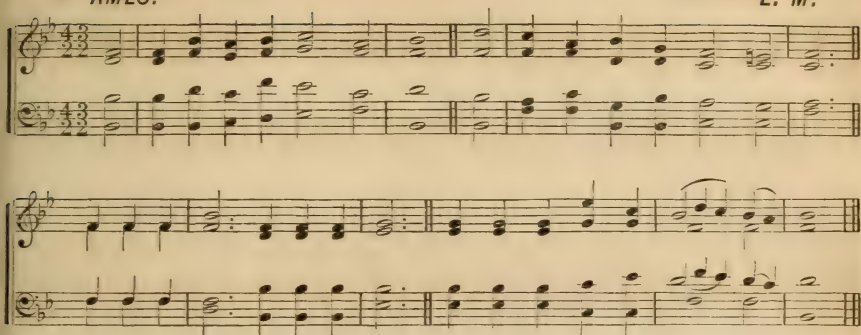
883

- 1 ALMIGHTY God! thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Oh, may it grow in humble hearts,
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in praying souls
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But may it, in converted minds,
Produce the fruits of joy.
- 4 Let not thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.
- 5 Great God! come down, and on thy word
Thy mighty power bestow,
That all who hear the joyful sound
Thy saving grace may know.

PRAYER-MEETING.

AMES.

L. M.



884

1 O God! beneath thy guiding hand
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped
thee.

2 Thou heardest, well pleased, the song, the
prayer;
Thy blessing came, and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here thy name, O God of love!
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

885

1 BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow,
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise,
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

886

1 LORD of the harvest! bend thine ear,
For Zion's heritage appear;
Oh, send forth laborers filled with zeal,
Swift to obey their Master's will.

2 Our lifted eyes, O Lord! behold
The ripening harvest tinged with gold;
Wide fields are opening to our view;
The work is great, the laborers few.

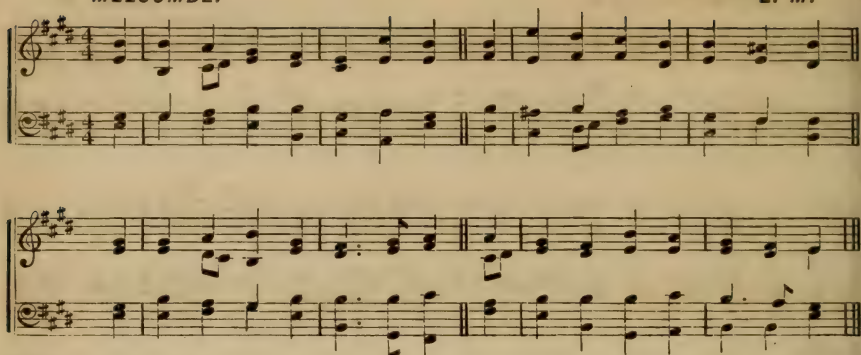
3 Under the guidance of thy hand
May Zion's sons to every land
Go forth, to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.

4 Bid all their hearts with ardor glow
The Saviour's dying love to show,
And spread the gospel's joyful sound
Far as the race of man is found.

MORNING.

MELCOMBE.

L. M.



887

1 God of the morning! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies,

2 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfill
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3 Lord! thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes,
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

4 Oh, hallowed thus be every day;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

5 O Christ! with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
Oh, may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in thee.

889

1 New every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove;
Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

2 New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray,
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord! in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

888

1 O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace!
Thou brightness of thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light
Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

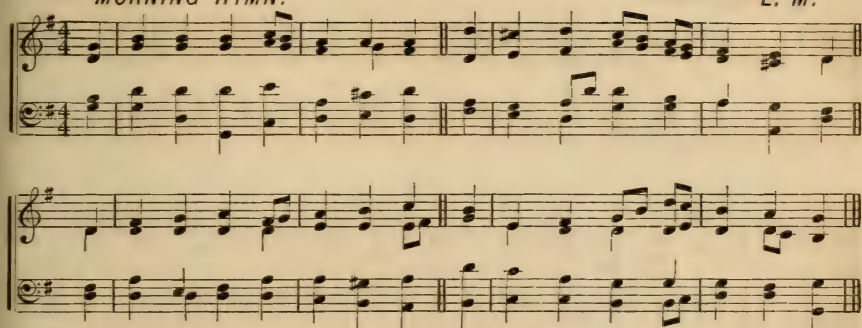
2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love!
Send down thy radiance from above;
And to our inmost hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
The flesh subdue, the mind control;
May guile depart and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

MORNING.

MORNING HYMN.

L. M.



890

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

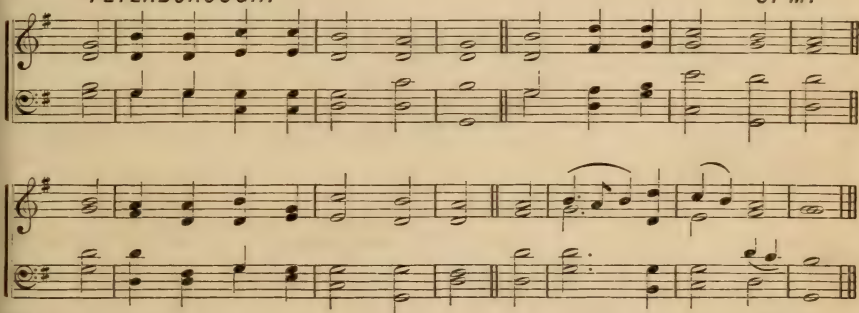
2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to thee, eternal King!

3 All praise to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord! when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord! I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

PETERBOROUGH.

C. M.



891

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;

My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

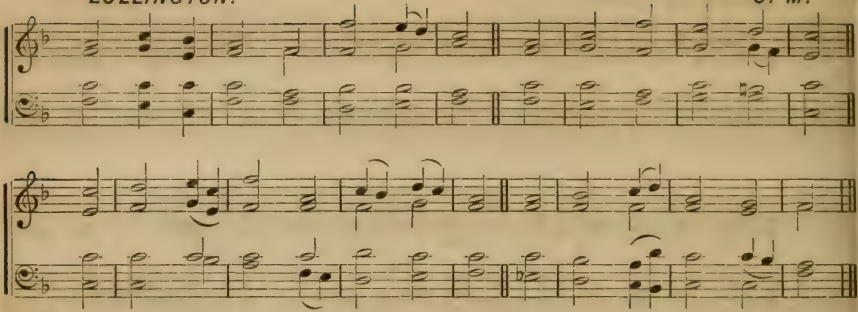
4 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet he lengthens out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

5 Great God! let all my hours be thine
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

MORNING.

LULLINGTON.

C. M.



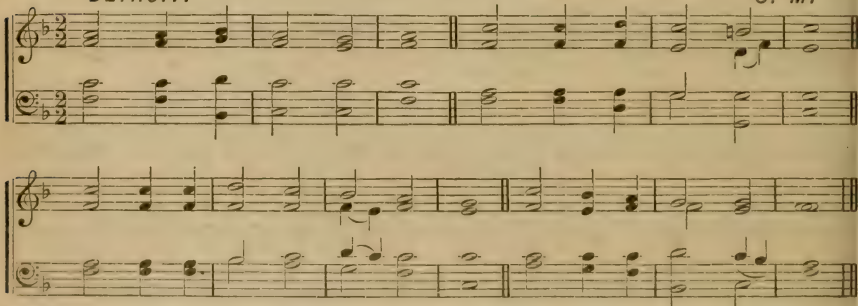
892

- 1 LORD of my life! oh, may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days
And fills the circling hours.
- 2 Preserved by thine almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night
Secure and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.
- 3 While many spent the night in sighs
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
In undisturbed repose.

- 4 When sleep, death's image, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed
To guard my feeble clay.
- 5 Oh, let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.
- 6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days,
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

DETROIT.

S. M.



893

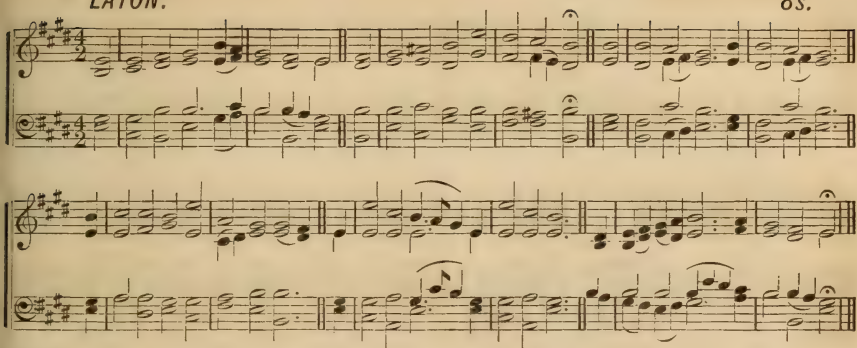
- 1 SERENE I laid me down
Beneath God's guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke and found
My kind Preserver near.
- 2 Oh, how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

- 3 Dear Saviour! to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Tinged with thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.
- 4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord! to thee,
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

MORNING.

EATON.

8s.



894

1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine!
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

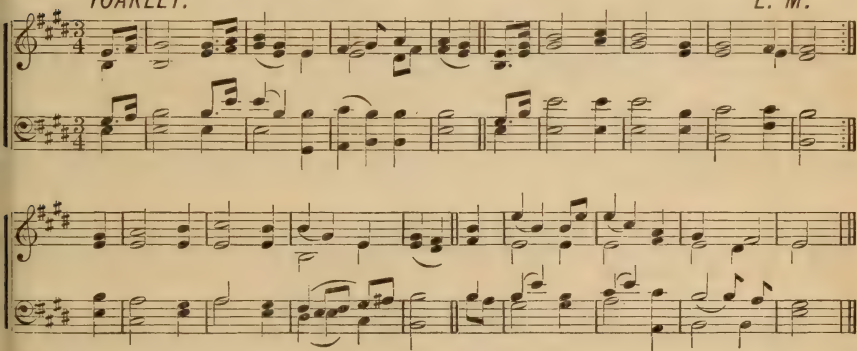
2 And when to heav'n's all glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,

Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesus! cleanse me with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus! thy heav'nly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed,
And from death's gloom my spirit raise
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

YOAKLEY.

L. M.



895

1 O God, my gracious God! to thee
My morning prayers shall offer'd be,
For thee my thirsty soul does pant;
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
As in a dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

2 Oh, to my longing eyes, once more
That view of glorious power restore
Which thy majestic house displays;
Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

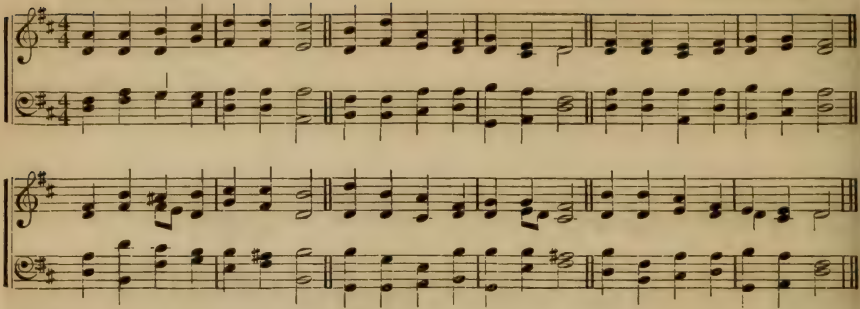
3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ,
With lifted hands adore his name;
As, with its choicest food supplied,
My soul shall be full satisfied,
While I with joy his praise proclaim.

4 When down I lie sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord! art present to my mind,
And when I wake in dead of night;
Because thou still dost succor bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

MORNING.

RATISBON.

7s.



896

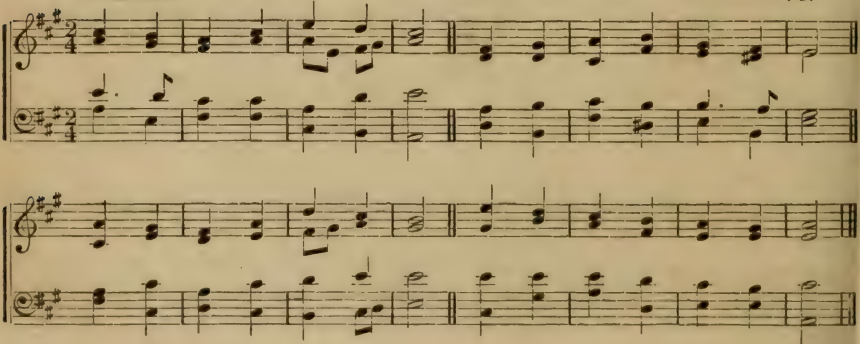
- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness! arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high! be near,
Day-star! in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till thy mercy's beams I see,

Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

VIENNA.

7s.



897

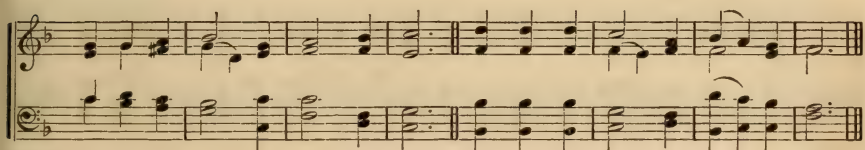
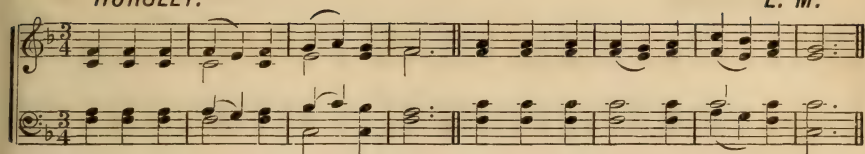
- 1 In the morning hear my voice,
Let me in thy light rejoice;
God, my Sun! my strength renew,
Send thy blessing down like dew.
- 2 Through the duties of the day
Grant me grace to watch and pray;
Live as always seeing thee,
Knowing thou, God! seest me.

- 3 When the round of care is run,
And the stars succeed the sun,
Songs of prayer with praise unite,
Crown the day and hail the night.
- 4 Thus with thee, my God! my Friend!
Times begin, continue, end,
While life's joys and sorrows pass,
Like the changes of the grass.

EVENING.

HURSLEY.

L. M.



898

1 SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

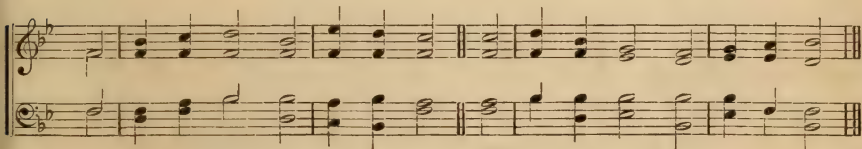
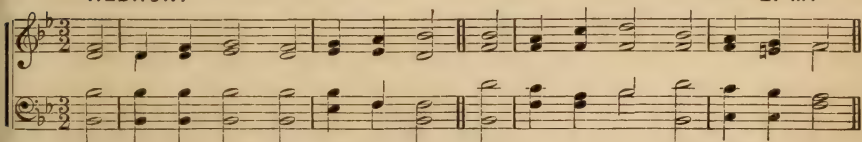
2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Come near to bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

HEBRON.

L. M.



899

1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening should make known
Some fresh memorials of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

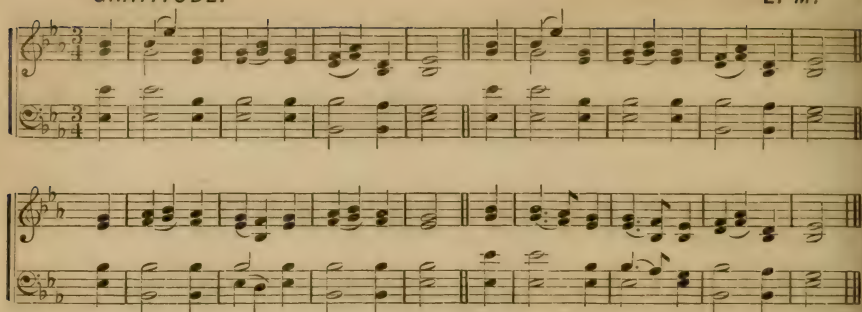
3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

EVENING.

GRATITUDE.

L. M.



900

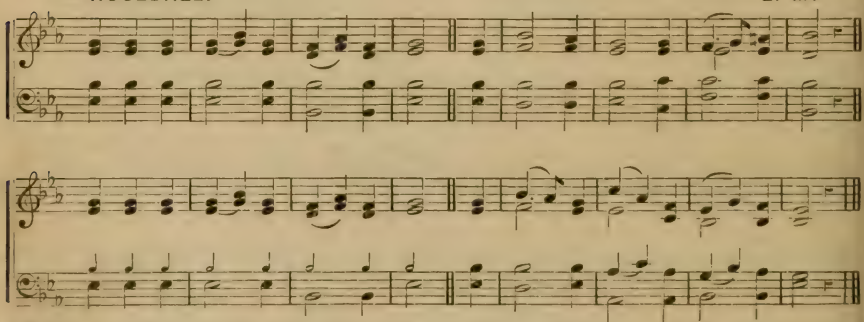
- 1 My God! how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distill like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!

Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

ROSEDALE.

L. M.



901

- 1 GREAT God! to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise:
Oh, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle, rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,

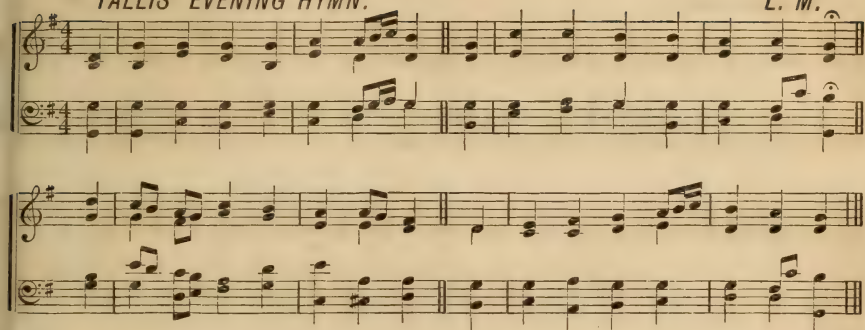
Ungrateful can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

EVENING.

TALLIS' EVENING HYMN.

L. M.



902

1 ALL praise to thee, my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord! for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself and thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed,
To die that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

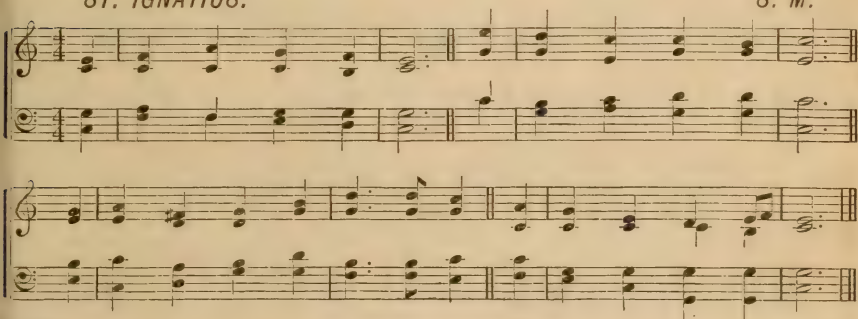
4 Oh, may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No power of darkness me molest.

6 Oh, when shall I in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And praise with the angelic choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

ST. IGNATIUS.

S. M.



903

1 THE day, O Lord! is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,

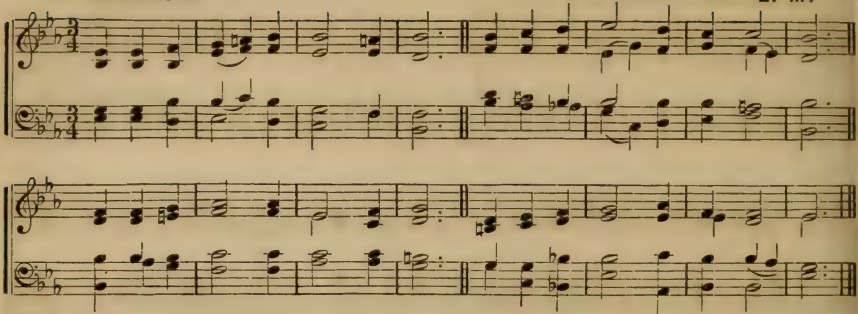
Where holy angels round thee stand
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of righteousness! do thou
Shine on us evermore.

EVENING.

ANGELUS.

L. M.

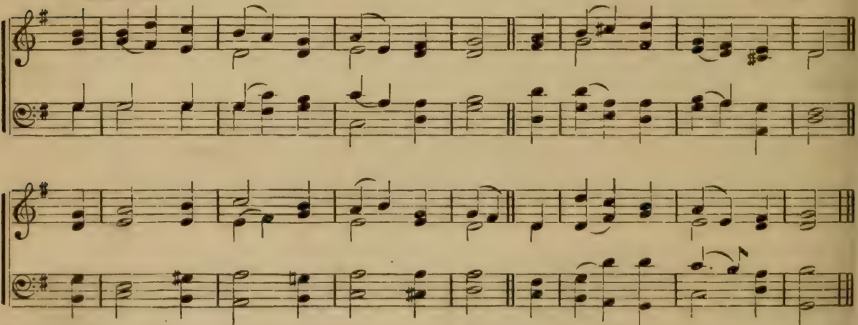


904

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord! around thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!</p> <p>2 Once more 't is eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here</p> <p>3 O Saviour Christ! our woes dispel,
For some are sick and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;</p> | <p>4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free,
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee.</p> <p>5 O Saviour Christ! thou too art Man:
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.</p> <p>6 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.</p> |
|--|---|

DUBLIN.

C. M.



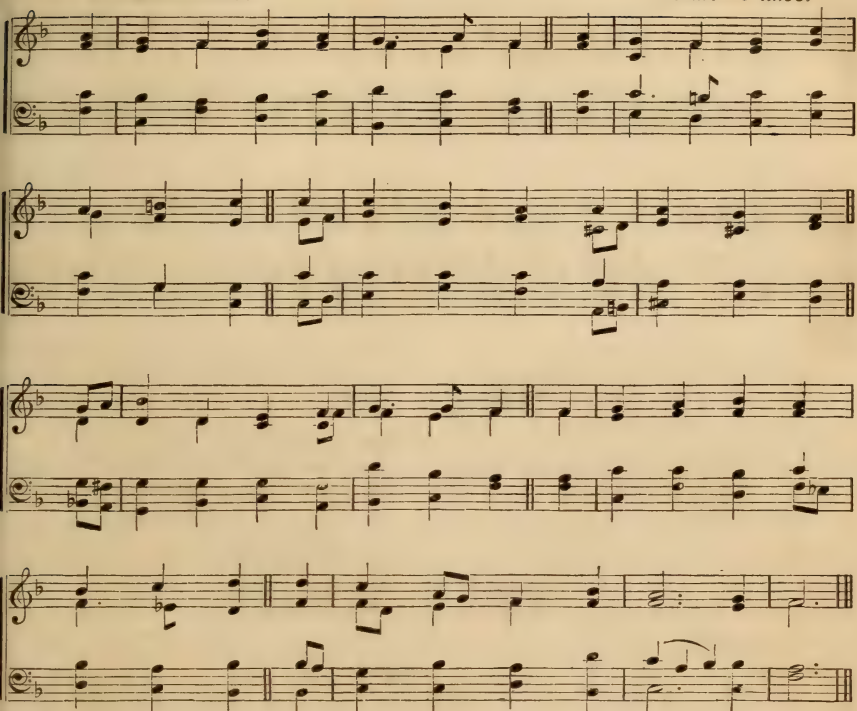
905

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 INDULGENT Father! by whose care
I've passed another day,
Let me this night thy mercy share;
Oh, teach me how to pray.</p> <p>2 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love,</p> | <p>And every hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.</p> <p>3 And when on earth I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heaven and glory rise,
To see thy smiling face.</p> |
|--|--|

EVENING.

ST. MATTHIAS.

L. M. 6 lines.



906

SWEET Saviour! bless us ere we go;
 Thy word into our minds instill,
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will:
 Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus! be our Light.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
 And thou hast taken count of all—
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall;
 Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus! be our Light.

Grant us, dear Lord! from evil ways
 True absolution and release,
 And bless us more than in past days
 With purity and inward peace;
 Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus! be our Light.

4 Do more than pardon, give us joy,
 Sweet fear and sober liberty,
 And simple hearts without alloy
 That only long to be like thee;
 Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus! be our Light.

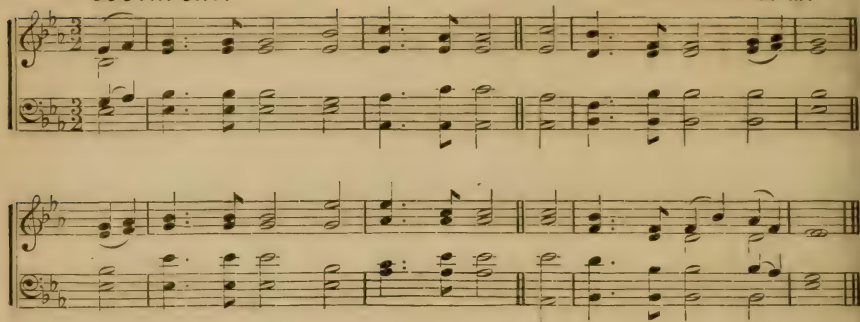
5 Labor is sweet, for thou hast toiled,
 And care is light, for thou hast cared;
 Ah! never let our works be soiled
 With strife, or by deceit ensnared;
 Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus! be our Light.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto thee we call;
 Oh, let thy mercy make us glad;
 Thou art our Jesus and our All;
 Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus! be our Light.

EVENING.

SOUTHPORT.

C. M.



907

1 DREAD Sovereign! let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But oh how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as the minutes roll!

5 Lord! with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

908

1 LORD! thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head
From cares and business free,

'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God! my faith, my hope, relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

909

1 Now from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord! to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet, more free, than they.

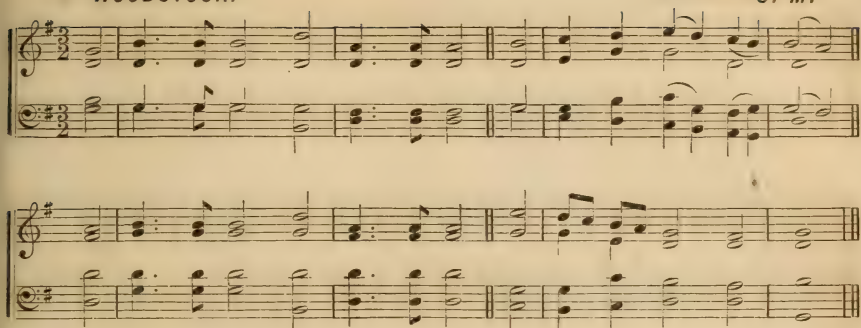
3 New time, new favors and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

4 Lord of our time! whose hand hath set
New time upon our score,
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

EVENING.

WOODSTOCK.

C. M.



910

- 1 HAIL, tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone, disturbing care;
And look, my soul, from earth, away
To him who heareth prayer.
- 2 How sweet the tear of penitence
Before his throne of grace!
While to the contrite spirit's sense
He shows his smiling face.
- 3 How sweet, through long-remembered years,
His mercies to recall,
And, pressed with wants and griefs and fears,
To trust his love for all!
- 4 How sweet to look in thoughtful hope
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear him call his children up
To his fair home on high!
- 5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul in life's last even
Retire to glorious rest.

911

- 1 O LORD! another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne
To bless thy fostering hand.
- 2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?

Thou wilt; for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

- 3 And, Jesus! thou thy smiles wilt deign
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

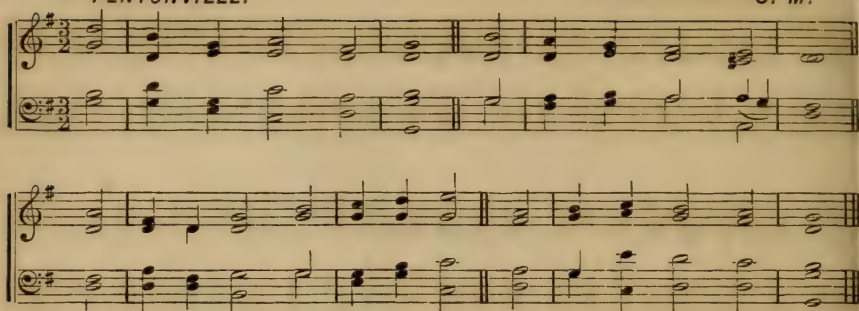
912

- 1 I LOVE to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God is near.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

EVENING.

PENTONVILLE.

S. M.



913

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may I ever keep in mind
The night of death draws near.

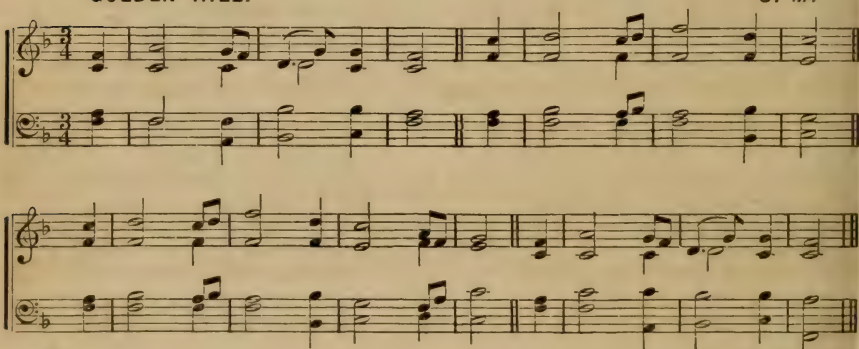
2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest;
So death will soon remove me hence,
And leave my soul undressed.

3 Lord! keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep
Till morning light appears.

4 And when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Lord! may I in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

GOLDEN HILL.

S. M.



914

1 To-morrow, Lord! is thine,
Lodged in thy sov'reign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

414

3 One thing demands our care;
Oh, be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

4 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

EVENING.

THE LAST BEAM.

P. M.

915

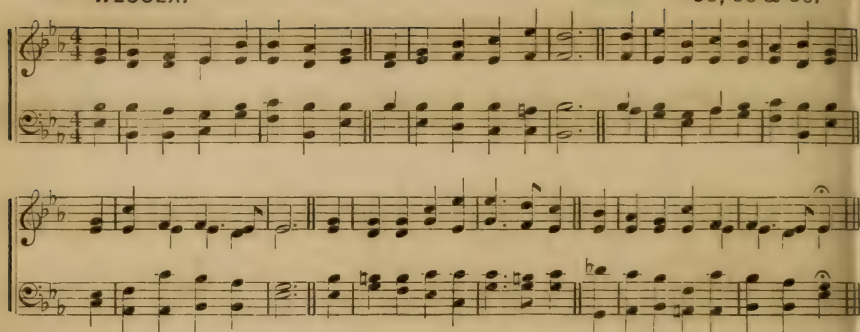
1 FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining,
 Father in heaven! the day is declining,
 Safety and innocence fly with the light,
 Temptation and danger walk forth with the
 night;
 From the fall of the shade till the morning-
 bells chime
 Shield me from danger, save me from crime.
 Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy,
 Father, have mercy, through Jesus Christ our
 Lord.

2 Father in heaven! oh, hear when we call—
 Hear for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all;
 Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might,
 In doubting and darkness thy love be our
 light;
 Let us sleep on thy breast while the night
 taper burns,
 Wake in thy arms when morning returns.
 Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy,
 Father, have mercy, through Jesus Christ our
 Lord.

EVENING.

WESSEX.

8s, 6s & 8s.



916

1 LORD of my life! whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer
Before thy throne I bow;
I bless thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

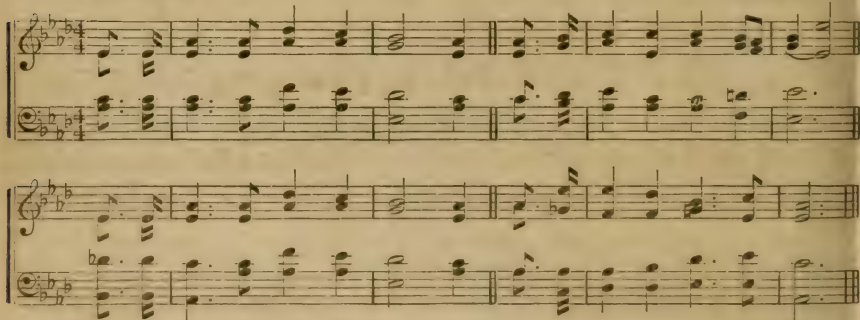
2 Oh, may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow;
To thee and to thy glory live,
Dead to all else below;

Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God.

3 With prayer my humble praise I bring
For mercies day by day;
Lord! teach my heart thy love to sing,
Lord! teach me how to pray;
All that I have, I am, to thee
I offer, through eternity.

VESPERS.

8s & 7s.



917

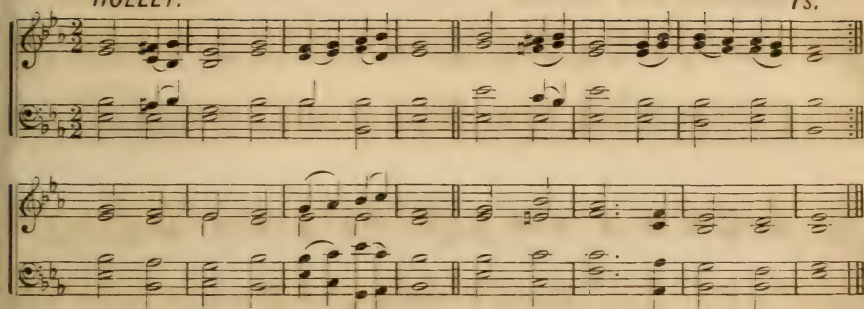
1 Lo! the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun which ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

2 While, thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father! grant thine evening blessing,
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

EVENING.

HOLLEY.

7s.



918

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord! I would commune with thee;

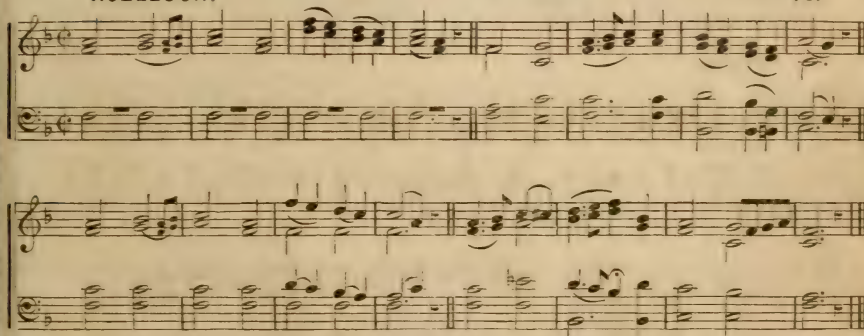
2 Thou whose all pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

3 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity!
Then from thine eternal throne,
Jesus! look with pitying eye;

4 Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord! to dwell with thee.

KOZELUCH.

7s.



919

1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day,
Gently as life's setting sun
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God—

Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

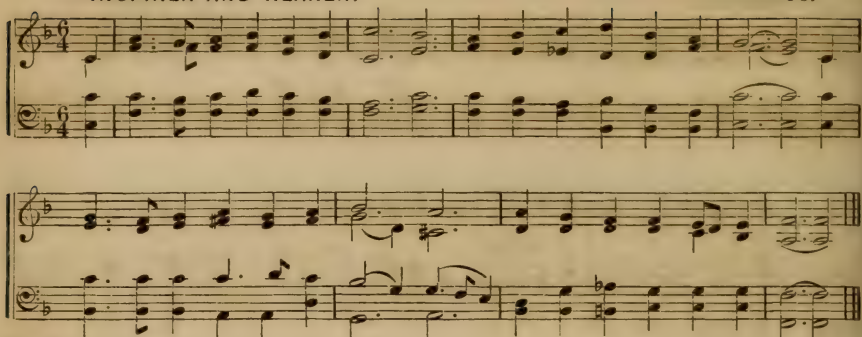
4 Still the Spirit lingers near
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour! may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

EVENING.

INSPIRER AND HEARER.

8s.



920

1 INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine!
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign:
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

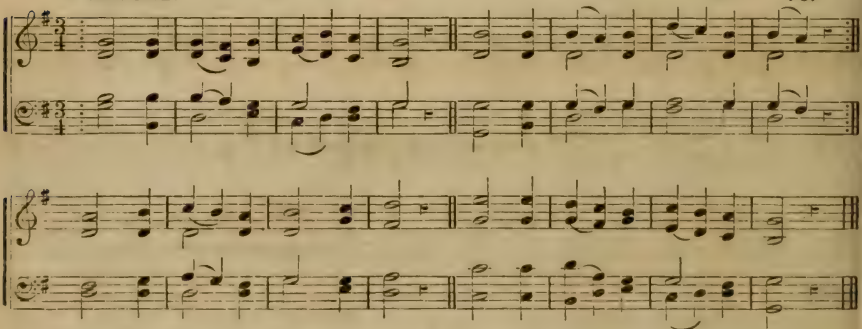
2 Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep;

Bright seraphs, despatched from the throne,
Repair to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down
To guard the redeemed of mankind.

3 Thy worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose
They chant to the praise of my King.
I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join,
And love and adore without end
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

PASCAL.

7s.



921

1 Now from labor and from care
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord! I would converse with thee;
Oh, behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below

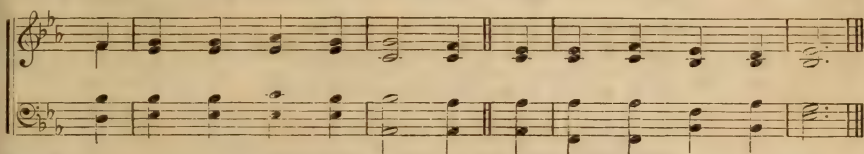
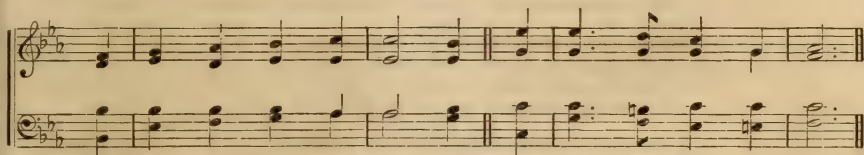
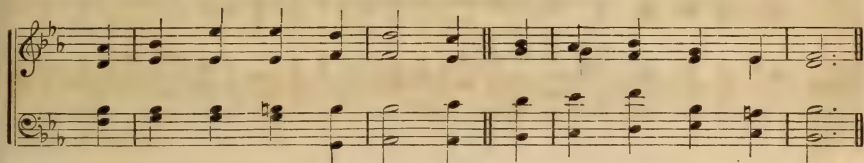
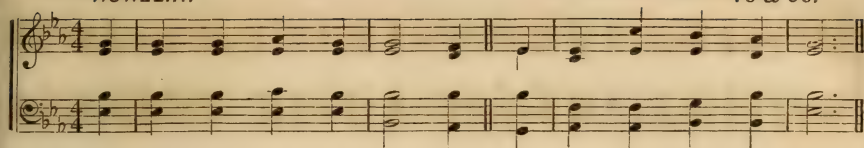
But my Saviour's melting voice;
Lord! forgive; thy grace restore;
Make me thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
Oh, accept my song of praise.

EVENING.

AURELIA.

7s & 6s.



922

- 1 THIS night, O Lord! we bless thee
 For thy protecting care,
 And ere we rest address thee
 In lowly, fervent prayer:
 From evil and temptation
 Defend us through the night,
 And round our habitation
 Be thou a wall of light.
- 2 On thee our whole reliance
 From day to day we cast,
 To thee, with firm affiance,
 Would cleave from first to last;

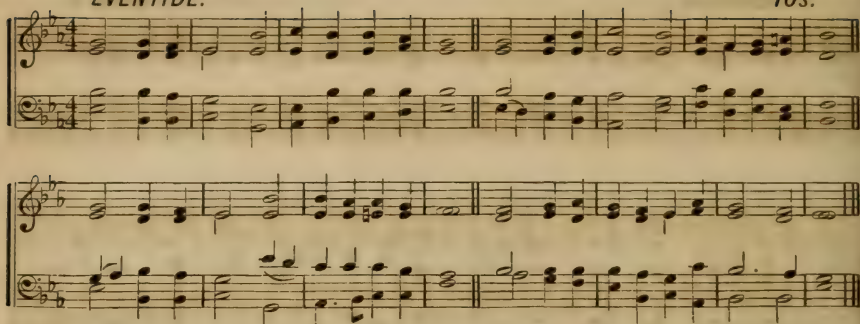
To thee, through Jesus' merit,
 For needful grace we come,
 And trust that thy good Spirit
 Will guide us safely home.

- 3 What may be on the morrow
 Our foresight cannot see;
 But be it joy or sorrow,
 We know it comes from thee;
 And nothing can take from us,
 Where'er our steps may move,
 The staff of thy sure promise,
 The shield of thy true love.

EVENING.

EVENTIDE.

10s.



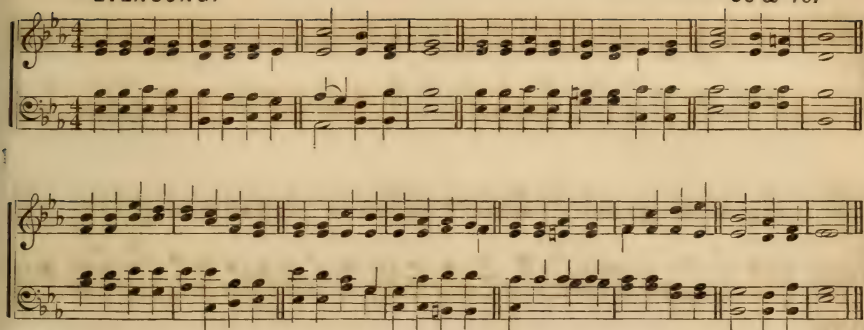
923

- 1 ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord! with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless! oh abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not! abide with me.
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord!
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me.
- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners! thus abide with me.
- 5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee:
On to the close, O Lord! abide with me.
- 6 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh abide with me!
- 7 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
- 8 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me.

EVENING.

EVENSONG.

8s & 4s.



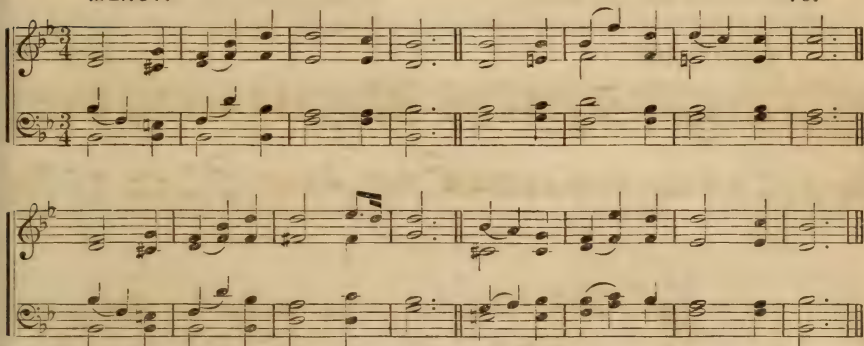
924

1 God who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night,
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie;
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

MERCY.

7s.



925

1 Day by day the manna fell;
Oh, to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give us, Lord! our daily bread.

2 "Day by day" the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

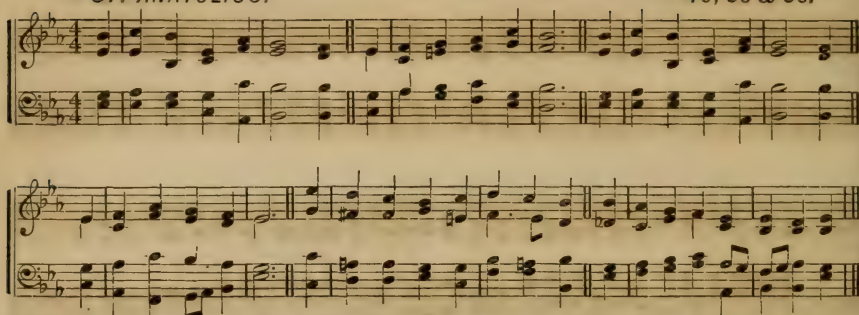
3 Lord! our times are in thy hand;
All our sanguine hopes have plann'd
To thy wisdom we resign,
And would mould our wills to thine.

4 Thou our daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee we live;
So shall added years fulfill
Not our own, our Father's will.

EVENING.

ST. ANATOLIUS.

7s, 6s & 8s.



926

1 THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord! to thee;
We pray thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesus! keep us in thy sight,
And save us through the coming night.

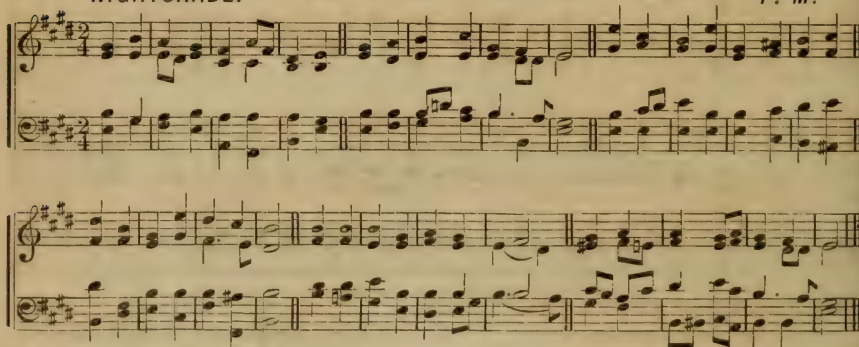
2 The joys of day are over;
We lift our hearts to thee;
And ask thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesus! make their darkness light,
And save us through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
We raise our hymn to thee;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesus! keep us in thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

4 Be thou our souls' preserver,
O God! for thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go;
O loving Jesus! hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

NIGHTSHADE.

P. M.



927

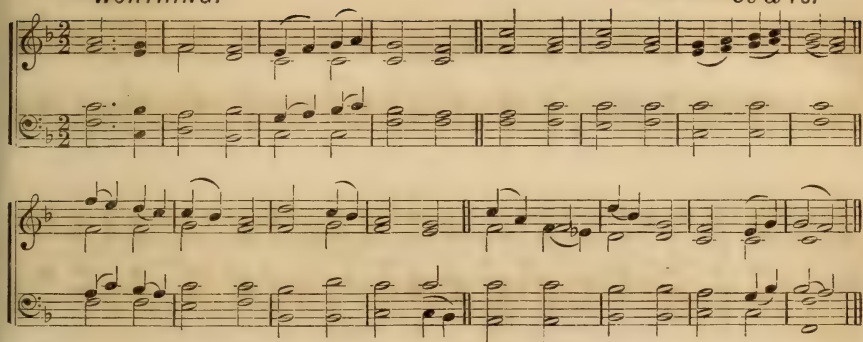
1 THROUGH the day thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest,
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus! thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In thine arms may we repose,
And when life's short day is past
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

EVENING.

WORTHING.

8s & 7s.



928

1 SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

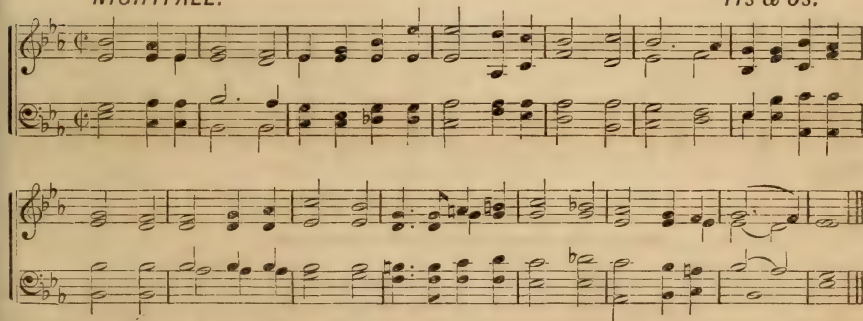
2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

NIGHTFALL.

11s & 5s.



929

1 Now God be with us, for the night is closing,
The light and darkness are of his disposing;
And 'neath his shadow here to rest we yield
us, For he will shield us.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father! o'er us;
In soul and body thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3 Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'er-
takes us;
Our earliest thoughts be thine when morn-
ing wakes us;

All sick and mourners we to thee commend
them,
Do thou befriend them.

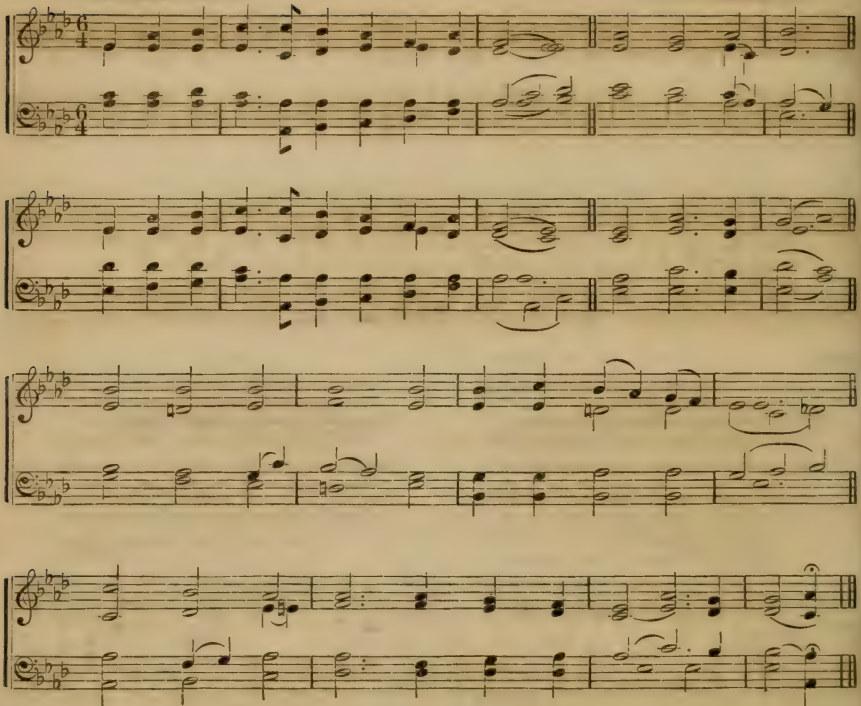
4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
But thee, O Father! who thine own hast
made us;
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.

5 Praise be to thee through Jesus our salvation,
God, three in one, the Ruler of creation,
High throned, o'er all thine eye of mercy
casting,
Lord everlasting!

EVENING.

LUX BENIGNA.

10s & 4s.



930

- 1 LEAD, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead thou me on;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home;
 Lead thou me on;
 Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene; one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead thou me on;
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.
- 3 So long thy power hast blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a while!

EVENING.

ST. LEONARD.

8s & 6s. D.

931

1 THE shadows of the ev'ning hours
Fall from the dark'ning sky,
Upon the fragrance of the flow'rs
The dews of ev'ning lie;
Before thy throne, O Lord of heav'n!
We kneel at close of day;
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of thy servants, Lord!
Oh do not thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

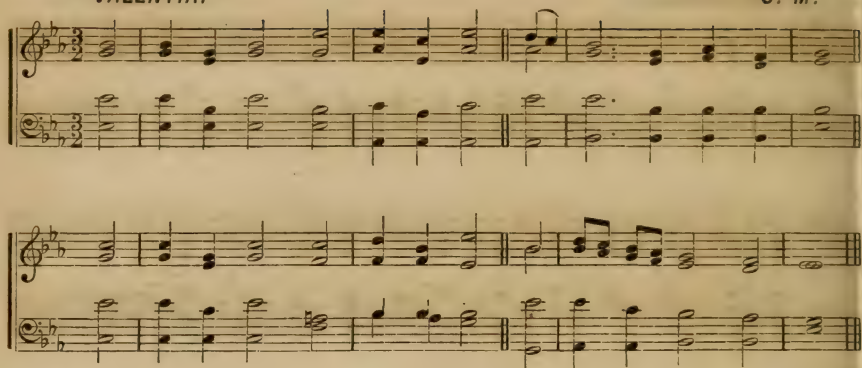
3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within the heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart;
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord! fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord! thy peace, O God!
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears and perils thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord!
Oh, give us now repose!

EVENING.

VALENTIA.

C. M.



932

1 O FAITH! thou workest miracles
Upon the hearts of men,
Choosing thy home in those same hearts
We know not how or when.

2 O Gift of gifts! O Grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

3 There was a place, there was a time,
Whether by night or day,
Thy Spirit came and left that gift,
And went upon his way.

4 How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

5 Ah, Grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

6 How will they die, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not yet the light of faith,
The courage of belief?

7 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light,
Earth looks so little and so low,
When faith shines full and bright.

8 Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith!
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

933

1 THERE is no sorrow, Lord! too light
To bring in prayer to thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

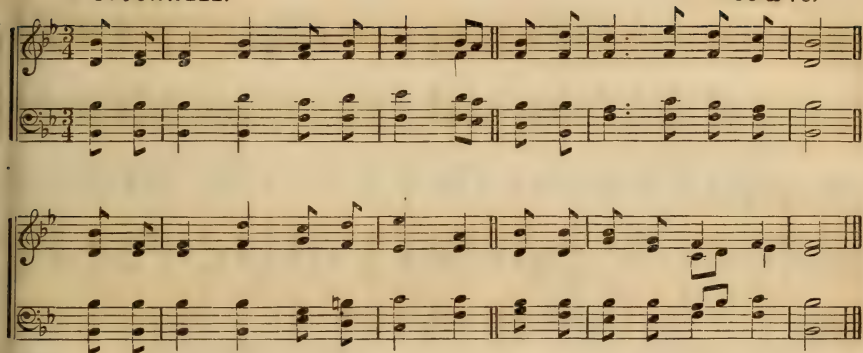
3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord! of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

EVENING.

STOCKWELL.

8s & 7s.



934

1 YES, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 YES, for me he standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above,
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

3 YES, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

4 YES, in me, in me he dwelleth,
I in him, and he in me;
And my empty soul he filleth
Here and through eternity.

5 THUS I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak thou, Lord! in words of cheer.

4 Let me hear thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord! I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep still watch by me.

6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest.

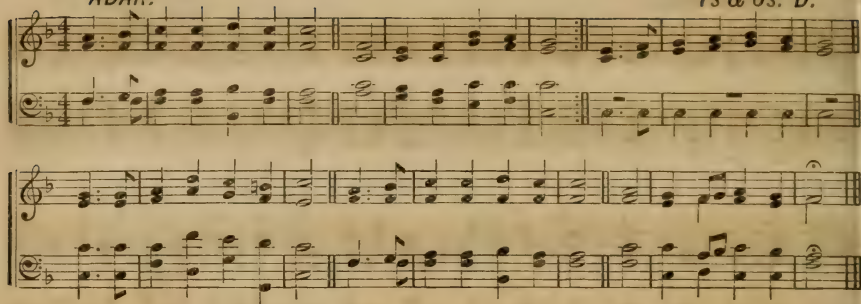
935

1 TARRY with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;

EVENING.

ADAR.

7s & 6s. D.



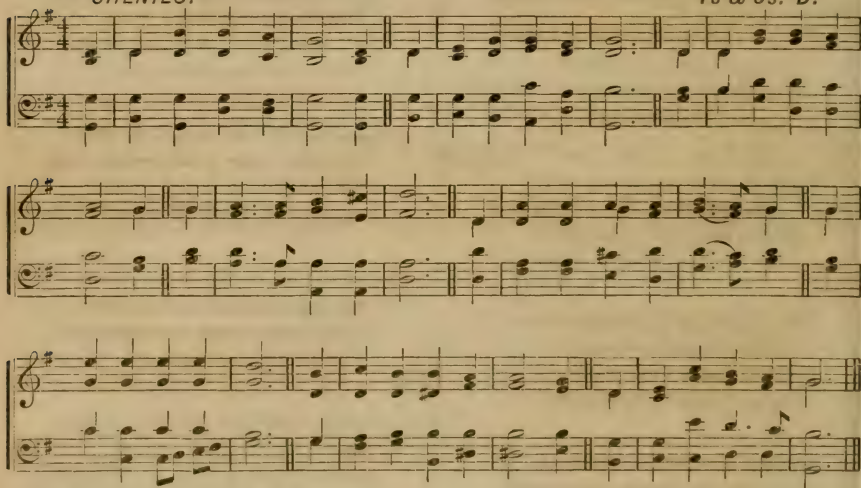
936

1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blossoming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty, soon, above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

CHENIES.

7s & 6s. D.



937

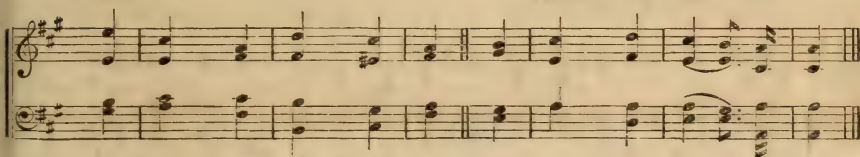
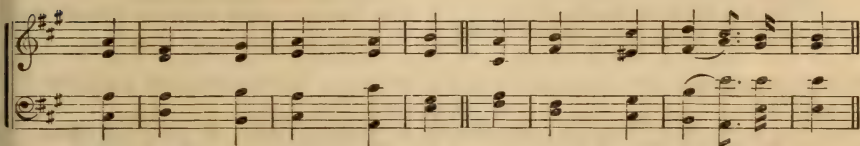
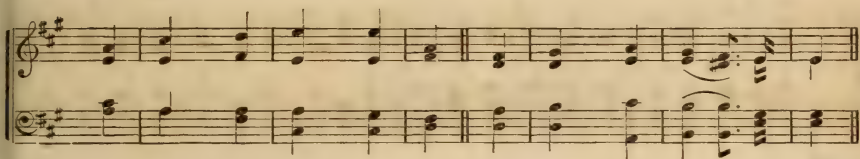
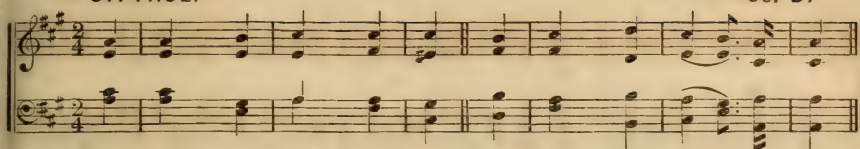
1 God is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help, is near;
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen:
The Lord will give thee peace.

EVENING.

ST. PAUL.

6s. D.



938

1 THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow,
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace;
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one,
And Spirit, evermore.

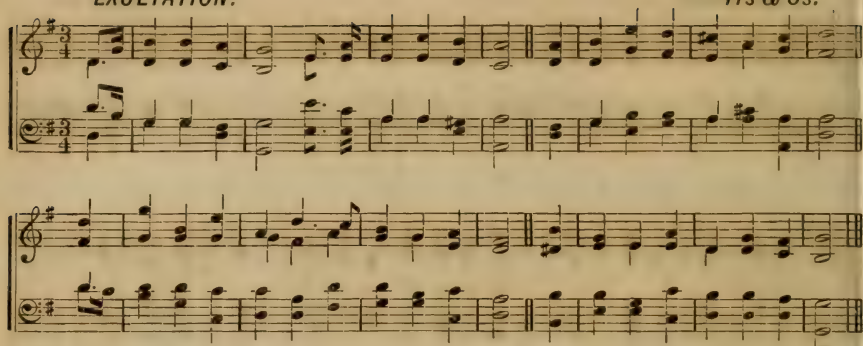
3 Oh, joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side;
To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things he hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love;
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

CHILDREN.

EXULTATION.

11s & 8s.

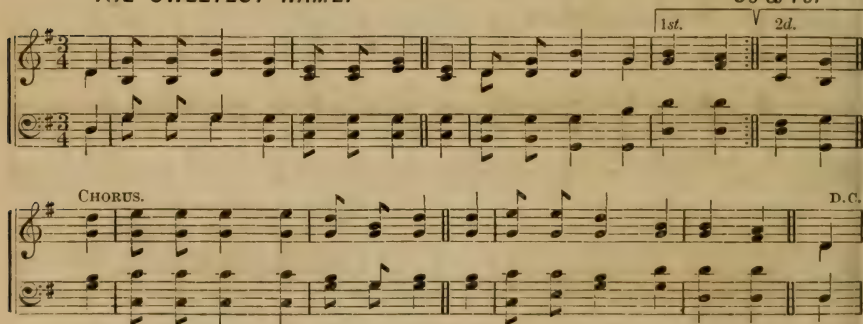


939

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!</p> <p>2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?</p> | <p>3 Oh, why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.</p> <p>4 The joy of thy presence, dear Shepherd! restore:
I pant for the light of thy face;
An alien no longer, I'll wander no more,
But dwell in my Saviour's embrace.</p> |
|---|--|

THE SWEETEST NAME.

8s & 7s.



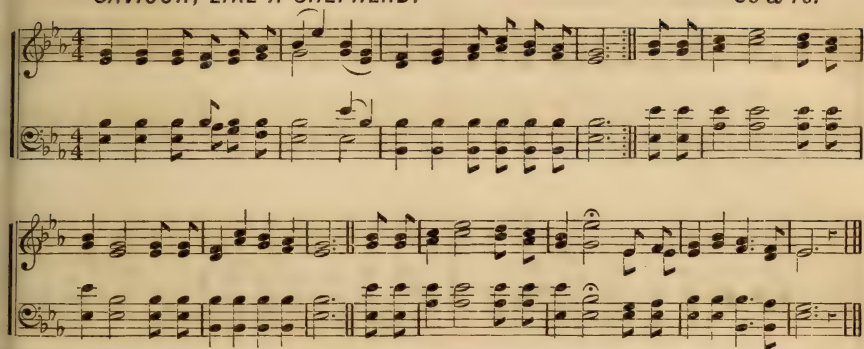
940

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name before his wondrous birth
To Christ the Saviour given.
We love to sing around our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus;
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet, as Jesus.</p> <p>2 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,</p> | <p>That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.</p> <p>3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.</p> <p>4 O Jesus! by that matchless name
Thy grace shall fail us never;
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same for ever.</p> |
|--|---|

CHILDREN.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

8s & 7s.



941

1 SAVIOUR! like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

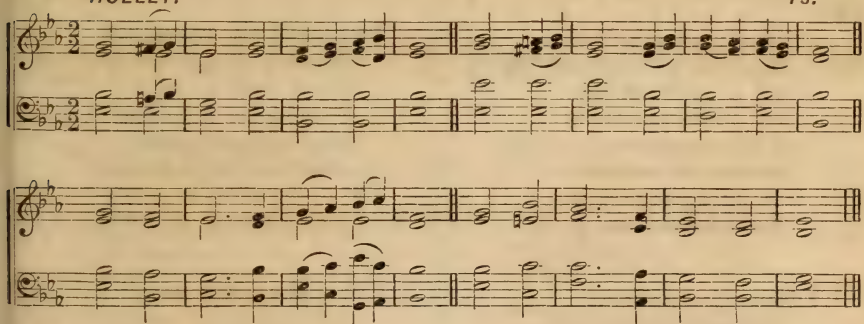
2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus!
Hear, oh hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free.
Blessed Jesus!
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour!
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

HOLLEY.

7s.



942

1 Who, O Lord! when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar?
Who, an ever-welcome guest,
In thy holy place shall rest?

2 He whose heart thy love has warmed,
He whose will, to thine conformed,

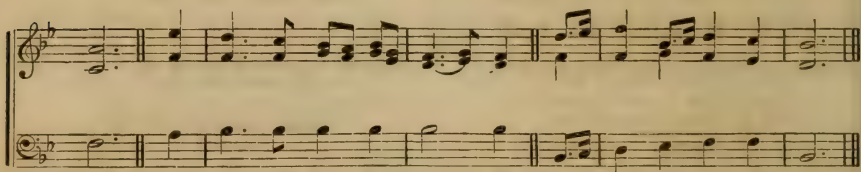
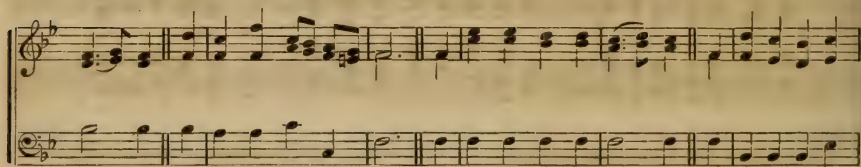
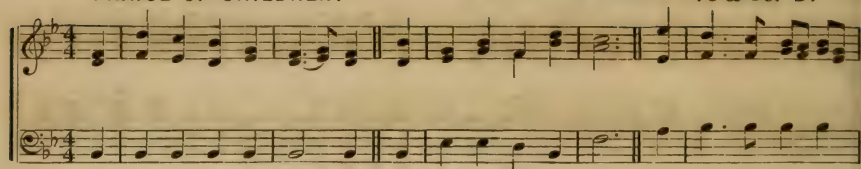
Bids his life unsullied run,
He whose words and thoughts are one;

3 He who trusts in Christ alone,
Not in aught himself hath done,
He, great God! shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessings share.

CHILDREN.

PRAISE OF CHILDREN.

7s & 6s. D.



943

1 COME, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only Friend;
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in his love.

2 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who wept our path along;
We love to sing of Jesus,
The tempted and the strong;
None who besought his healing
He passed unheeded by,
And still retains his feeling
For us above the sky.

432

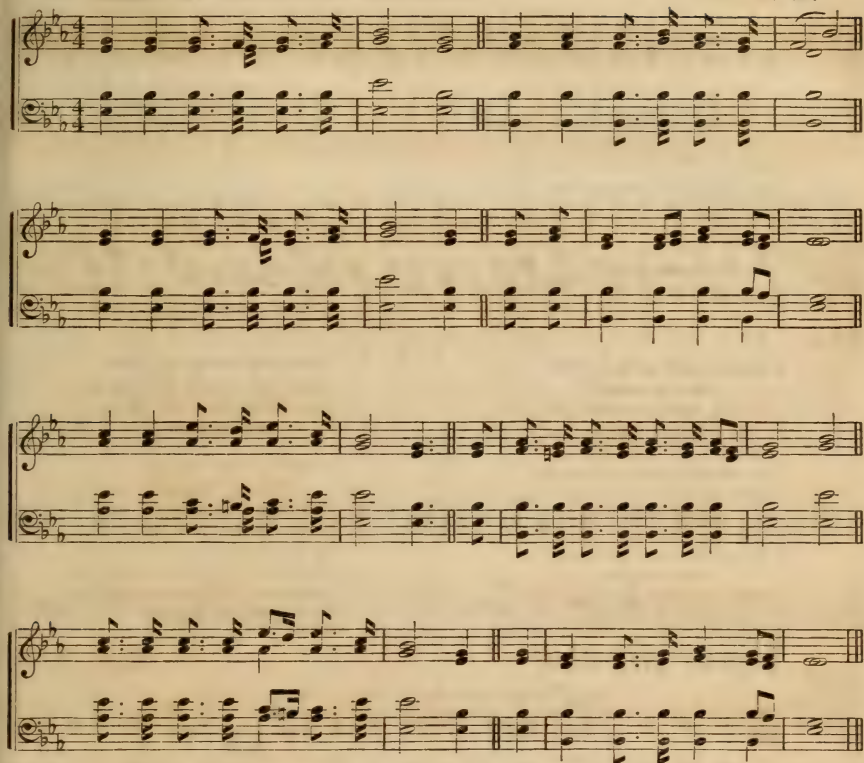
3 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And in our hour of danger
We'll trust his love alone
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.

4 Then let us sing of Jesus
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
Throughout eternal day;
For those who here confess him
He will in heaven confess,
And faithful hearts that bless him
He will for ever bless.

CHILDREN.

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER.

P. M.



944

1 SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel-feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy golden day.

3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-King we own,
25

We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne.

4 Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Lift their songs of saving grace.

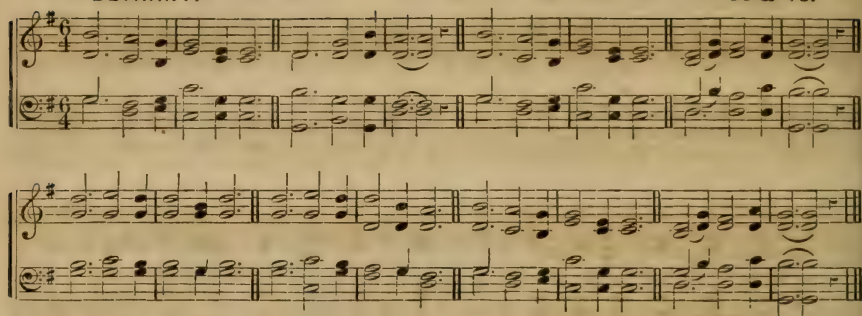
6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage shall cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

433

CHILDREN.

BETHANY.

6s & 4s.



945

1 Pass away, earthly joy;
Jesus is mine!
Break, every mortal tie;
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness;
Distant the resting-place;
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine!

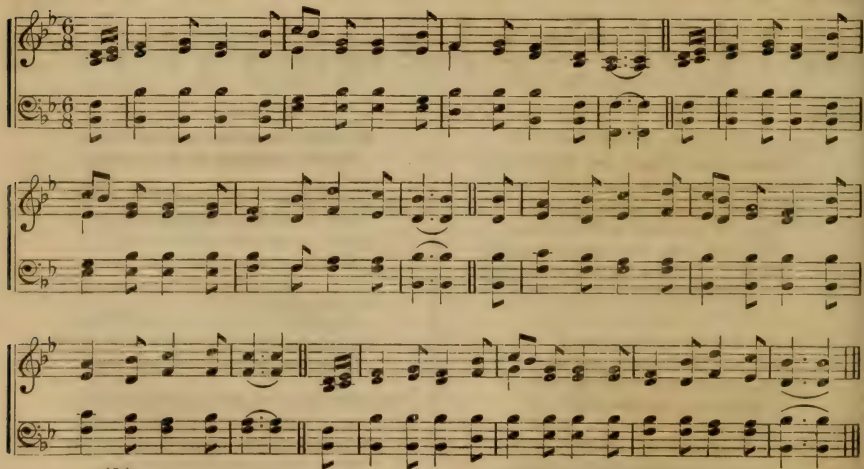
2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine!

Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, ye scenes of rest,
Welcome, ye mansions blest,
Welcome, a Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine!

SAVIOUR EVER NEAR.

G. M. D.



946

1 DEAR Saviour! ever at my side,
How loving thou must be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me!
Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

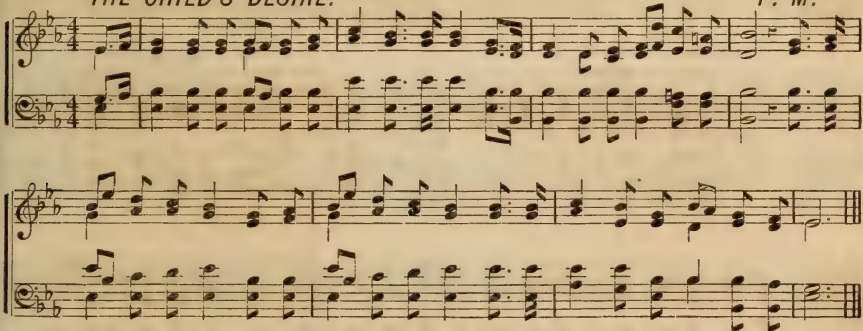
2 I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child;

But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

3 And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down
Morning and night to pray'r,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there:
Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too,
Thy pray'r is then for me;
And when I sleep, thou, sleeping not,
Dost watch me lovingly.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

P. M.



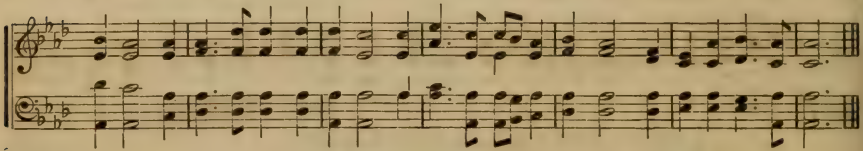
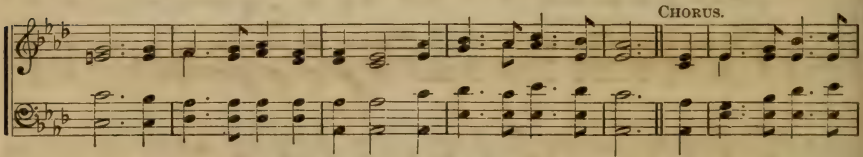
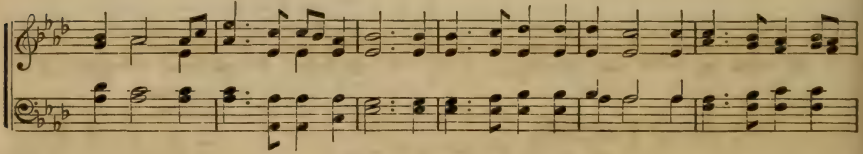
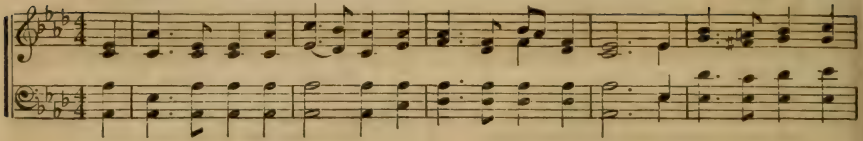
947

- 1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
- 2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."
- 3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,
- 4 In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiv'n;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heav'n."
- 5 I long for the joys of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

CHILDREN.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

7s & 6s.



948

1 I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.
I love to tell the story,
'T will be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
436

And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

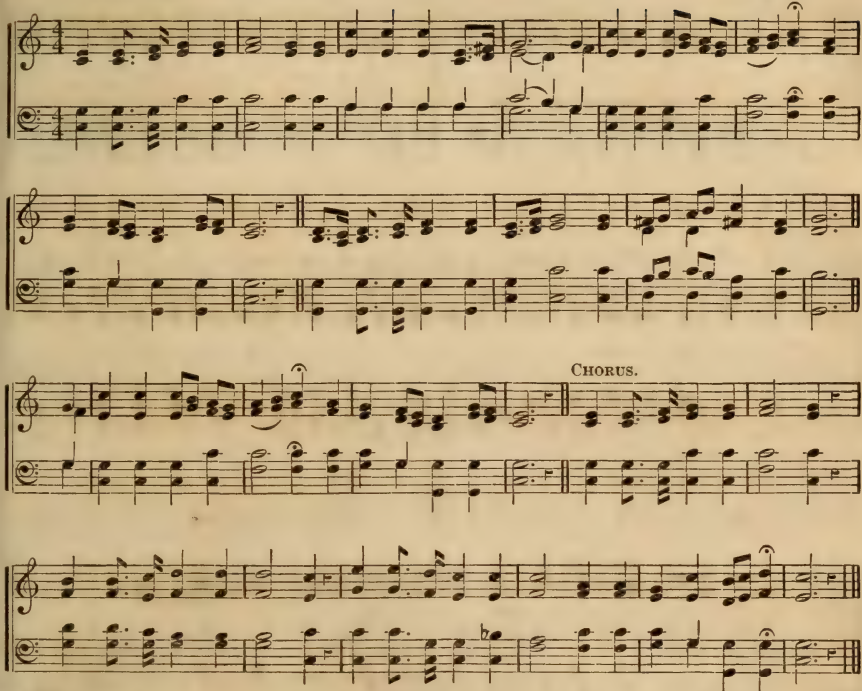
3 I love to tell the story;
'T is pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'T will be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

CHILDREN.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

7s & 6s.



949

1 TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!

The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

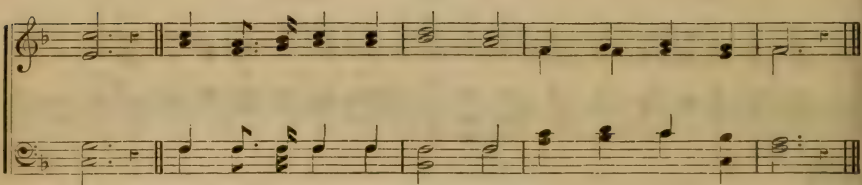
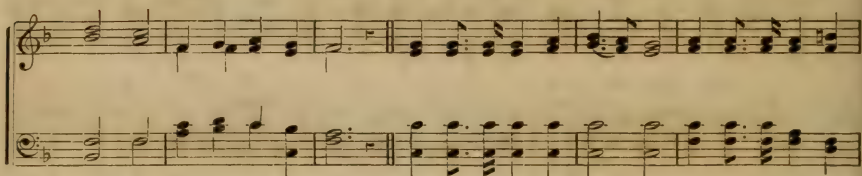
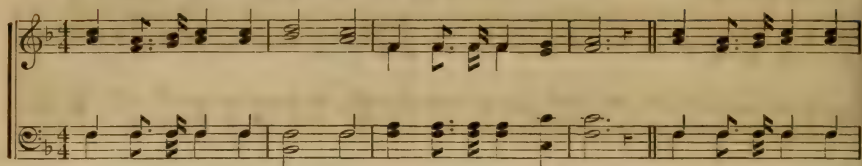
3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole,"

CHILDREN.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

7s, 6s & 5s.



950

1 WORK, for the night is coming,
 Work thro' the morning hours;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling,
 Work 'mid springing flowers;
 Work, when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 I'll brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.

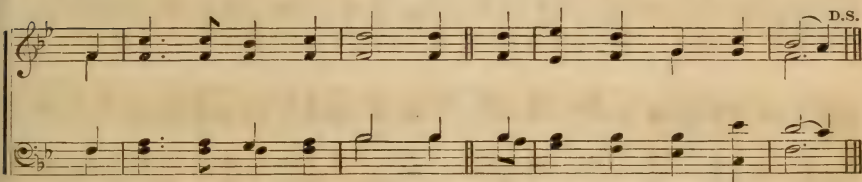
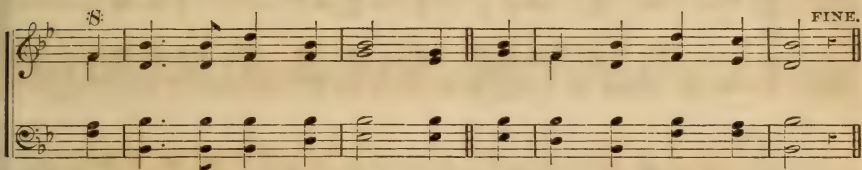
Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth—
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is dark'ning,
 When man's work is o'er.

CHILDREN.

WEBB.

7s & 6s.



951

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The trumpet call obey:
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

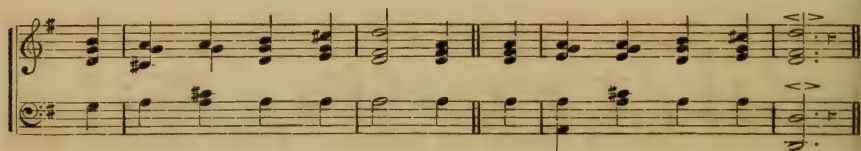
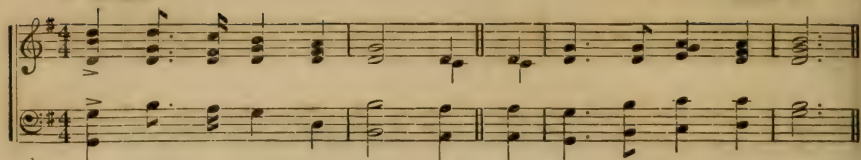
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

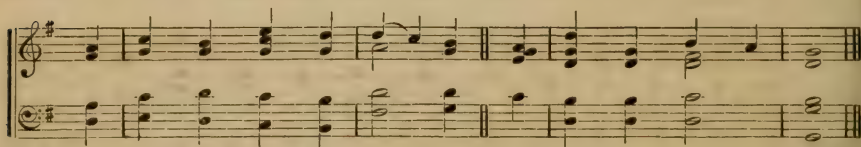
SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

PALM.

7s & 6s.



CHORUS.



952

1 GLORY and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King!

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessed One.
Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King!

3 The company of heaven
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King!

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.
Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King!

5 Thou wentest to thy passion
Amid their shouts of praise;
Thou reignest now in glory,
While we our anthems raise.
Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King!

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!
Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King!

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

EIN' FESTE BURG.

P. M.

953

1 Our God stands firm, a rock and tow'r,

A shield when danger presses;

A ready help in ev'ry hour

When doubt or pain distresses;

For our malignant foe

Unswerving aims his blow;

His fearful arms the while

Dark pow'r and darker guile;

His hidden craft is matchless.

2 Our strength is weakness in the fight,

Our courage soon defection;

But comes a Warrior clad in might,

A Prince of God's election;

Who is this wondrous Chief

That brings this glad relief?

The field of battle boasts

Christ Jesus, Lord of hosts,

Still conq'ring and to conquer.

3 Then, Lord! arise; lift up thine arm,

With mighty succor stay us;

Oh, turn aside the deadly harm

When Satan would betray us,

That, rescued by thy hand,

In triumph we may stand,

And round thy footstool crowd

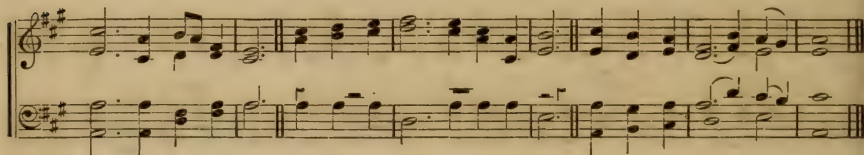
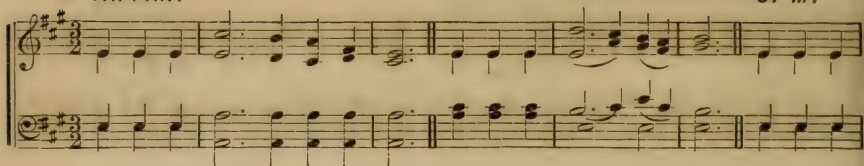
In joy to sing aloud

High praise to our Redeemer.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

TAPPAN.

C. M.



954

1 O THOU whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea!
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

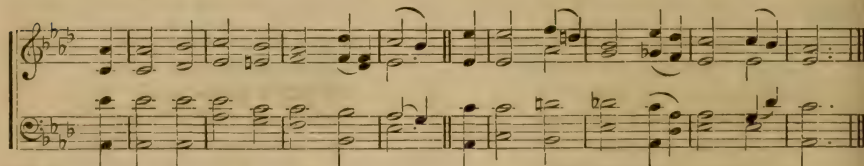
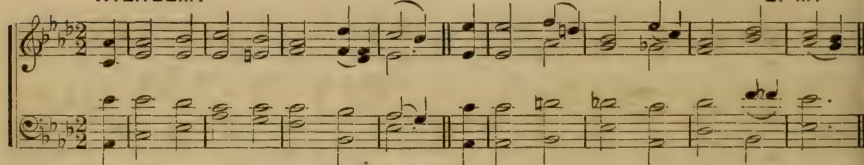
2 Lord! from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by thy side.

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way,
And they who mourn and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

WILHELM.

L. M.



955

1 O LORD of hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands!

2 Oh, grant that we who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay
May be in very deed thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with thy grace,
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them thine.

4 To thee they all pertain; to thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to thy throne,
We but present thee with thine own.

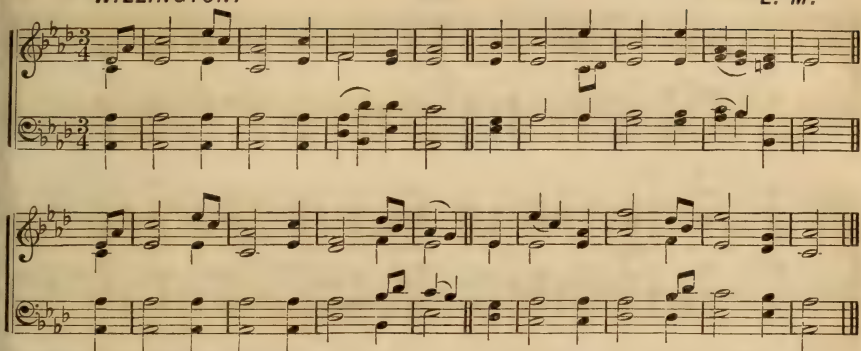
5 The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we who these foundations lay
May raise the top-stone in its day.

6 Both now and ever, Lord! protect
The temple of thine own elect;
Be thou in them and they in thee,
O ever-blessed Trinity!

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

WILLINGTON.

L. M.



956

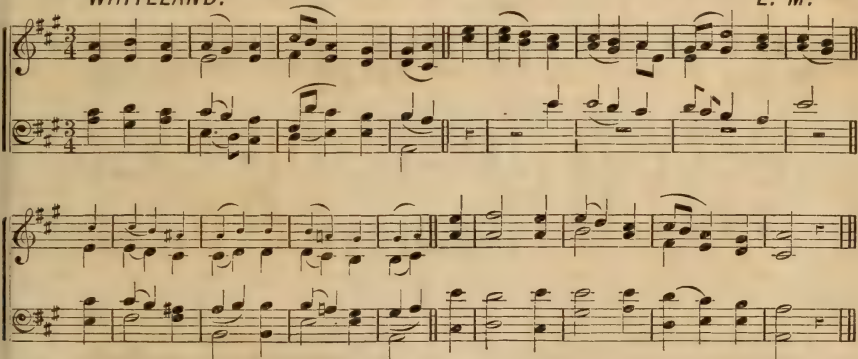
- 1 AN earthly temple here we raise,
Lord God, our Saviour! to thy praise;
Oh, make thy gracious presence known
While now we lay its corner-stone.
- 2 Within the house thy servants rear
Deign by thy Spirit to appear;
On all its walls salvation write,
From corner-stone to topmost height.
- 3 And when this temple "made with hands"
Upon its firm foundation stands,

Oh, may we all with loving heart
In nobler building bear a part,

- 4 Where every polished stone shall be
A human soul won back to thee;
All resting upon Christ alone,
The chief and precious Corner-stone.
- 5 So, when our toil is o'er at last,
All labor in both temples passed,
Oh, may it then by works be shown
That faith hath laid this corner-stone.

WHITELAND.

L. M.



957

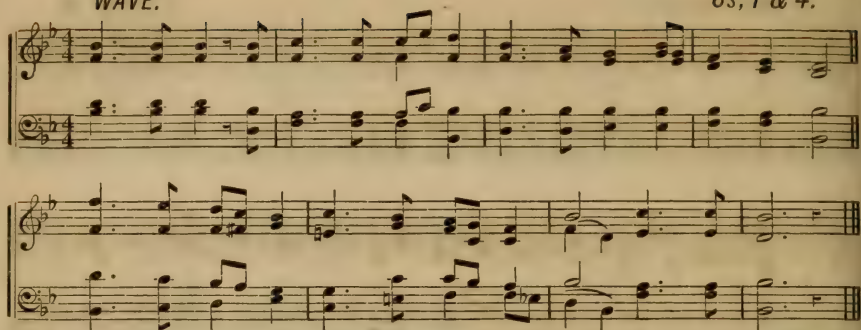
- 1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne
Accept our temples for his own?
- 2 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise,
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign
With all the graces of his train,
While power divine his word attends
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the great decisive day
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born for glory here.

SEAMEN.

WAVE.

8s, 7 & 4.



958

1 STAR of peace to wanderers weary!
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

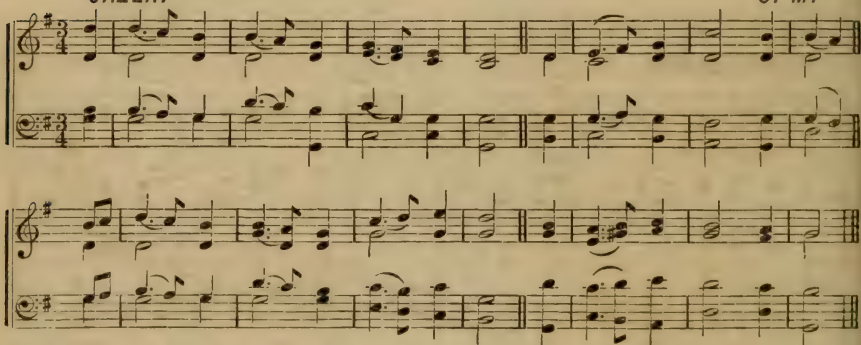
2 Star of hope! gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith! when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star divine! oh, safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

JAZER.

C. M.



959

1 O LORD! be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our guard when on the silent deck
The midnight watch we keep.

2 We need not fear, though all around
'Mid rising winds we hear
The multitude of waters surge,
For thou, O God! art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are thine, are held within
The hollow of thine hand.

4 If duty calls from threatened strife
To guard our native shore,
And shot and shell are answering
The booming cannon's roar,

5 Be thou the main-guard of our host
Till war and dangers cease;
Defend the right, put up the sword,
And through the world make peace.

6 To thee the Father, thee the Son,
Whom earth and sky adore,
And Spirit, moving o'er the deep,
Be praise for evermore.

SEAMEN.

BROWNELL.

L. M. 6 lines.

Oh, hear us when we cry to thee For those in per - il on the sea.

960

- 1 ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,
- 2 O Christ! whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at thy word,

- Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage did sleep,
- 3 Most Holy Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace,

ARMENIA.

C. M.

961

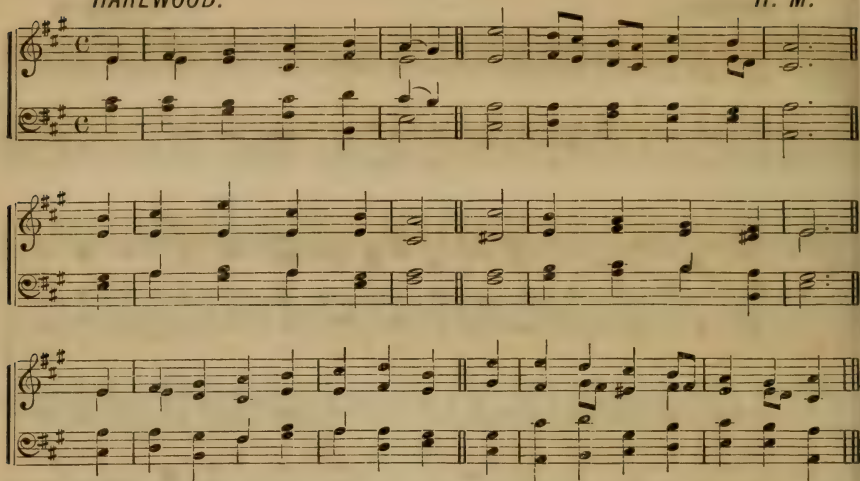
- 1 We come, O Lord! before thy throne,
And with united plea
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the sea.
- 2 Oh, may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,

- Till tears of deep repentance flow
Like rain-drops in the sea.
- 3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

LAYING CORNER-STONE.

HAREWOOD.

H. M.



962

- 1 CHRIST is our Corner-stone,
On him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled;
On his great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.
- 2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring,
Our voices we will raise
The three in one to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song
Both loud and long
That glorious name.
- 3 Here, gracious God! do thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.
- 4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,

446

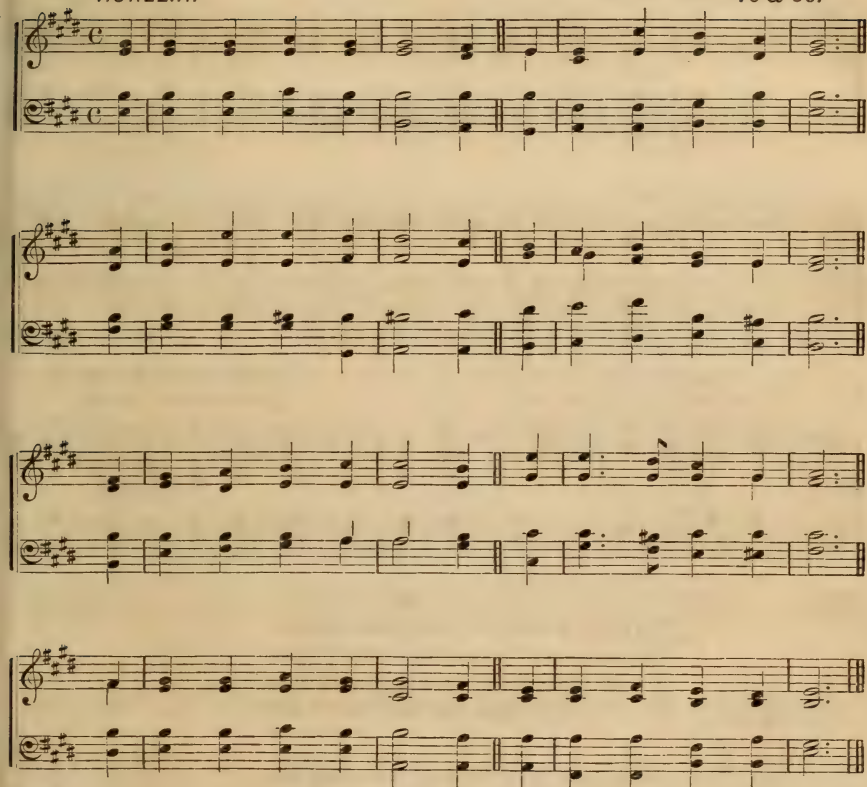
963

- Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.
- 1 In sweet exalted strains
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns
Through everlasting days;
He at his will the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.
- 2 To earth he bends his throne—
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine;
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.
- 3 Great King of glory! come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own;
Beneath this roof oh, deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.
- 4 Here may thine ears attend
Thy people's humble cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
All-fragrant, to the skies;
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around,

LAYING CORNER-STONE.

AURELIA.

7s & 6s.



964

- 1 THE church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;
She is his new creation
By water and the word ;
From heaven he came and sought her
To be his holy bride,
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.
- 2 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,

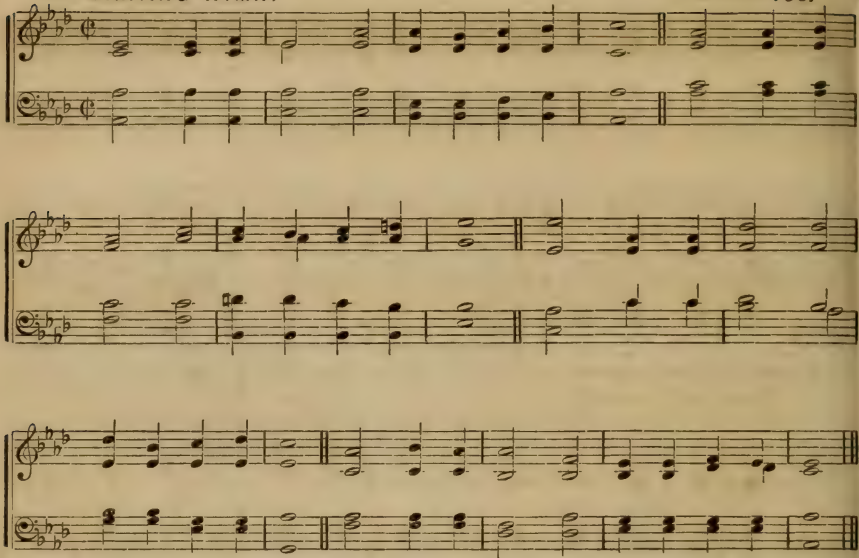
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, " How long ?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

- 3 'Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

CLOSE OF SERVICE.

PARTING HYMN.

10s.



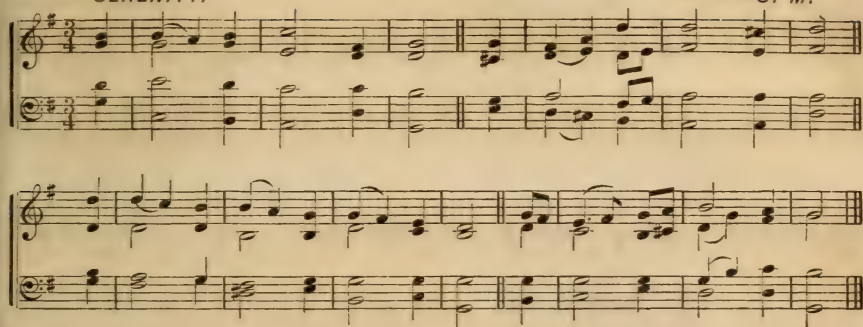
965

- 1 SAVIOUR! again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end, the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.
- 3 Grant us thy peace, Lord! through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.
- 4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord! to thine eternal peace.

CLOSE OF SERVICE.

SERENITY.

S. M.



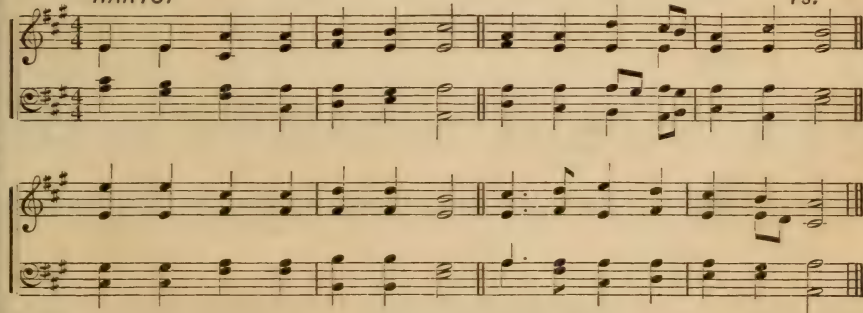
966

1 LORD! at this closing hour
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

HARTS.

7s.



967

1 For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;

Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

968

TUNE.—*Old Hundred.*

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

HEAVEN.

VARINA.

C. M. D.

Musical score for 'VARINA.' in 3/4 time, C major. The score consists of four staves. The first two staves are a treble and bass staff pair. The third and fourth staves are also a treble and bass staff pair. The music features a variety of chords and single notes, with some staccato markings. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4.

JORDAN.

C. M. D.

Musical score for 'JORDAN.' in 2/2 time, C major. The score consists of four staves. The first two staves are a treble and bass staff pair. The third and fourth staves are also a treble and bass staff pair. The music features a variety of chords and single notes, with some staccato markings. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2. There are first and second endings marked '1st.' and '2d.'.

HEAVEN.

969

See Hymn 781.

- 1 **THERE** is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green!
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes,

- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

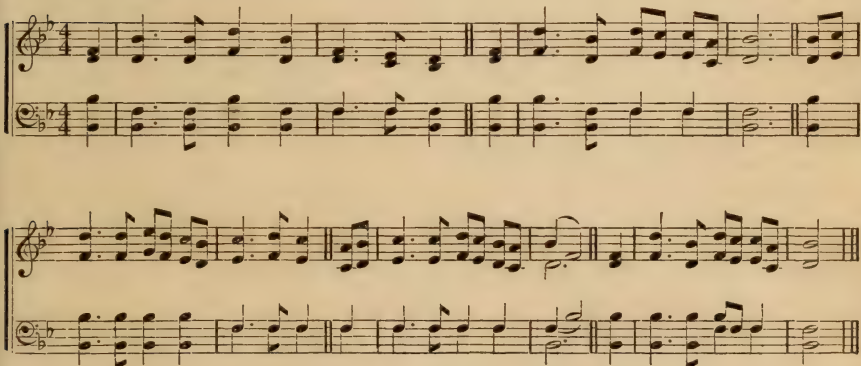
970

See Hymn 783.

- 1 **ON** Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

RHINE.

C. M.



971

See Hymn 784.

- 1 **O MOTHER** dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 **O happy** harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!

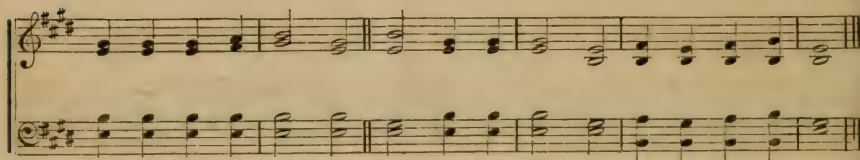
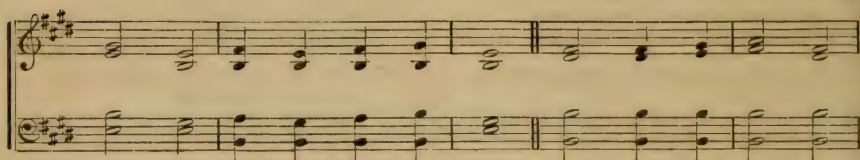
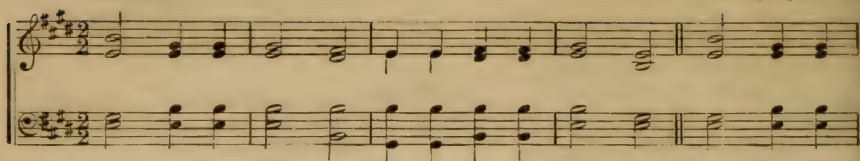
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

- 3 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of Orient pearl;
O God! if I were there!

HEAVEN.

HENLEY.

11s & 10s.



972

1 COME unto me when shadows darkly
gather,
When the sad heart is weary and dis-
tressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly
Father;
Come unto me, and I will give you rest,

2 Ye who have mourned when the spring
flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the
ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes
to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-
wreaths are crowned.

3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's
dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never
dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swell-
ing,
Soft are the tones which raise the heav-
enly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in glad-
ness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too
rudely pressed:
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sad-
ness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

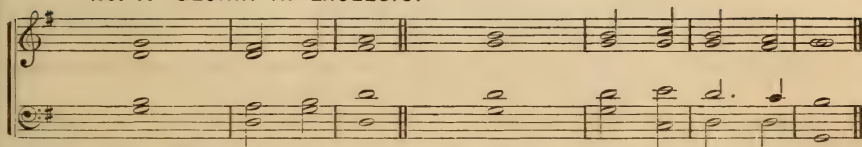
DOXOLOGIES.

- 1 L. M.
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.
- 2 L. M.
PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
- 3 L. M.
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.
- 4 C. M.
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.
- 5 C. M.
LET God the Father and the Son
And Spirit be adored
Where there are works to make him known
Or saints to love the Lord.
- 6 S. M.
YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.
- 7 7s.
HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, three in one,
Praise and glory be to thee
Now and through eternity.
- 8 7s.
SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
- 9 7s, 6 lines.
PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

- 10 7s & 6s.
FATHER, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host
To praise thee evermore;
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Three in one and one in three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
All glory be to thee.
- 11 10s.
To Father, Son and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addressed;
From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
And spread his fame till time shall be no more.
- 12 8s & 7s.
PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven;
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.
- 13 8s, 7s & 4s.
GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one.
- 14 L. P. M.
Now to the great and sacred three,
The Father, Son and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.
- 15 H. M.
To God the Father, Son
And Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal three in one,
All worship be address;
As heretofore And shall be so
It was, is now, For evermore.
- 16 11s.
O FATHER almighty! to thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,
All glory and worship, from earth and from
heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

CHANTS.

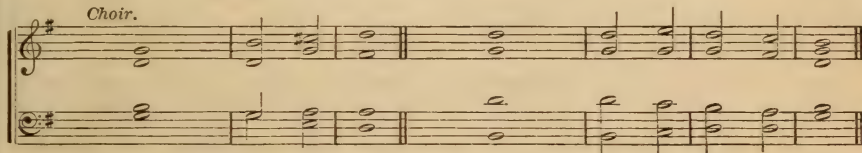
No. 1.—GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.



1 GLORY be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will toward men.

2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks to |
thee for | thy great | glory.

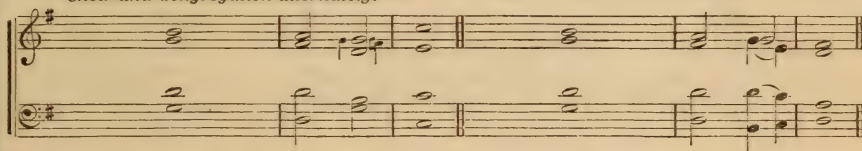
Choir.



3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | al- | mighty,

4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the |
Father,

Choir and Congregation alternately.



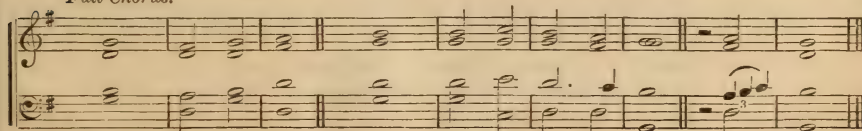
5 That takest away the | sins .. of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.

6 Thou that takest away the | sins .. of the | world, | have mercy | upon | us.

7 Thou that takest away the | sins .. of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer.

8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy | upon | us.

Full Chorus.

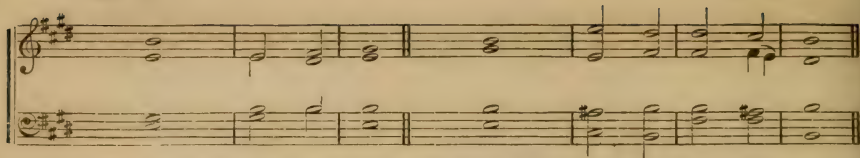


9 For thou | only .. art | holy; || thou | only | art the | Lord;

10 Thou only, O Christ! with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory of | God the |
Father. || A- | men.

CHANTS.

No. 2.

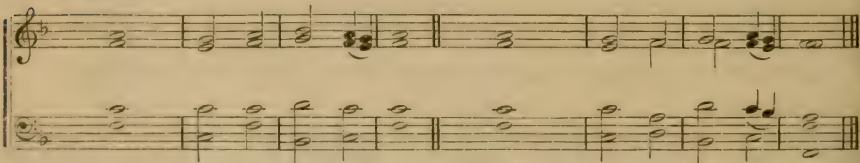


- 1 OH, sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done | marvel - ous | things; || his right
hand and his holy arm hath | got - ten | him " the | victory.
- 3 He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the | house " of | Israel; || all the ends
of the earth have seen the sal- | va - tion | of " our | God.
- 5 Sing unto the Lord | with " the | harp, || with the harp, | and " the | voice " of a | psalm.
- 7 Let the sea roar, and the | fullness " there- | of; || the world, and | they " that | dwell " there- | in.



- 2 The Lord hath made known | his " sal- | vation; || his righteousness hath he openly
showed | in " the | sight " of the | heathen.
- 4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all " the | earth || make a loud noise, and re- | joice " and | sing — | praise.
- 6 With trumpets and | sound " of | cornet || make a joyful noise be- | fore " the | Lord " the | King.
- 8 Let the floods | clap " their | hands, || let the | hills " be | joyful " to- | gether
9. Before the Lord; for he cometh to | judge " the | earth; || with righteousness shall he
judge the world, | and " the | people " with | equity.

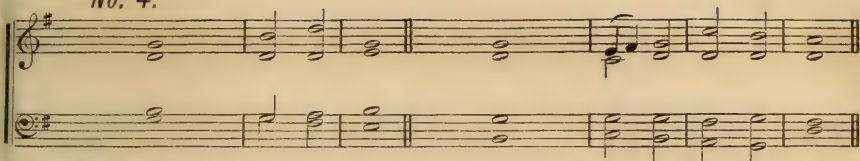
No. 3.



- 1 OUR Father who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; ||
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth " as it | is in | heaven.
- 2 Give us this | day our— | daily | bread; ||
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that | trespass " a- | gainst— | us.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; ||
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. | A— | — | men.

CHANTS.

No. 4.

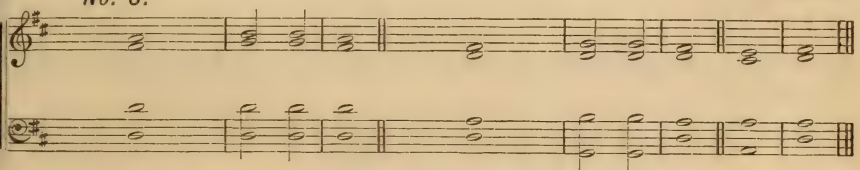


- 1 PRAISE the Lord, | O my | soul, || and all that is within me | praise his | holy | name.
 3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin || and healeth | all .. thine infirmi- | ties.
 5 Oh, praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that ex- | cel in | strength, || ye that fulfill his
 commandment and hearken un- | to the | voice .. of his | word.
 8 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;



- 2 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, || and forget not | all his | bene- | fits;
 4 Who saveth thy life | from de- | struction | and crowneth thee with | mercy .. and | lov-
 ing- | kindness.
 6 Oh, praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts, || ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.
 7 Oh, speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of | his do- | minion, || Praise
 thou the | Lord, — | O my | soul!
 9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever .. shall | be, || world | without | end.
 A- | men.

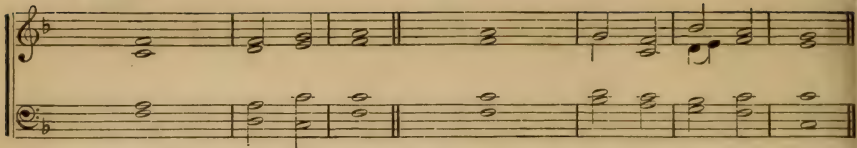
No. 5.



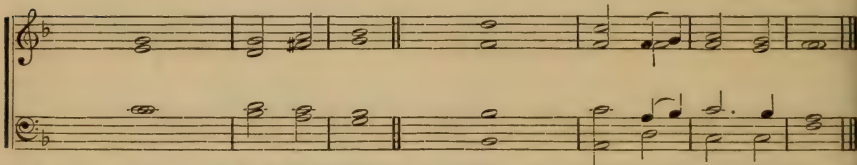
- 1 THE Lord is my shepherd: I | shall not | want.
 2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still- | wa- — | ters.
 3 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's— |
 sake.
 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for
 thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they | comfort | me.
 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, thou anointest my
 head with oil; my | cup .. runneth | over.
 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in
 the house of the Lord for | ev- — | er, || A- | men.

CHANTS.

No. 6.

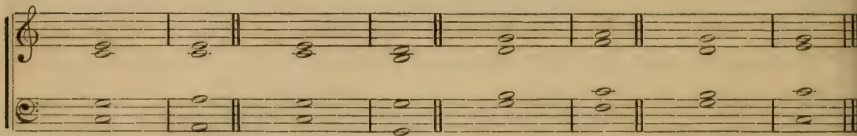


- 1 GOD be merciful unto us, and | bless — | us || and cause his | face " to | shine " up- | on us,
 3 Let the people praise | thee, " O | God! || let all the | peo - ple | praise — | thee.
 5 Let the people praise | thee, " O | God! || let all the | peo - ple | praise — | thee.
 7 God shall | bless — | us, || and all the ends of the | earth " shall | fear — | him.



- 2 That thy way may be known up- | on — | earth, || thy saving | health " a- | mong " all |
 nations.
 4 Oh, let the nations be glad and | sing " for | joy, || for thou shalt judge the people right-
 eously, and govern the | na - tions up- | on — | earth.
 6 Then shall the earth | yield " her | increase, || and God, even our own | God, " shall |
 bless — | us.
 8 God shall | bless | us, || and all the ends of the | earth " shall | fear — | him.

No. 7.



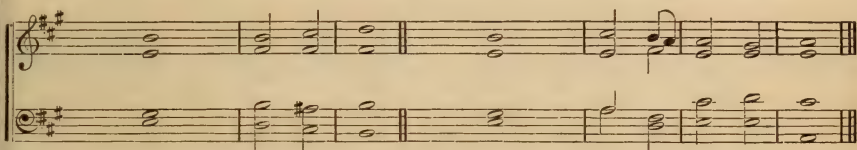
- 1 OUT of the | depths || Have I cried unto thee, O | Lord! ||
 2 Lord, hear my | voice: || Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my suppli- | cations. ||
 3 If thou, Lord, shouldst mark in- | iquities, || O Lord! who shall | stand? ||
 4 But there is forgiveness with | thee, || That thou mayest be | feared. ||
 5 I wait for the Lord, my soul doth | wait, || And in his word do I | hope. ||
 6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the | morning: || I say, mor-
 than they that watch for the | morning. ||
 7 Let Israel hope in the | Lord; || For with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plen-
 teous re- | demption. ||
 8 And he shall redeem | Israel || From all his in- | iquities. ||

CHANTS.

No. 8.

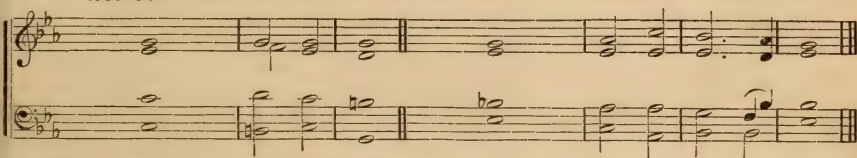


- 1 It is a good thing to give thanks un- | to the | Lord;
And to sing praises unto thy | name, | O Most | High!
- 3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | psaltery;
Upon the harp, | with a | solemn | sound.



- 2 To show forth thy loving-kindness | in the | morning,
And thy | faithful .. ness | every | night.
- 4 For thou, Lord! hast made me glad | through thy | work;
I will triumph in the | works | of thy | hands.

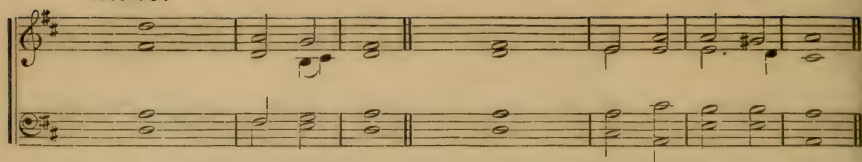
No. 9.



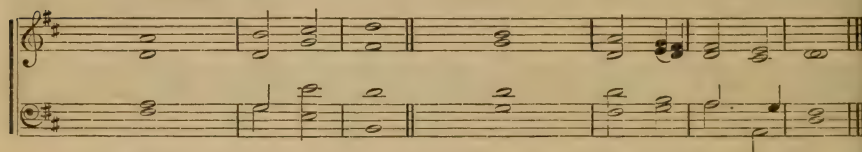
- 1 HOLY, holy, holy, | Lord .. God Al- | mighty!
- 2 Which was, and | is, and | is to come.
- 3 Thou art worthy, O Lord! to receive glory and | honor .. and | power;
- 4 For thou hast created all things,
And for thy pleasure they | are and | were cre- | ated.
- 5 Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain,
- 6 To receive power, and riches, and wisdom,
And strength, and | honor, .. and | glory, .. and | blessing.
- 7 Blessing, and honor, and | glory, .. and | power,
- 8 Be unto him that sitteth upon the throne,
And unto the | Lamb for | ever .. and | ever.

CHANTS.

No. 10.

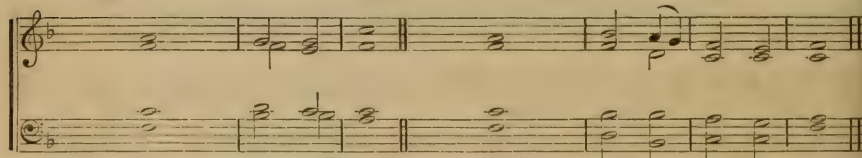


- 1 MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all " ye | lands; || Serve the Lord with gladness;
come before his | pres - ence | with — | singing.
- 3 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts " with | praise; || be thankful
unto him, | and — | bless " his | name.
- 5 Glory be to the Father, and | to " the | Son, || and | to " the | Ho - ly | Ghost;



- 2 Know ye that the Lord | he " is | God; || It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves;
we are his people, | and " the | sheep of " his | pasture.
- 4 For the Lord is good; his mercy is | ev - er - | lasting, || and his truth endureth to | all — |
ge - ne - | rations.
- 6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev - er | shall be, || world without | end. — |
A — | men.

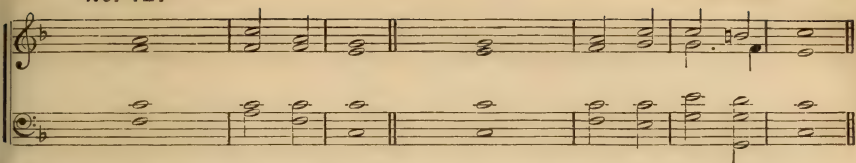
No. 11.



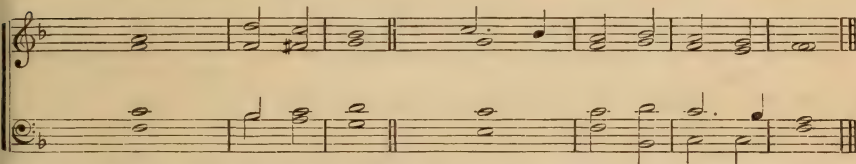
- 1 LORD, now lettest thou thy servant de - | part " in | peace || ac - | cord - ing | to " thy |
word;
- 2 For mine | eyes " have | seen || thy | — " sal - | va - — | tion,
- 3 Which thou | hast " pre | pared || before the | face " of | all — | people,
- 4 A light to | lighten " the | Gentiles || and the glory | of " thy | peo - ple | Israel.
Glory be to the Father, and | to " the | Son, || and | to " the | Ho - ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev - er | shall be, || world without | end. — |
A — | men.

CHANTS.

No. 12.



- 1 OH, come, let us | sing " unto the | Lord; || let us heartily rejoice in the | strength " of |
our " sal- | vation.
- 3 For the Lord is a | great — | God || and a great | King " a- | bove " all | gods.
- 5 The sea is His, | and " he | made it; || and his hands pre- | pared " the | dry — | land.
- 7 For he is the | Lord " our | God, || and we are the people of his pasture, | and " the | sheep "
of his | hand.



- 2 Let us come before his presence with | thanks- — | giving, || and show ourselves | glad "
in | him " with | psalms.
- 4 In his hands are all the corners | of " the | earth, || and the strength of the | hills " is |
his — | also.
- 6 Oh, come, let us worship | and " fall | down || and kneel be- | fore " the | Lord " our |
Maker.
- 8 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty " of | holiness; || let the whole earth | stand " in |
awe " of | him.
- 9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge " the | earth, || and with righteousness to judge
the world, and the | peo- ple | with " his | truth.

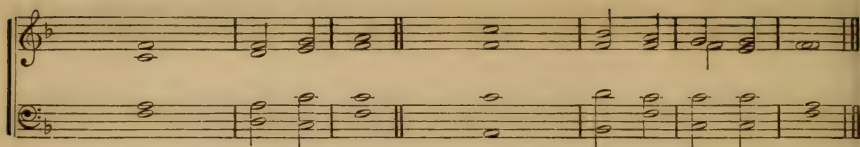
No. 13.



- 1 COME unto me, all ye that labor and are | heav- y | laden, || and | I " will | give " you | rest.
- 2 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and | lowly " in | heart, || and
ye shall find | rest — | unto " your | souls.
- 3 For my | yoke " is | easy || and | my — | burden " is | light,
Glory be to the Father, and | to " the | Son, || and | to " the | Ho- ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev- er | shall be, || world without end, — |
A — | men.

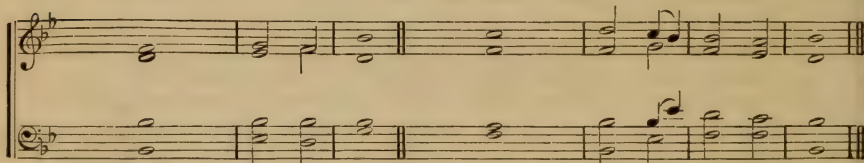
CHANTS.

No. 14.



- 1 I WAS glad when they said | un - to | me, || Let us go in- | to " the | house " of the | Lord.
- 2 Our feet shall stand with- | in " thy | gates, || O | — Je | ru - sa- | lem.
- 3 Jerusalem is builded | as " a | city || that | is " com- | pact " to- | gether:
- 4 Whither the tribes go up, the | tribes " of the | Lord, || unto the testimony of Israel, to give
thanks un- | to " the | name " of the | Lord.
- 5 For there are set | thrones " of | judgment, || the thrones | of " the | house " of | David.
- 6 Pray for the peace of Je- | ru - sa- | lem; || they shall | prosper " that | love — | thee.
- 7 Peace be with- | in " thy | walls || and prosperi- | ty " with-in " thy | palaces.
- 8 For my brethren and com- | pan - ions' | sakes || I will now say, | Peace — | be " with- | in
thee.
- 9 Because of the house of the | Lord " our | God || I will | seek — | thy — | good.

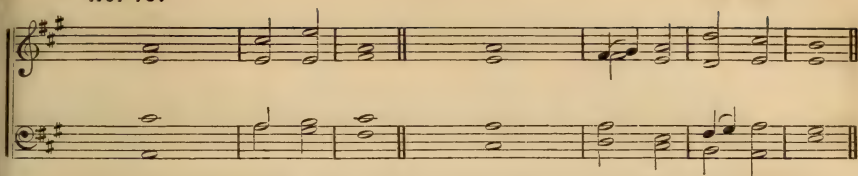
No. 15.



- 1 How amiable are thy | tab - er- | nacles, || O | Lord — | of — | hosts!
- 2 My soul longeth, yea even fainteth, for the | courts " of the | Lord; || my heart and my
flesh crieth out | for " the | liv - ing God.
- 3 Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she
may | lay " her | young, || even thine altars, O Lord of hosts! my | King — | and " my
my | God.
- 4 Blessed are they that | dwell in " thy | house; || they will be | still — | prais - ing | thee.
- 5 Blessed is the man whose | strength " is in | thee, || in whose heart | are " the | ways " of |
them,
- 6 Who passing through the valley of Baca | make " it a | well; || the rain | al - so | filleth " the
the | pools.
- 7 They go from | strength " to | strength; || every one of them in Zion ap- | peareth " be-
fore — | God.
- 8 O Lord God of hosts! | hear " my | prayer; || give ear, | O — | God " of | Jacob!
- 9 Behold, O | God " our | shield! || and look upon the | face " of | thine " an- | ointed.
- 10 For a day in thy courts is better | than " a | thousand; || I had rather be a doorkeeper in
the house of my God than to dwell in the | tents " of | wick - ed-ness.
- 11 For the Lord God is a | sun " and | shield; || the Lord will give grace and glory; no good
thing will be withhold from | them " that | walk " up- | rightly.
- 12 O | Lord " of | hosts! || blessed is the | man " that | trusteth " in | thee.

CHANTS.

No. 16.



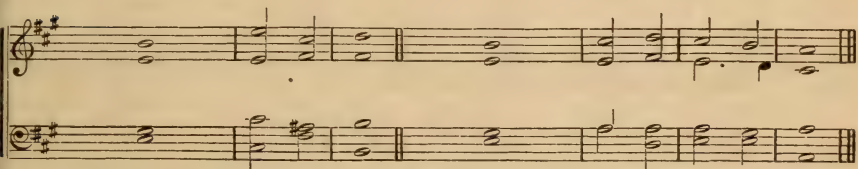
1 THE earth is the Lord's, and the | fullness " there- | of, || the world, and | they " that |
dwell " there- | in;

3 Who shall ascend into the hill | of " the | Lord? || or who shall stand | in " his | ho - ly |
place?

5 He shall receive the blessing | from " the | Lord, || and righteousness from the | God " of |
his sal- | vation.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates! and be ye lift up, ye ever- | last - ing | doors, || and the
King of | glo - ry | shall " come | in.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates! even lift them up, ye ever- | last - ing | doors, || and the
King of | glo - ry | shall " come | in.



2 For he hath founded it up- | on " the | seas || and established | it " up- | on " the | floods.

4 He that hath clean hands and a | pure — | heart, || who hath not lifted up his soul unto
vanity, | nor — | sworn " de- | ceitfully.

6 This is the generation of them that | seek — | him, || that seek | thy — | face, " O | Jacob!

8 Who is this | King " of | glory? || The Lord, strong and mighty, the | Lord, | —mighty "
in | battle.

10 Who is this | King " of | glory? || The Lord of hosts; | He " is the | King " of | glory.

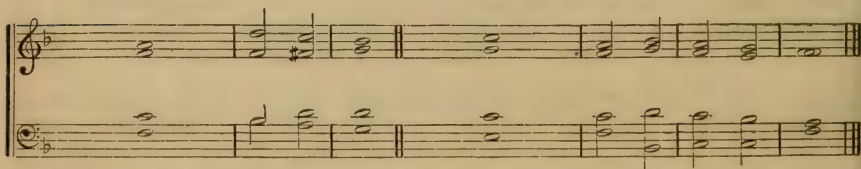
CHANTS.

No. 17.



- 1 HAVE mercy upon me, O God! according to thy | loving- | kindness: || according unto the
multitude of thy tender mercies | blot out | my trans- | gressions. |
- 2 Wash me thoroughly from mine in- | iqui- | ty, || and | cleanse me — | from my | sin. ||
- 3 For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions: || and my | sin is | ever .. be- | fore me. ||
- 4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil | in thy | sight: || that thou
mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be | clear when thou | judg- | est. ||
- 5 Create in me a clean | heart, O — | God! || and re- | new a right — | spirit .. with- | in me. ||
- 6 Cast me not away | from thy | presence; || and take not thy | Holy | Spirit | from me. ||
- 7 Restore unto me the joy of | thy sal- | vation; || and uphold me | with thy | free — |
Spirit. ||
- 8 Then will I teach trans- | gressors .. thy | ways; || and sinners shall be con- | verted |
unto | thee. ||
- 9 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God! thou God of | my sal- | vation: || and my tongue
shall sing a- | loud of thy | righteous- | ness. ||
- 10 O Lord! open | thou my | lips; || and my | mouth shall show | forth thy | praise. ||

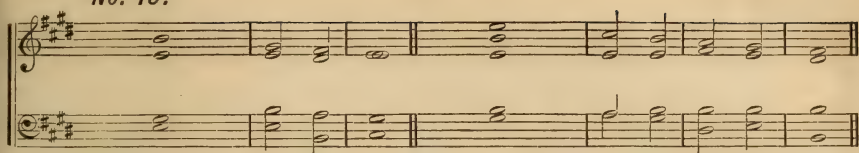
No. 18.



- 1 I WILL lift up mine eyes | un - to the | hills || from whence | com - eth | my — | help.
- 2 My help cometh | from .. the | Lord || which | made — | heaven .. and | earth.
- 3 He will not suffer thy | foot .. to be | moved; || he that | keepeth .. thee | will .. not |
slumber.
- 4 Behold, he that | keepeth | Israel || shall neither | slum - ber | nor — | sleep.
- 5 The Lord | is .. thy | keeper; || the Lord is thy shade up- | on .. thy | right — | hand.
- 6 The sun shall not | smite thee .. by | day, || nor the | moon — | by — | night.
- 7 The Lord shall preserve thee from | all — | evil; || he | shall .. pre- | serve .. thy | soul.
- 8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy | com - ing | in || from this time forth, and |
even .. for | ev - er- | more.

CHANTS.

No. 19.



- 1 BLESSED be the Lord God of | Is - ra - | el, || for he hath visited | and " re - | deemed " his | people;
 3 As he spake by the mouth of his | ho - ly | prophets || which have been | since " the | world " be - | gan;
 5 Glory be to the Father, and | to " the | Son || and | to " the | Ho - ly | Ghost;



- 2 And hath raised up a mighty sal - | va - tion | for us | in the house | of " his | ser - vant || David;
 4 That we should be saved | from " our | enemies || and from the | hand " of | all " that | hate us.
 6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev - er | shall be, || world without | end. — | A — | men.

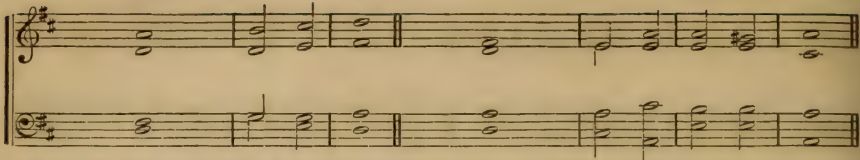
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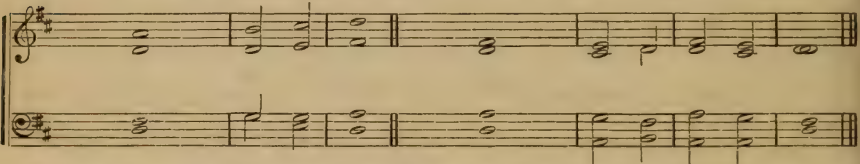
- 1 GOD is our | refuge " and | strength, || a very | pres - ent | help " in | trouble.
 2 Therefore will we not fear, though the | earth " be re - | moved, || and though the moun -
 tains be carried | into " the | midst " of the | sea;
 3 Though the waters thereof roar | and " be | troubled, || though the mountains | shake " with the | swelling " there - | of.
 4 There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the | city " of | God, || the holy place of the tabernacles | of " the | Most — | High.
 5 God is in the midst of her; she shall | not " be | moved; || God shall | help her, " and | that " right | early.
 6 The Lord of | hosts " is | with us; || the God of | Ja - cob | is " our | refuge.
 7 Be still, and know that | I " am | God; || I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be ex - | alt - ed | in " the | earth.
 8 The Lord of | hosts " is | with us; || the God of | Ja - cob | is " our | refuge.

CHANTS.

No. 21.



- 1 THE Lord is my light and my salvation; whom | shall " I | fear? || the Lord is the strength
of my life; of whom | shall " I | be " a- | fraid?
- 3 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I | seek — | after, || that I may dwell in the
house of the Lord | all " the | days of " my | life,
- 5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in | his " pa- | vilion, || in the secret of his
tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me | up " up- | on " a | rock.
- 7 Hear, O Lord! when I cry | with " my | voice; || have mercy also upon me, | and — |
an - swer | me.
- 9 Hide not thy face | far — | from me; || put not thy | servant " a- | way " in | anger.



- 2 Though a host should encamp against me, my heart | shall " not | fear; || though war
should rise against me, in | this " will | I " be | confident.
- 4 To behold the beauty | of " the | Lord || and to in- | quire — | in " his | temple.
- 6 And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies | round " a- | bout me; || there-
fore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea I will sing |
prais - es | unto " the | Lord.
- 8 When thou saidst, Seek | ye " my | face, || my heart said unto thee, Thy face, | Lord, — |
will " I | seek.
- 10 Thou hast | been " my | help; — leave me not, neither forsake me, O | God " of | my " sal- |
vation!

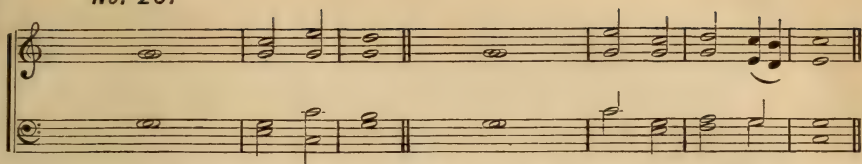
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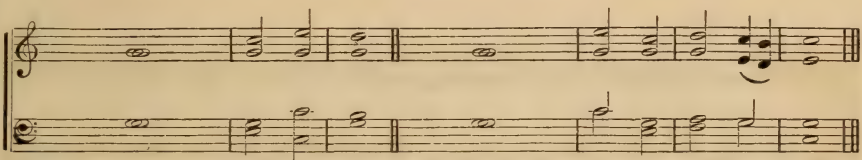
- 1 WE have thought of thy loving-kindness, | O | God! || in the | midst | of thy | temple. ||
- 2 According to thy name, O God! so is thy praise unto the | ends of the | earth; || thy right
hand is | full of | righteous- | ness. ||
- 3 Great is the Lord, and greatly | to be | praised || in the city of our God, in the mountain |
of his | holi- | ness. ||
- 4 Glory be to the Father, and | to " the | Son, || and | to " the | Ho - ly | Ghost, etc.

CHANTS.

No. 23.

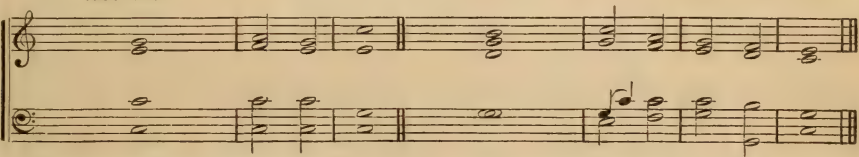


- 1 CHRIST our passover is | sacrificed | for us, || therefore | let us | keep the | feast;
 3 Christ, being raised from the dead, | dieth no | more; || death hath no more do- | minion |
 over | him.
 5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed | unto | sin, || but alive unto God
 through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.
 7 For since by | man came | death, || by man came also the resur- | rection | of the | dead.
 9 Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and—to the | Holy | Ghost;



- 2 Not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of | malice and | wickedness, || but with
 the unleavened bread of sin- | ceri- | ty and | truth.
 4 For in that he died, he died unto | sin — | once, || but in that he liveth, he | liveth | unto |
 God.
 6 Christ is risen | from the | dead, || and become the first | fruits of | them that | slept.
 8 For as in Adam | all — | die, || even so in Christ shall | all be | made a- | live.
 10 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— | A- | men.

No. 24.



- 1 WITH tearful eyes I look around;
 Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea;
 Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
 A heavenly | whisper, | Come to | me.
 2 It tells me of a place of rest,
 It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
 Oh, to the weary, faint, opprest,
 How sweet the | bidding, | Come to | me!
 3 When nature shudders, loth to part
 From all I love, en- | joy and | see,

- When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
 A sweet voice | utters, | Come to | me.
 4 Come, for all else must fail and die,
 Earth is no resting- | place for | thee;
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
 I am thy | portion; | come to | me.
 5 O voice of mercy, voice of love!
 In conflict, grief and | ago- | ny,
 Support me, cheer me from above,
 And gently | whisper, | Come to | me.

CHANTS.

No. 25.

1st time.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep thy law.

2d time.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.

No. 26.

1st time.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep thy law.

2d time.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.

No. 27.

1st time.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep thy law.

2d time.

Lord, have mercy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.

CHANTS.

No. 28.—TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

Tempo ordinario.

We praise thee, O God! we ac - knowledge thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth

worship thee, the Fa - ther ev - er - last - ing. To thee all an - gels cry a - loud, the

heav'n and all the pow'rs therein. To thee cher - u - bin and ser - a - phim con - tin - ual - ly do

f cry, *p* Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, *f* Lord God of Sa - ba - oth! Heav'n and earth are

full of the ma - jes - ty of thy glo - ry. *Duo.* The glo - rious com - pa - ny

Tutti. of th'a - pos - tles praise thee. *Tutti. Duo.* praise thee. The *Duo.* praise thee. The good - ly fel - low - ship of the prophets praise thee.

CHANTS.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.—Continued.

TUTTI.

no - - - ble ar - my of mar - tyrs praise thee. The ho - ly church throughout

all the world doth ac - know - ledge thee, The Fa - ther, of an in - fi - nite

ma - jes - ty. Thine a - dor - a - ble, true and on - ly Son, al - so the Ho - ly

Andante Maestoso,

Ghost, the Com - fort - er. Thou art the King of glo - ry, O Christ!

TRIO.

Thou art the ev - er - last - ing Son of the Fa - ther. When thou took'st up - on thee to de -

liv - er man, thou didst hum - ble thy - self to be born of a vir - gin.

CHANTS.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.—Continued.

QUARTETTE.

When thou hadst o-ver-come the sharpness of death, thou didst o-pen the king-dom of

heav'n to all be-lie-vers. Thou sit-test at the right hand of God, in the

glo-ry of the Fa-ther. We be-lieve that thou shalt come to be our Judge;

We there-fore pray thee help thy ser-vants, whom thou hast re-deem-ed with thy

precious blood. Make them to be number'd with thy saints in glo-ry ev-er-last-ing.

O Lord! save thy peo-ple, and bless thine her-i-tage. Gov-ern them and

CHANTS.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.—Concluded.

lift them up for ev - er. Day by day we mag - ni - fy thee, and we

worship thy name ev - er, world without end. *Largo.*
p Vouch-safe, O Lord! to keep us this day with-

out sin. O Lord! have mer - cy up - on us, have mer - cy up - on us.

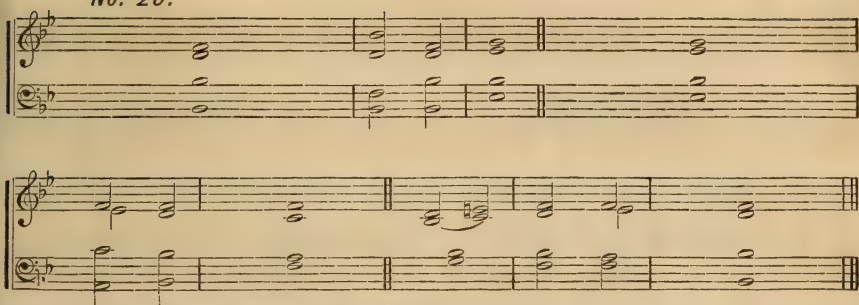
Tempo lmo.
p O Lord! let thy mer - cy be up - on us, as our trust, our

f trust is in thee. O Lord! in thee, in thee have I trust - ed; let me

nev - er, let me nev - er be con - - found - - - ed.

CHANTS.

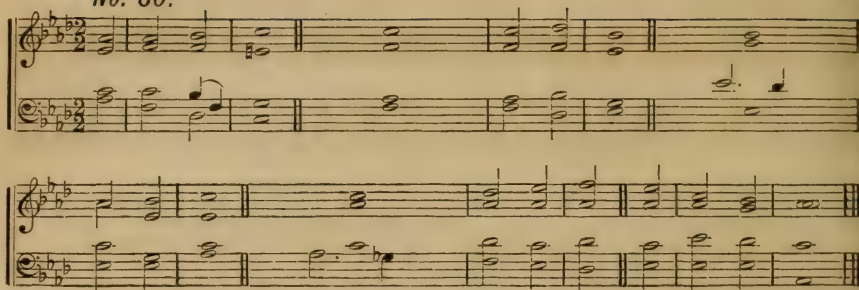
No. 29.



- 1 FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit
Our humble prayer ascends. O | Fa .. ther! | hear it; ||
Borne on the trembling wings of | fear .. and | meekness, ||
For- | give .. its | weakness.
- 2 We know, we feel, how mean and how unworthy
The lowly sacrifice we | pour .. be- | fore thee;— ||
What can we offer thee,—O | thou .. most | holy!— ||
But | sin .. and | folly?
- 3 Lord! in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold in our warmest vows, and | vain our | truest; ||
Thoughts of a hurrying hour—our | lips re- | peat them— ||
Our | hearts .. for- | get them.
- 4 We see thy hand—it leads us, it supports us:—
We hear thy voice—it | counsels .. and it | courts us:— ||
And then we turn away!—yet | still .. thy | kindness ||
For- | gives .. our | blindness.
- 5 Who can resist thy gentle call,—appealing
To every generous thought and | grateful | feeling?— ||
Oh, who can hear the accents | of .. thy | mercy, ||
And | nev .. er | love thee?
- 6 Kind Benefactor! plant within this bosom
The | seeds .. of | holiness,— || and let them blossom
In fragrance,—and in beauty | bright .. and | vernal,— ||
And | spring .. e- | ternal.
- 7 Then place them in those everlasting gardens
Where angels walk—and | seraphs .. are the | wardens;— ||
Where every flower, brought safe through | death's .. dark | portal, ||
Be- | comes .. im- | mortal.

CHANTS.

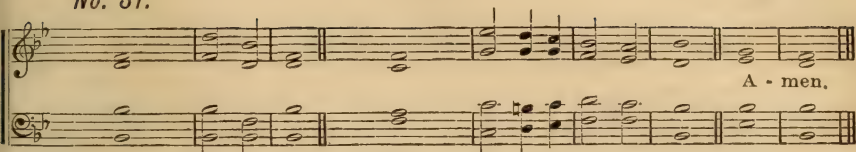
No. 30.



- 1 Come, labor on;
Who dares stand idle on the | harvest plain,
While all around him waves the | golden grain,
And every servant hears the | Master say,
 "Go, work to-day"?
- 2 Come, labor on;
The laborers are few, the | field is wide;
New stations must be filled, and | blanks supplied;
From voices distant far or | near at home
 The call is "Come."
- 3 Come, labor on;
The enemy is watching, | night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the | seed away;
While we in sleep our duty | have forgot,
 He slumbered not.
- 4 Come, labor on;
Away with gloomy doubt and | faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do | service here;
By feeblest agents can our | God fulfill
 His righteous will.
- 5 Come, labor on;
No time for rest till glows the | western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our | pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the | setting sun,
 "Servants, well done!"
- 6 Come, labor on;
The toll is pleasant, the re- | ward is sure;
Blessed are those who to the | end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their | rest shall be,
 O Lord! with thee!

CHANTS.

No. 31.



1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me | o'er and | o'er: ||
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I | ever have | been be- | fore; ||

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many | mansions | be; ||
Nearer the great white throne,
| Nearer the | crystal | sea; ||

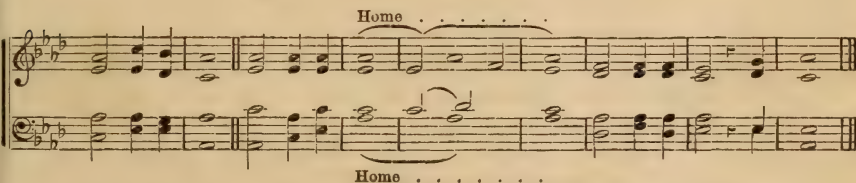
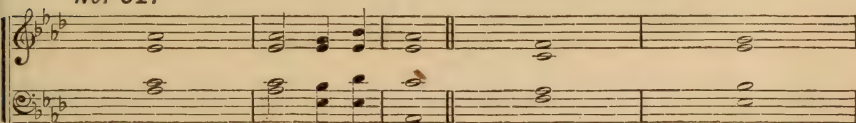
3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our | burdens | down; ||
Nearer leaving the cross,
| Nearer | gaining the | crown. ||

4 But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark be- | fore my | sight, ||
That brightly the other side
| Break on a | shore of | light. ||

5 Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost | gained the | brink, ||
If it be I am nearer home
| Even to- | day than I | think, ||

6 Father! perfect my trust,
Let my spirit | feel in | death ||
That her feet are firmly set
On the | Rock of a | living | faith. ||

No. 32.



1 BEYOND the smiling and the weeping |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the waking and the sleeping, |
Beyond the sowing and the reaping, |
I shall be soon. ||
Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord! tarry not, but come.

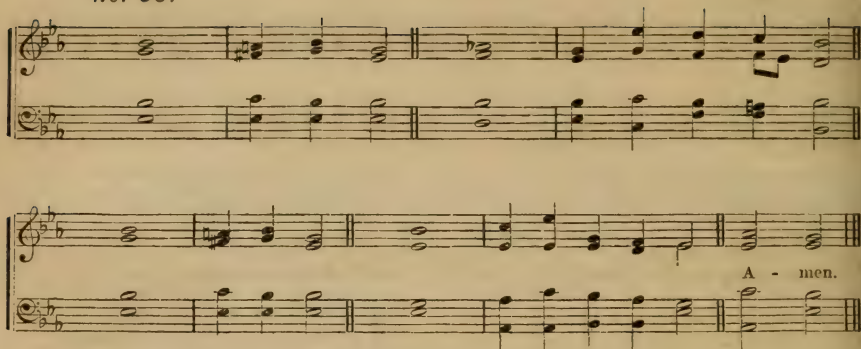
2 Beyond the blooming and the fading |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the shining and the shading, |
Beyond the hoping and the dreading, |
I shall be soon; ||
Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord! tarry not, but come.

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the farewell and the greeting, |
Beyond the pulse's fever beating, |
I shall be soon; ||
Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord! tarry not, but come.

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the rock-waste and the river, |
Beyond the ever and the never, |
I shall be soon. ||
Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord! tarry not, but come.

CHANTS.

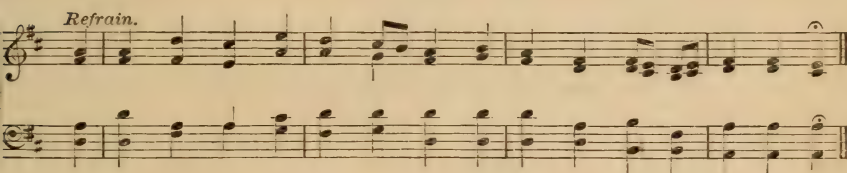
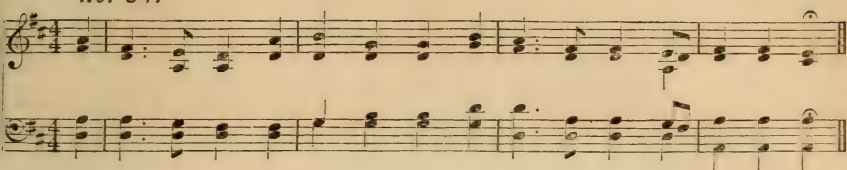
No. 33.



- 1 BIRDS have their | quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and | man his peaceful bed;
All creatures | have their rest;
But Jesus had not | where to lay his head.
- 2 And yet he | came to give
The weary and the | heavy laden rest,
To bid the | sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to | slumber on his breast.
- 3 What, then, am | I, my God,
Permitted thus the | path of peace to tread?—
Peace purchased | by the blood
Of him who had not | where to lay his head—
- 4 I, who once | made him grieve,
I, who once bid his | gentle spirit mourn,
Whose hand es- | sayed to weave
For his meek brow the | cruel crown of thorn!
- 5 Oh, why should | I have peace?
Why? but for that un- | changed, undying love
Which would not, | could not cease,
Until it made me | heir of joys above!
- 6 Yes; but for | pardoning grace,
I feel I never | should in glory see
The brightness | of that face
That once was pale and | agonized for me.
- 7 Let the birds | seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and | man his peaceful bed;
Come, Saviour! | in my breast
Deign to repose thine | oft-rejected head.
- 8 Come, give me | rest, and take
The only rest on | earth thou lov'st, within
A heart that | for thy sake
Lies bleeding, broken, | penitent for sin.

CHANTS.

No. 34.



1 HE leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 't is God's hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful foll'wer I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 't is his hand that leadeth me!

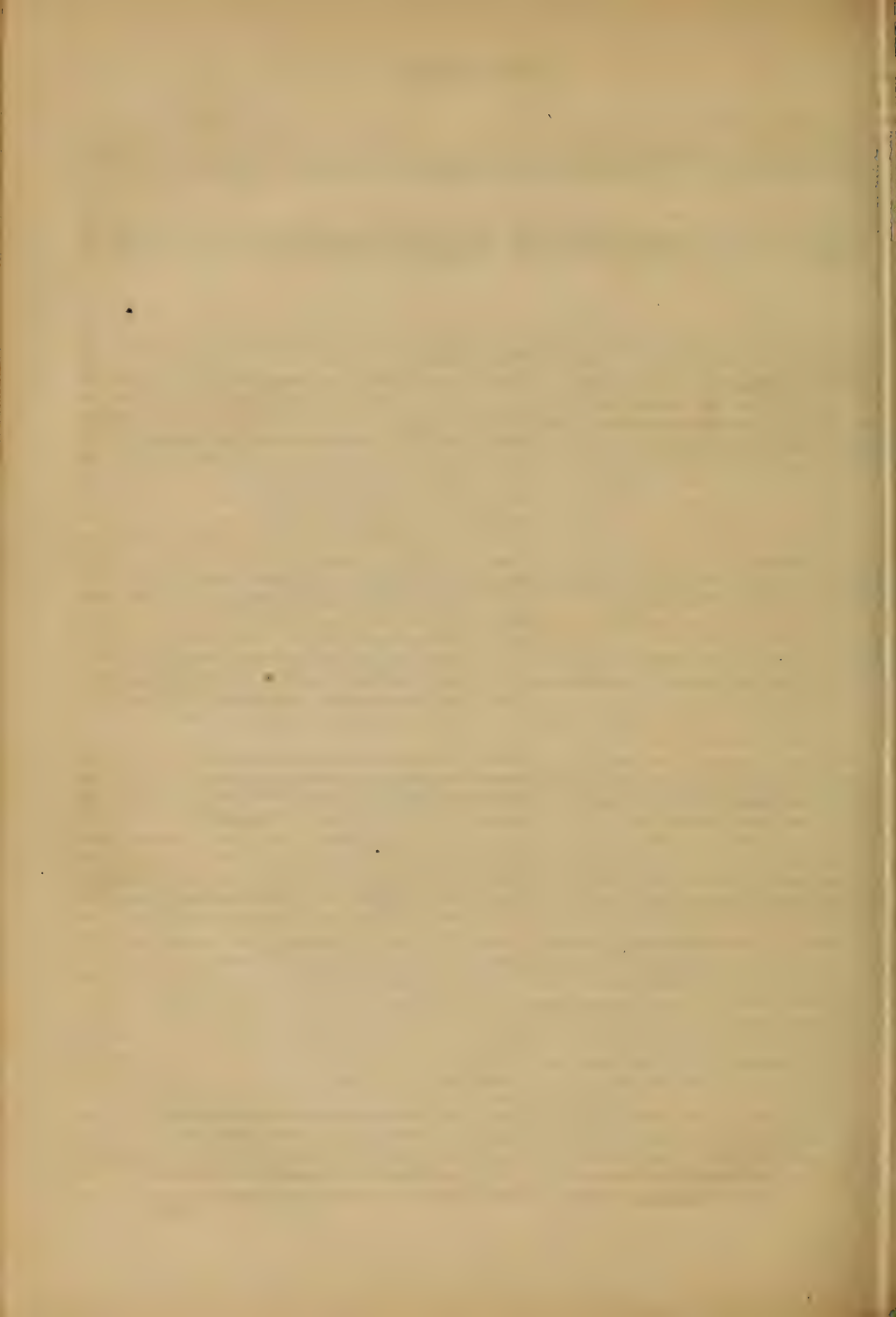
He leadeth me, etc.

3 Lord! I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me.

He leadeth me, etc.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory 's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me,

He leadeth me, etc.



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- 74 Come, thou desire of all thy saints.
- 85 Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit.
- 15 Come, we that love the Lord.
- 58 Come, ye disconsolate.
- 9 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name.
- 46 Early, my God! without delay.
- 71 Father of heaven! whose love profound.
- 57 Glory to God on high.
- 22 God of my life! oh, may thy praise.
- 73 Great Father of each perfect gift.
- 82 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty.
- 21 Hosanna to the living Lord.
- 69 How sweet to leave the world a while.
- 55 I'll praise my Maker with my breath.
- 84 In thy name, O Lord! assembling.
- 62 Jesus, who knows full well.
- 43 Let them neglect thy glory, Lord!
- 18 Let us with a gladsome mind.
- 80 Light of life! seraphic Fire!
- 81 Lord of hosts! how lovely fair.
- 41 Lord! in the morning thou shalt hear.
- 65 Lord! teach us how to pray aright.
- 59 Lord! we come before thee now.
- 78 Lord! when we bend before thy throne.
- 24 My God! accept my early vows.
- 30 My God, my King! thy various praise.
- 47 My Saviour, my almighty Friend.
- 49 My soul, repeat his praise.
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- 17 Now to the Lord a noble song.
- 63 Oh, blessed souls are they.
- 52 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul.
- 33 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing.
- 75 O thou who hast thy servants taught.
- 19 O Zion! tune thy voice.
- 7 Praise ye the Lord! exalt his name.
- 29 Praise ye the Lord! my heart shall join.
- 83 Safely through another week.
- 79 Saviour! when in dust to thee.
- 53 See what a living stone.
- 10 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands.
- 17 Songs of praise the angels sang.
- 16 Stand up and bless the Lord.
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 882 Blest is the man whose softening heart.
 878 Broad is the road that leads to death.
 879 Come, Holy Spirit! come.
 880 Come, let us sing the song of songs.
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 853 Far from the world, O Lord! I flee.
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 863 God calling yet! shall I not hear.
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 873 Now is the accepted time.
 865 Now shall my solemn vows be paid.
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- 30 My God! my King! thy various praise.
- 49 My soul, repeat his praise.
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- 386 God will our strength and refuge prove.
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